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The
**MORSE
DIAL**


January 1920



E. HOPPER

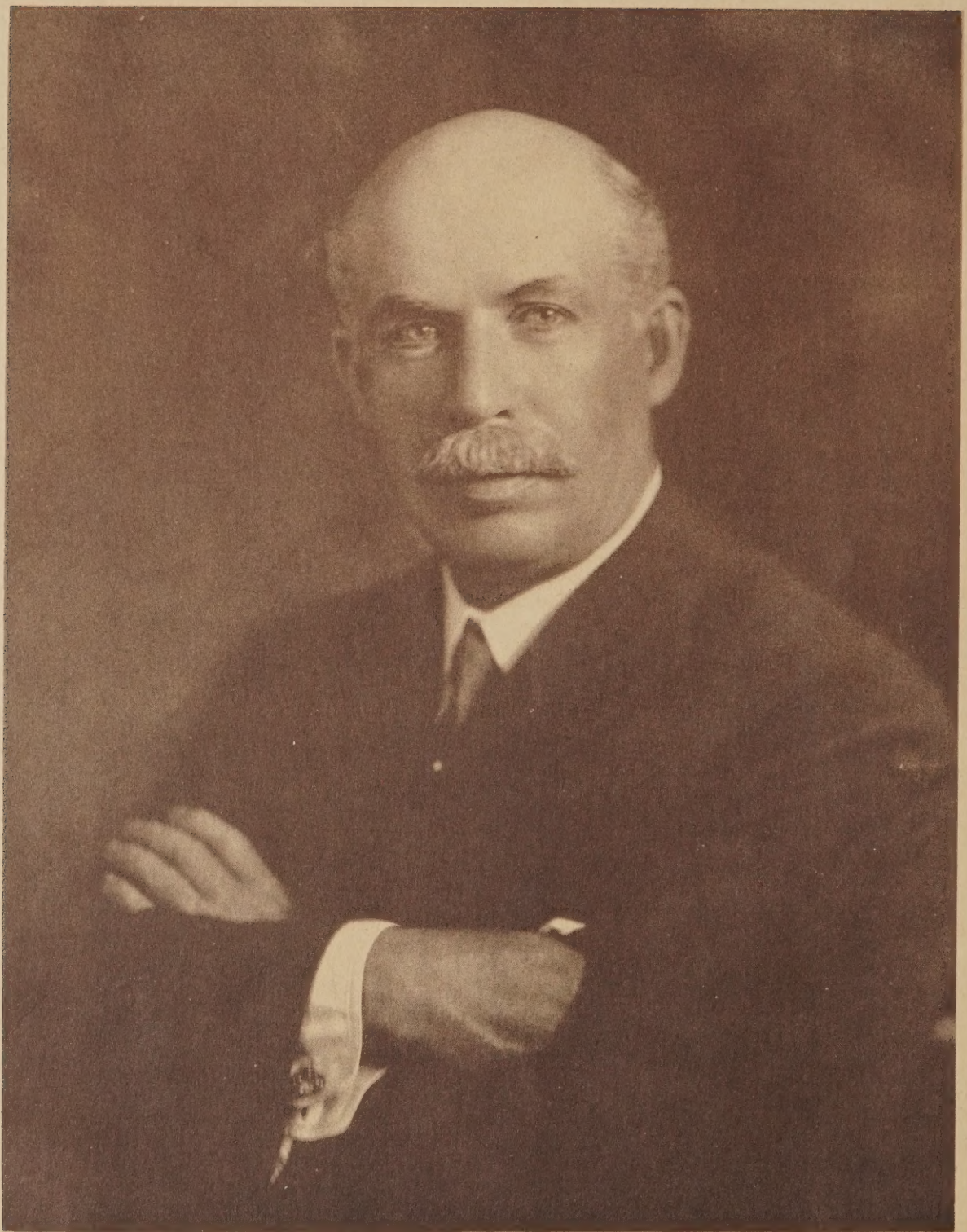
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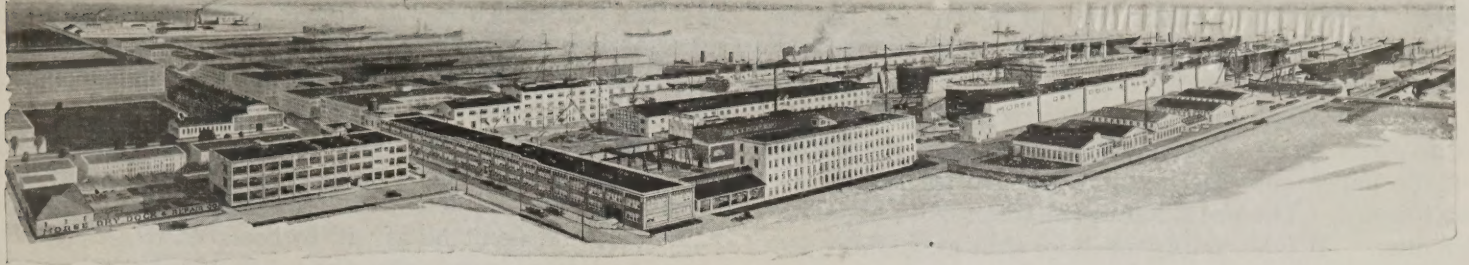
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E. R. Morse

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

January - February, 1920

No. 1-2

"A Dialogue"

I'M two years old and going strong, thank you! This issue is my second anniversary number and it begins Volume Three. The biggest thing that has happened in my young life so far is the fact that I am now being printed right here in the Morse plant.

This is the very first issue handled by Morse printers and while I feel kind of mussy and somewhat untidy they didn't do such a bad job, did they?

I heard the Editor say the other day that if I came out perfect, right from the start, there wouldn't be any chance for improvement, so I guess it's just as well if I'm not looking as neat and slick as I should.

Considering that the printing shop is hardly organized yet, don't be surprised to find a few mistakes. In another month or two everything will be fixed up right and you fellows won't have any reason to be ashamed of the magazine which represents you.

It takes time to get a printing shop working right and everything going on schedule and that's why I'm late this month. I'll probably be a bit late for the next few months. When all the machinery is in place and running in good order there won't be any delays, so the Editor hopes, and you can expect me to come out pretty close to a certain date each month.

At any rate the Editor thinks he'll have a better chance to get me out on time than he had before when I was printed over in New York, where they go on "vacations."

You see now he doesn't have to spend so much time chasing back and forth with the copy. He simply passes the things he writes into the Printing department which is next door to the editorial office

and the printers begin their work without delay.

They have a type setting machine which goes like greased lightning. It's the darndest thing you ever saw. Everybody who sees it says it's almost human. A fellow sits in a chair and runs his fingers over a keyboard and metal lines of type are made so fast that it only takes a day or two to set all the stories that are used in one issue.

When this fellow gets through setting up the copy ink is daubed over the type and proofs are made. These proofs are then read and corrected and the fellow on the machine fixes up the mistakes. Proofs are again pulled and sent to the Editorial rooms where they are read and corrected for the second time. Some times proofs are handled in this manner three or four times until all mistakes are eliminated.

When everything is correct or as near so as possible proofs are made on colored paper and the Editor cuts these and pastes them into a dummy book the way he wants the type to appear. In the mean time the pictures that are to be used are sent to an engraver and plates are made. Proofs of the pictures are pasted into the book the way they are to be printed and in this way I am assembled.

When pasted up in these dummy pages the proofs are returned to printers. The printers then take the type and make up pages the way the proofs indicate. When the type is all arranged page proofs are pulled and sent to the Editor to be corrected again. I'd think the son-of-a-gun would get a headache reading proofs

We Claim A World's Record

OUR new 30,000 ton Floating Dry Dock established what we claim is a world's record when it raised on January 7th, the giant S.S. MINNESOTA, 22,000 gross tonnage, in 25 minutes actual pumping time. This remarkable performance by the fastest working dry dock in this or any other country, followed closely another record, when three sections of the dock raised the EASTERN CROSS in 11 minutes actual pumping time, the EASTERN CROSS having been towed to our yard with a damaged propeller, and placed on dry dock without removal of her cargo, the total weight of ship and cargo being approximately 10,000 tons. The next issue of The Dial will contain an interesting series of pictures and data about these remarkable performances. In the meantime we would be glad to hear from any one who has information about unusual dry docking operations.—The Editor.

so many times, but he has to do it if I'm to come out right. I heard the Editor say he nearly got beaten up once because of a mistake in a paper he edited, so I guess he has to be pretty careful.

Finally when all the corrections and changes are made the printers get the type ready for the press, cut the paper, mix the ink and prepare for the finishing touches. The press I am printed on is a wonderful machine. It isn't as big as those that magazines are usually printed on but it is big enough to do good work. At any rate it cost as much as a swell limousine and takes an expert to run it. I heard the chief printer tell the Editor that it was the best press of its kind and size on the market. At any rate it sure is some press.

After the pressman gets through with me I am sent to the bindery where they fold and insert the pages in the covers, stitch my back and then run me through a cutter to trim off the edges. After that I am placed in the envelopes and sent to the post office for mailing, and if you have given the Editor your correct address I am delivered to your home.

Of course this printing shop has other things to do. Every bit of printed stationary used by the Company is made there, as well as books and things which the new advertising department is getting out. This years calendar was manufactured by the Morse printers. I never saw such a busy place in all my life.

Besides getting out the calendar and this anniversary number the printers have been moving into larger quarters. The rooms on the top floor of the North building where the Tabulating and Record departments were, have been turned over to them and when they get everything fixed as planned they are going to have a fine shop.

I don't know whether you fellows in the yard

are interested in all this or not, but you ought to be because it means another step toward the improvement and perfection of the Morse organization, which is already the greatest individual ship repairing yard in America, or the world for that matter.

There may be other Companies larger than ours but there isn't another single yard as complete and as efficient as ours, and you fellows should be proud of that fact, and don't be afraid to boast of it.

The Editor was saying the other day that as soon as he gets the Printing department working right he is going to turn his attention to my improvement in other ways. He told his new assistant, Mr. Murphy that he hoped to make me the best plant magazine published in this country, barring none. He says that instead of writing to fill space as has frequently been the case in the past he wants to publish things which will fill your minds with new and better ideas and your hearts with greater courage and cheer.

This fellow Murphy, the new Assistant Editor, has had a lot of experience as a newspaper reporter and writer, and I guess he's some guy when it comes to getting the right kind of stuff. They tell me he wrote that Nickel-a-Week dope which was signed by Jit Nee. He also handles publicity for the Employees' Association and helps the Editor to get up stories and advertisements about the Company for newspapers and magazines all over the country.

All in all it looks as though this year is going to be pretty rosy for me. Mr. Hopper, the artist, is working on a new series of covers and I think before my next anniversary gets around I'll make some of my esteemed contemporaries sit up and take notice. Of course, a good deal depends on how much you fellows in the yard help.

Yours truly,
The Morse Dry Dock Dial.

The January - February Number of The Dial

MARKS a forward step in the publication and subsequent mailing of all future issues of the Dial. This number was conceived, written, and illustrated in our own plant through the joint efforts of our publicity, art, photographic and printing departments.

It was accomplished amid a rush of company printing and in course of moving, enlarging and reorganizing our printing department in the North Building.

Beginning with the March issue, The Dial will appear on or about the first of each month, and will contain because of our more advantageous facilities, last minute news of interest to the men and women of the Morse Company.

Therefore this issue of the Dial, with its added pages and supplementary insert, makes the anniversary of a new year and a new and important step in connection with its appearance, its general make-up and its usefulness.

New Comfort in Ocean Travel

By Joe L. Murphy

SYMPATHY and amusement were the alternating emotions of readers of Charles Dickens while they pursued the efforts of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Mark Tapley* to make themselves comfortable while crossing the Atlantic in the very early days of steam navigation.

To quote F.A. Talbot, from his authoritative book, *Steamship Conquest of the Sea*, "their experiences virtually, were those of the novelist who taught us to laugh and to cry himself, on the occasion of his visit to North America."

Dickens' "baptism" of the Atlantic was received upon the first Cunarder, the historic *Brittania*, which defied even the wit of a Dickens to make himself comfortable, because coziness and comfort were the very last things the vessel offered. As Mr. Talbot says, "The passenger paid his money to be transported across the ocean; not to be entertained like an Oriental potentate amid barbaric luxury and splendor."

Contrast Dickens' trip on the *Brittania* with the present day comfort and luxury of ocean travel. Peer into the future as forecasted by the operations being carried out in our yard on the *Huron* for the Shipping Board.

When this ship is released for service of a de luxe passenger order, it will herald a new luxuriousness in American ocean travel. Brooklyn and the Morse Company will have been pioneers in releasing to American interests the first oil-burning, non-rolling American passenger and mercantile ship.

True, there is one other non-rolling ship, the *U.S.S. Henderson*, used exclusively for naval purposes, but it is upon the *Huron* that Americans who have the money and inclination will clamor for passage.

In the early days of trans-Atlantic travel, if we may judge from the rolling, rollicking ship scenes and the suggested *mal de mer* of our musical plays and burlesques, one had to be a brave, courageous soul to even dare contemplate an ocean voyage. Then, the first-class cabins were cell-like apartments, scantily and dimly furnished, replete only with the bare necessities, badly lighted and indifferently ventilated.

An oil lamp safely moored in one corner threw a fitful glimmer over the cupboard and blackened the ceiling. A rude bunk, which today an emigrant would spurn, served as a bed which caused every bone in the body to ache instead of resting the human frame; the walls were plain wood of a dingy tone, and the essential hangings and embellishments, reduced to the very barest requirements, were musty and nauseating. The passages were like caverns, so that one had to steal along warily to preserve the limbs intact; the public rooms were cramped, bare and oppressive, while the "constitutional" had to be taken in a space upon the deck recalling a prison yard, where it was quite impossible for the healthy, active person to stretch his limbs. The boat

being small, narrow and light, was practically the sport of the waves, rolling and pitching like a cockleshell, so that the plight of the travellers was pitiable in the extreme, *mal de mer* claiming all but the hardiest sailors as victims.

As to the victualing arrangements of those early days, Mr. Talbot, in his book, has declared that he had been unable to obtain any particulars, "but judging from the character and dimensions of the vessel, the doctor, if such a minister of humanity was carried, must have been a busier man than the chef."

With the installation of a Sperry gyro-stabilizer, the groanings, creakings and wierd noises that are always present in heavily laboring or rolling ships will be absent from the *Huron*, even in the roughest weather. The installation of a fuel oil-burning system will prevent her decks and passengers from being littered with soot and coal dust. On this ship one may ride the bounding main as smoothly as a canoe rides the placid waters of a stream.

Aboard the *Huron*, the exponent of physical culture may perform his morning calisthenics in the gymnasium, the interior of which will

be shielded from the gaze of the curious by windows of opaque glass with Louvre shutters. The "tired business man" may take his morning constitutional to the printing shop for his daily paper and return to peruse it as he toys with his poached egg and cereal.

The traveling American demands the greatest possible degree of comfort and shipping interests have

not been slow in meeting this demand. The Sperry gyro-stabilizer introduces the "Pullman Service of the Sea." This great forward step has been made possible by work going steadily on here in America for the past fifteen years.

As early as 1880, the possibility of producing the non-rolling ship was known to naval architects and investigators in England, notably the elder Froude, but to an American, Elmer A. Sperry, the revolutionary apparatus embodied in the spinning top, one form of the gyroscope, held the functions that did not confuse his mind in the matter of their successful appliance to ships.

His keen, analytical mind was not primarily inspired to perfect the gyroscopic stabilizer with a view to giving added comfort and eliminating seasickness. It had a more practical, more businesslike reason. A rolling, rocking ship is necessarily slower from port to port; there is greater strain on its vitals, due to the pitching and tossing, and the necessary stores, not to forget fuel, are consumed in greater quantity.

Now that the theoretical and practical possibilities of Mr. Sperry's invention have been established, the gyro-stabilizer lends its

usefulness to all crafts, from a yacht to a modern passenger ship; from a submarine to a formidable man o' war, which it steadies for accuracy of gun pointing and marksmanship.

Though the installation of oil-burning, non-rolling functions are the outstanding features of the *Huron*, there are other extensive repairs and alterations, constituting as a whole the largest ship repair contract awarded thus far to American or other ship repairers.

The fuel oil-burning system consists of 24 furnace fronts complete with burners to operate under natural draft and three oil heaters, any two of which are capable of operating the entire plant. The Sperry gyro-stabilizer

will require a foundation that will take and withstand a downward thrust of 470,000 pounds. Other operations will provide for the erection of a new gymnasium, a house to contain the first and second class hospitals, a new house for the wireless room. The entire after-end of the deck house will be re-arranged and space in the centre devoted to a library and reading room. A complete fire indicating and extinguishing system, to be used in connection with a smothering system, is being installed, and the ship generally fitted as a beautiful and modernly appointed merchantman.

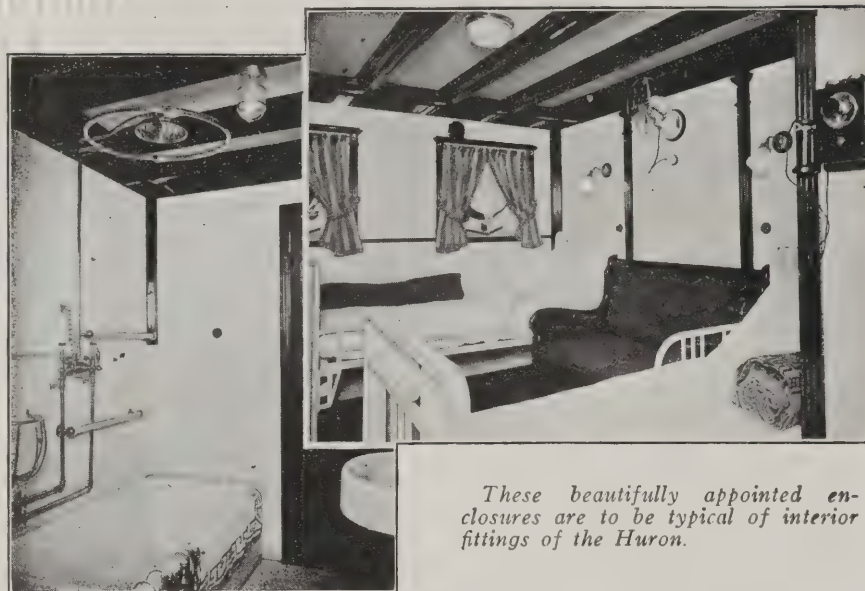


U.S.S. *Huron* as she appears in our yard while undergoing conversion.

As the *Frederich der Grosse* of Germany, she was taken over by the United States upon our entry into the European conflict at which time the vessel was interned here. Like other German ships, she was more or less damaged by her German commanders and crew. American initiative and ingenuity soon got her into commission as a troop transport, and she gave valuable service with usual runs between Norfolk, Va. and Saint Nazaire, France. Her trips, more than a dozen in number, were with and without convoy, and on each she carried approximately 4,500 officers and men besides a ship's crew of 500, and general cargo.

The *Huron's* career as a troopship was not without event. One night when about 200 miles off Saint Nazaire she struck an object, presumably a German submarine. No damage was sustained by the *Huron*, but it was generally believed by those on board, that there was one less enemy "sub" at the close of the incident. Such belief was quite logical, for the *Huron*, heavily laden and travelling at 15 knots per hour, would deliver a telling blow to any craft in its path. A submarine rammed by this mountain of wood and steel with its human and other ballast would have little chance to survive.

At another time, the *Huron* was struck by the *Aeolus*, formerly of German command, but at that time an American troopship in convoy. The *Huron* was damaged on the starboard side amidships, and was temporarily disabled. Arriving at a French port, she was repaired for other trips, in the way of troop-carrying.



These beautifully appointed enclosures are to be typical of interior fittings of the Huron.

Optimism

THINK cheerfully, hopefully, optimistically, and in time, dark thoughts will permanently leave you. "I have suffered many things in this life, most of which never happened," said an American sage, and most people will agree in looking back on their lives that the grey shadows that have frightened them so often have never materialized.

The pessimist has aptly been described as a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him. You can always tell him when you meet him. If the sun is shining today, he thinks it will certainly rain tomorrow. He is forced to admit that you are looking well, but he can recall other friends who looked as well as you do, and died the following week. The only time when he feels really happy is when he is able to say, "I told you so," when discussing some failure or disaster. He wears gloom-

iness like a garment, and can never see goodness in anything.

Let us realize intensely and constantly that a man becomes what he thinks. Destiny is born in thought. The realization of this truth for your own life may change your whole character. Think evil, and you will become evil; think kindly and you will become kind. It is an inevitable law that men who lie can never trust the word of their fellows, and that men who are dishonest cannot understand honesty in anyone else.

The optimist is always ultimately right. Life is a good thing, and the world is a good place. Human Nature on the whole is full of nobility, heroism and sacrifice. When we remember the handicaps of

humanity, the wonder is not that it makes so many mistakes, but that it is capable of the idealism that it so steadily keeps before it.

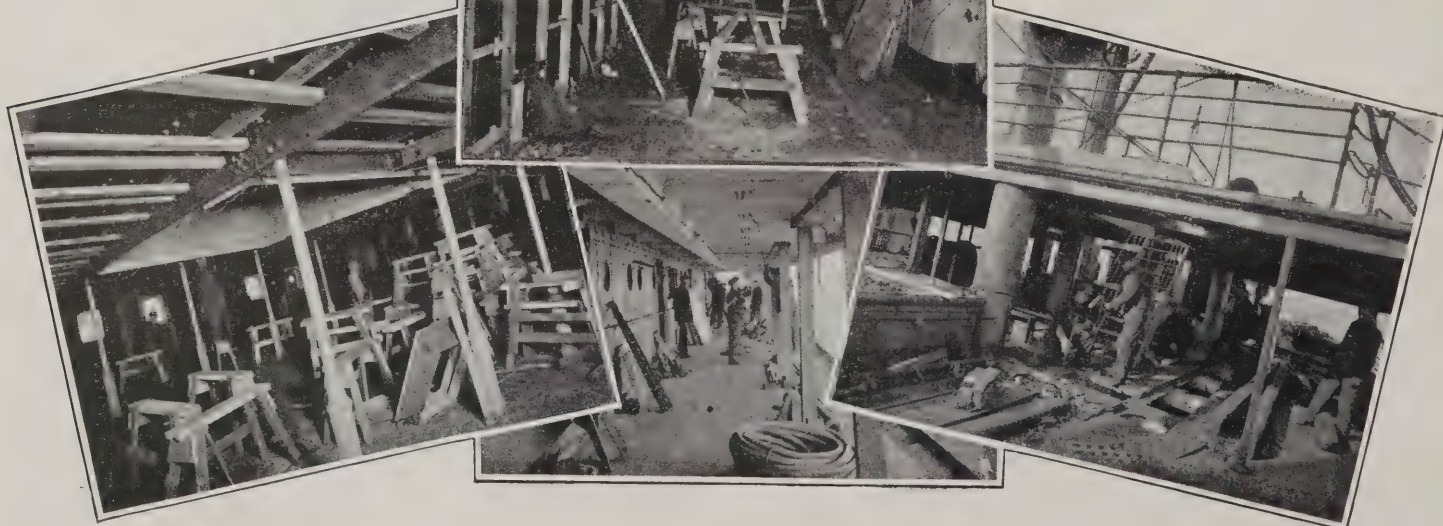
The successful man is always an optimist. He has no time to talk about bad trade. He believes that the "Good old days" were not yesterday, but are coming tomorrow. Temporary rebuffs are to him only reminders that he must do better. They strengthen his purpose, and stiffen his will-power. He is never afraid of the criticism of his fellow men, for he has nothing to hide. "They say; what do they say? Let them say it!" is his motto, and his laugh is a wholesome tonic to those who hear it.

Optimism is not an accident. It may be the fruit of wise education. There are none of us who do not need to become more optimistic. Optimism will guide us over thorny roads, and pave the way for happiness, and comforts if not riches.—*Asbestos.*

On deck and in the bowels of the U.S.S. *Huron* there is a din and ringing of steel on steel. From this ship alone hundreds of workers come and go, all contributing to the completion of the first oil-burning, non-rolling American passenger vessel.



These pictures show Morse workers tearing out old fixtures on the U.S.S. Huron preparatory to fitting the ship for first class passenger service. The Huron is one of many former transports being re-converted in the Morse yards.





GHOSTS AND PIRATE LORE

SUGGESTIVE of pirates, treasures, and the time when Captain Kidd and the black flag ruled the bounding main, the sailing ship, *Alejandrina* came into our yards recently like a spectre ship from the vanished days of powerful sailing craft. Literally, the *Alejandrina* is a spectre ship, for she stole into New York and into the Morse Co. yard after laying on a reef in the Straits of Magellan as long as Rip Van Winkle dozed in the Catskill mountains.

Hailing from Puntas Arenas, the most southerly town on the globe, this square-rigger came to New York with a cargo of more than 7,000 bales of wool, valued at \$1,000,000. She was to go to Long Island for cargo discharge, but the height of her masts prevented her passing the Brooklyn Bridge and she berthed in Brooklyn.

Coming to this yard, following her cargo discharge, the *Alejandrina* received a general tuning up for her return voyage, and while here, the hull of the ship was laid bare for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century. On our big dry dock, the underbody of this vessel of other days, was found to be in a remarkable state of preservation despite the fact that she had been a plaything for the winds and seas of two decades as she lay wrecked on the sands.

It was upon the judgment of a deep-sea diver, that the *Alejandrina* had set out for New York, on a voyage that took 92 days, always out of sight of land between her two points except on one occasion when she sighted the Island of Trinidad. Until our big dock lifted her none but the diver, had been able to inspect every part of her outside hull.

When she was reefed, she was the *Andrina*, built on the Clyde in England by Mordaunt & Company. She lay on the reef and became after a while a sort of a landmark to those who frequented that part of the Straits of Magellan on which she lay. To many of the fisher-folk in "The Land of Fire" it seemed as if the ship had always been there, a warning of the fury of the elements.

And then the World War broke to disturb the slumber of the ship. The boom of artillery and the din and roar of battle disturbed even the *Alejandrina*, for the Menendez Company, Patagonia wool kings, heard the call for ships and decided to rouse the sleeping sailor. Old, but mighty tough and sturdy, this ship must do its bit.

For four months at different intervals when the light of a full moon and the tide favored, her salvors tugged and hauled

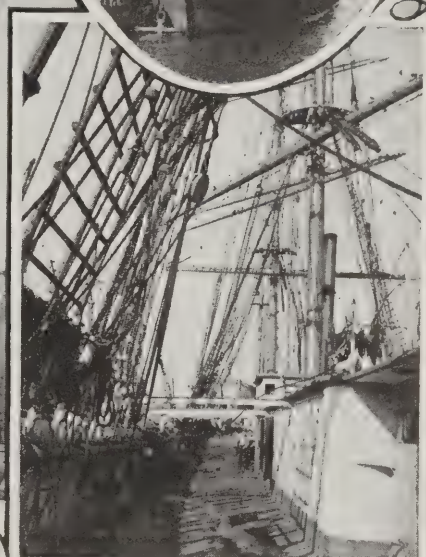
Alejandrina on our big dock, first docking in nearly a quarter century. Other views include ship at Morse Pier, and her fantastic rigging. Pictures at upper left and lower right show her as she lay reefed for 20 years.

at her with the aid of two 900-ton steamers. It was a big job, for part of the ship's hull was in mud and sand, and the other part in about two feet of water. She was gotten off, though, and in Puntas Arenas, not far away, she was fitted for the voyage that would sail her from one end of the globe to the metropolis of the world, where oil-burning, non-rolling monsters paused to look at the ghost of the past as she crept toward these shores.

A Norwegian skipper, German officers and a Chilean crew, guided the *Alejandrina* on her 92 days' voyage. At the sight of the ship's sound hull as she lay on our big dry dock, any fears the crew might have entertained as to the *Alejandrina's* sea-worthiness were dispelled. Their thoughts turned to stronger breezes for hurrying the *Alejandrina* homeward with her general cargo from America's gateway.

The banner monthly meeting of the Association will be held in February. Big show; big time. Try to make it a big attendance.

Shortly after marriage a man discovers that he has been courting a lot of trouble.



"The Scab"

IF I WERE wealthy, I would start a newspaper, and I would call it 'The Scab' declared Mrs. Henry F. De Nyse of Riverside, California, addressing the eighteenth annual convention of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, "and I would proclaim to the world that the word 'scab' stands for loyalty, efficiency and citizenship.

"It is the 'scab' that has made possible the continuing of our industries. There are thousands of people flocking to Southern California every day. Why? Simply because the 'scab' has made possible the maintenance of the open shop and I say, 'All honor to him'."—*Los Angeles Times*.

Marriage makes one—but which one?

Baffling the Submarines

IN command of the U.S.S. *Huron* now in the yard for extensive repairs, is Captain Alexander C. Corkum, whose sea adventures during the last war have been the subject of much discussion and a great deal of publicity in the local press.

It was only by accident that we stumbled upon Captain Corkum. Some of the boys in Harry Hayes' office on the *Huron* had inveigled him into a noon-hour conversation, during which he had the misfortune, according to his own way of looking at it, to expose an incident in his past career.

Immediately, the boys sent out an S.O.S. to the Dial office, we arrived on the scene, and Captain Corkum deeming it useless to protest, told us his story of life on the ocean during the war.

Captain Corkum was in command of the *Amphion*, a troopship in the American Transport Service, formerly the North German Lloyd liner *Kohn* of Bremen.

During her first east bound trip under the American flag, the *Amphion* is credited with having sunk a German submarine, and on that account, or else because of the fact that she was a very valuable ship to the Germans, the *Amphion* was hounded by submarines during every one of her many voyages. Even when the armistice was almost an accomplished fact she battled with a submarine.

The Germans seemed to be determined to destroy her before the armistice put a stop to hostilities and sent over 200 shells during the course of the fight. But the

Amphion succeeded in escaping, although badly damaged. Unfortunately several of her crew were injured.

The *Kohn* made her first trip from New York for Brest, France, in September, 1917, carrying troops, horses and a crew of 133.

"All went well until we were thirty miles west of Brest," quoting Captain Corkum, "when a submarine was sighted several hundred feet off our port bow, her commander apparently trying to get our broadside for a target. The weather was thick or I am convinced we would not have come into such close quarters.

"The only thing to do was to ram her quickly before she could let go her torpedo, so I swung the ship directly for her and gave her all the speed she had to bring things to a crisis. The submarine evidently anticipated my move and swung too, but in a direction that made it impossible to put her under the ship's forefoot.

"Again I tried to ram her as we straightened out a bit, and it was like an elephant chasing a mouse we were that high out of the water compared with the enemy. I charged down on her, but she clipped by my bow at such close quarters that I was unable to see her from the navigating bridge. It was no use to attempt ramming her again so I ordered the aft guns to open fire.

"The gunners had to depress at a considerable angle owing to the height of the platform compared with the submarine, but the second projectile found its mark; the first going over. The shell struck abaft the conning tower, going through the sub.

I was later told by a French naval officer that we got her."

Only two days later on her way from Brest to Saint Nazaire, the *Amphion* was again attacked by a submarine which was sunk by the *Amphion's* convoy.

Another exciting series of experiences occurred on January 7, 1918. Captain Corkum was Vice Commodore of a convoy out of New York, and again submarines were encountered, the *Manhattan*, one of the convoy, being torpedoed.

To quote Captain Corkum, "The following morning a submarine appeared and the *Amphion* and *Montanan*, the latter an American-Hawaiian liner, opened fire. The enemy submerged as a British destroyer was sighted approaching at full speed. The destroyer dropped a depth mine, followed by a second mine, the explosions occurring not more than 2,000 yards from my ship, which was shaking violently. An officer was certain we had been torpedoed. The compass card swung four points each way, the chronometer went wrong, and it was generally believed that the ship was leaking. That, fortunately, was not the case.

"Those mines charged with TNT or some explosive equally destructive, stove into the submarine, which disappeared in a sea of oil and debris. There was no question she would never try again to shoot a torpedo into an American vessel. The *Montanan* was sunk two voyages later. Another ship, the *Dora*, which had been in our convoy, also was destroyed."

Boost the Association.

A Norwegian Skipper, German Officers and Chilean Sailors Manned the Good Ship *Alejan-drina*



A miniature of the ship, a figurehead, a Chilean sheep dog, women and children; all adding to the interest in the ship, *Alejan-drina*.



Morse Kiddies Enjoy Xmas

IF THE Great American, Ex-Pres. Theodore Roosevelt, had been privileged to see more than 3,000 women and children folk of Morse employees assembled in Prospect Hall, Monday afternoon, December 29, as guests of the Employees' Association of this company, he would have called upon the one word that for him always expressed the superlative degree of pleasure. He would have undoubtedly exclaimed, "Bully!"

He would have been pleased to know, too, that they were all of the great Morse family, and his fears for American race suicide would have been allayed to an extent. Looking about him, he would have been met by healthy, happy faces, and he would have beamed back to them as a means of transmitting his own pleasure and happiness.

By the foregoing one, of course, gains the impression that the Kiddies' Christmas party was a splendid success. Indeed it was, save for one thing—the hall was too small. No heartier response to the Association's invitation to enjoy Christmas could be imagined, and long before 2 o'clock, women and children began making their way to Prospect Hall.

Upon entering the hall, the word "Welcome" spelled out in cut flowers, was the first thing to catch the visitors' eyes. The other decorations were chiefly of Christmas greens and ferns. In the centre of the auditorium was a twenty-five foot Christmas tree, prettily trimmed, and illuminated with 400 incandescent lights.

There were two Santas to greet the guests. Patrick Carroll of the Pipe Shop stood guard at the tree, nodding, smiling and shaking hands with the children. Henry Rochelle as the other Santa made his first appearance from the stage. To the swinging music of the Association band, under the leadership of Lieut. W.D. Mygrant, he peered out from a chimney and swayed and beckoned in time with a lively melody. His pantomime was pleasing and the kids got no end of fun out of it.

Nobody present seemed to enjoy the affair any more than Mrs. E.P. Morse. While Mr. Morse visited the hall and was wholly delighted with the happiness he saw there, he could not, because of business appointments, enter into the affair as heartily as he wished. But Mrs. Morse was more than honorary chairman of the committee. Honorary chairmen are usually content to allow their names to be used and that's about all. Mrs. Morse, however, worked with the other members of the committee, and she got much enjoyment for her efforts. Passing out candy and other goodies, she won many friends and was tendered rounds of applause when Joseph B. Lowe of the Pipe Shop, treasurer of the committee, thanked her in behalf of all for the interest she had shown.

Mrs. Helen D. Tillotson, as chairman of the committee, and Miss Kirtsen Jensen, Miss Frances Daley and Mrs. Margaret D. Waterman were the sister members, and without them the party would not have reached the point of success it did. While "Joe" Lowe, Charles W. Bailey, Charles Pierson and John Beverly set the show in motion and kept things going, Mrs. Tillotson and assisting ladies of the committee mingled with the women folk and children and shared in their pleasure and eagerness.

The boys present were out of luck in the drawing of the prizes, donations by Mrs. Morse, Mr. Hanbury and girls of the Main Office. Girls won the prizes. Rita Fraser,

12 years old, daughter of Peter Fraser, a joiner, won the drum donated by Mr. Hanbury, but a boy is privileged to use it, for Rita said that she would give it to her brother.

Agnes Hardiman, aged 10 years, daughter of Michael Hardiman of the paint shop, living at 260 54th Street, Brooklyn, won the Georgian, walking, talking and sleeping doll, donated by Mrs. Morse. The soccer football, also donated by Mrs. Morse, was won by Alice Sandsmark, aged 13 years, daughter of Axel Sandsmark, a joiner snapper. Miss Alice was permitted to exchange the present where it was purchased.

Dorothy Knipe, nine years old, daughter of Cornelius Knipe, electricians' helper, No. 6131, won the doll carriage donated by the young women of the Main Office.

Between selections by the Morse band, and the distribution of gifts, motion pictures such as "The Little Girl Who Didn't Believe in Santa Claus," and "The Katzenjammer Kids" were shown.

Others who aided the committee in making the party a success were: Thomas J. Plunkett, John Costello, Lief Anderson, and Joseph Dirosse of the Employment Office, Chief James Devlin of the yard fire department, Richard Boyle, Superintendent of office buildings, Thomas Johnston and William Mitchell of the Pipe Coverers, John Bowers, George Gilleand and George King of the Hull Dept., Bert Reynolds of the Joiner Shop, Joseph McQuaide of the Insurance Dept., Peter Bresnan of the garage, Frank Whitman, chief timekeeper, Stanley Perrin of the soccer team, Oscar Nelson of the Carpenter Shop, and Arthur Fugel, hospital chauffeur.

To Hildreth Benner, superintendent of employment and welfare, M.W. Mead, and Joseph McGuirk of the Employees' Association, the committee is indebted for their efforts in helping it to the social triumph it gained.

Our New Cashier

FREDERICK W. GOLLUM has succeeded R.R. Piper, as cashier and paymaster of the Morse Company. Mr. Piper resigned recently to enter business as an officer of the Executive Service Corporation of New York City. He had been with the company since May 1918, during which time he won the friendship of all with whom he came in contact.

His successor, Mr. Gollum, comes well qualified to assume the position for which he has been engaged. He was for six years connected with a Los Angeles, Cal., banking institution, being assistant cashier up to the time he volunteered for service in the World's War.

Mr. Gollum's experience was serviceable to the government after his war duties, when he was detailed by the war department for special work in the treasury department at Washington. Mr. Gollum modestly declined to tell of his war adventures, but we learned from an authentic source that he rose from a first lieutenant to a major, that he participated in some big offensives and that he was wounded. We think these facts tell in a concise way of the calibre of our new paymaster.

To Tom Plunkett

You have given in full rounded measure,
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,
Goodfellowship—a helping hand—a word of cheer,
No matter the day or the weather,
The task is fulfilled with pleasure,
Without stint, without recompense, without fear.

Hundred Per Cent Man

VARIOUS members of The Dial staff have frequent occasions to work at night. In coming to the office after hours it is necessary for us to pass through the Fifty-fifth Street gate. In this way we have often come in contact with Pop Witte who presides at this entrance.

Of all the esteemable, conscientious, faithful, competent and likeable men we have ever met in a position of that kind we want to say right now that Pop Witte is the real goods. His acquaintance is a source of pleasure to every one of us.

Ever alert and watchful he is always on the job and more than once has he performed a thoughtful service for us. Not a single time in the several months we have known him have we ever found him wanting.

His smile is always there; let it be as cold or disagreeable as Iceland at its worst, Pop Witte's voice is none the less cheery. His very personality radiates warmth and his greeting is always cordial and wholehearted.

Long before we had any indication of his honesty and loyalty, we felt sure that he was a man of men to be trusted, and the other day when we heard a story about an attempt to smuggle opium into the United States and learned that Pop Witte had done his part in foiling the crime we rejoiced and felt proud of our friend.

Three men late one night came up from a boat newly arrived in our yard, carrying dress suit cases and bundles, and asked Pop Witte's permission to pass out.

Pop Witte promptly and politely informed them that they would have to go around to the main gate, whereupon one of the men stepped closer and proffered him a bill.

We have said that Pop Witte is an affable, likeable man and so he is, but let any one try something on him that isn't right and Pop Witte is not so likeable.

"You go around the other way and do it damn quick," Pop ordered, and no sooner were the men slinking away than Pop got busy on the telephone and told Capt. Miller of the night guards, of the incident.

Capt. Miller notified the United States Customs Officer next door and the three men were hauled in for inspection. Something like \$500 worth of opium was found in their possession.

Pop Witte had saved a lot of poor devils the tortures of a drug seeped mind; he had also done his part in upholding the laws of his country.

Pop Witte had measured up to his responsibility four square; he had sustained the trust that was imposed in him; he had proved himself the worthy guardian we knew him to be and we say in all sincerity that we never have had more pleasure in writing anything than scribbling this tribute to our good friend and co-worker.

Here's to you, Pop Witte, may our friendship never cease and may the men whose duty it is to protect the Morse property day and night measure up to your standard.

You are a credit to a force which has shown one hundred per cent improvement in recent months and Capt. Brown and Capt. Miller deserve congratulations on having on their staff a man like you.

Bobby Gore, of the Pipe shop called up Tom Plunkett of the Employment office in reference to some lumber for Morse Oval. "What size pieces" asked Tom. "Two by fours," said Bobby, "but if you can't get them, get four by twos."

Carry On, Morse Men

IN peace, as in war, the men of this company are attracting attention. Let no man of the yard or office doubt this. There is proof. Our war-time patriotism and achievement was not a flash in the pan. There is proof of our stamina.

Educators, investigators, industrial managers, employment bureaus and other betterment persons and organizations have turned their eyes toward Brooklyn and the Morse Company and are looking straight at YOU!

They want to know why you continue employment; why you labor free from the influence of paid labor delegates; why you maintain your homes and families when other workmen are seeking aid and employment from these same social welfare organizations and employment agencies.

Shall we answer for you, Mr. Morse Man? Shall we tell them it is because you are:

First—Americans with a love for home and country.

Second—That you reserve the right to provide for your home and family by your own independence rather than at the dictation of somebody who will tell you where to work, how much to get for your services, and with whom you may work.

Third—That you prefer to work here where your individual effort is rewarded; where if you are worth more money you can get it without a national convention to raise your wage scale and then, when it is raised, take it away from you through dues and assessments to pay the men in the swivel chairs.

Fourth—That your employment is pleasant and congenial.

Fifth—That you are affiliated with the fairest and squarest labor organization for your interests, *The Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company.*

Shall we tell them that you choose to have your affairs centered in the place you work, rather than in some big convention hall where men can play with your fate and future as they might play with checkers on a board?

Shall we tell them that you prefer to do your own thinking and that you do not prefer to be the dupe and tool of some glib-tongued delegate and agitator whose interest lies, not in you and your family, but in his personal welfare, his home and family?

And always it is his family. They come first. Yours next. When, after he has you lined up, the delegate emerges from the thick cigar smoke of the convention hall to order you to quit work, to force your employer to meet demands, think before you follow his dictates to your grief.

The employer is not always forced, and meanwhile your family has known want. It isn't the delegate's family that suffers, because your dues are sustaining them. His weekly pay isn't stopped. He's elsewhere breeding discontent, earning the money paid him by the very people for whom he causes misery.

Somebody has said that "*Charity begins at home.*" That saying should be amended to read, "*Charity should*

begin at home." With Morse Men, it does begin at home. They provide for their families and homes first. Would that everybody did the same.

The man who can't progress except in the push and stampede of a mob is hopelessly dependent. And the man who, in order to support himself and his people has to affiliate with a brow-beating, bull-dozing crowd is no better than a thug.

Carry On, Morse Men! You, the *Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company*, and the *Employees' Association* are one!



Onward!

By George J. Miller

The following treatise on an important phase of industrial life is interesting, in that it advocates an apprenticeship training system. The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. has recognized merit and faithful service by taking into its technical department two young men of the yard force, successful candidates in the recent competitive examinations.

Editor's Note

GENERAL SHERMAN said, "War is hell." Now that the world war is over let us all unite in saying, "to hell with war." Let us begin reconstruction as did our noble forefathers.

The Constitution of the United States is founded upon four cardinal virtues—free speech, free press, free school and freedom of religious worship. These things combine to make a harmonious whole, and vividly bring to mind the saying of that noble Swiss patriot, Arnold of Winkelried, who said, "All for all and all for one."

We, the people of the United States, owe our prosperity to a land of wonderful resources and the good fortune of being free of entangling alliances with any other governments.

Are we now going to permit chaos to come in upon us, and permit our birthrights to be trampled into the mire by irresponsible men who have nothing to sell and want a big price for it? Or are we going to curb this universal discontentment by re-establishing discipline?

Last month we had a statement by Mr. Morse in relation to harmonious co-operation. In the same issue we read of the firm's intention to give free scholarship in mechanical and ship construction courses to worthy apprentices employed in the yard.

That is the sort of thing which will, to a great degree, tend to decrease unrest and instill into more of us a sense of that harmonious co-operation so necessary for our welfare.

If public school training is compulsory, why should we not compel vocational training? Schooling is necessary to prevent illiteracy. Vocational apprenticeship should be required to make a man self-supporting. When the boy gets through grammar school his brain is tired of studying. He wants and needs both muscular and mental exercise along the lines of the useful arts and sciences.

At this period he should be placed in a probation vocational class where his ability is studied by teachers. With their aid the lad will be apprenticed to a calling suitable to his temperament. He must learn his trade and get his qualification papers by practical examination in an outside shop. By so doing, boy, shop and state get a square deal, and the boy learns in a practical way his mission on earth.

After the boy receives his credentials he ought to serve a year in the army or navy to bring out manhood, self reliance and promote discipline. Through travel he will learn that there is no north, east, south or west to his glorious country.

Business needs a stabilizer and that stabilizer is a man who does a man's work. Mankind must make restitution for the chaos which is coming upon us today, by re-establishing discipline through the agency of vocational apprenticeship.

Six feet of earth make all men equal.



Severed at stern, as well as bow, the Avalon presented a skeletonized appearance when she first came to our yard.

Don't Crowd, Men!

IT'S so cold on some of these wintry days that the boys in the yard like to gather in the Association rooms at noon time, listening to our band and smoking their pipes under the protection of a good solid roof and concrete walls.

And while they were sitting there, basking in the warmth and in clouds of tobacco smoke, our office girls—those members of the weaker sex, so called—were out on Morse Oval practicing the strenuous game of football, for next year, so rumor hath it, there may be a lady team representing Morse on the gridiron.

And why not? The women have the vote and other privileges that formerly fell to mere man. But, oh women! Inconsistency is thy name. (This is written by a man.)

All summer long you caressed your shiny nose with a powder puff, and now when the boys seek out the warm and cozy corners of the Association rooms, you hie forth to Morse Oval in defiance of old Jack Frost and all conventionality, and, shielded by the Oval's fence, you point your dainty toes skyward.

The proposition to let our sister members have the use of the Morse Oval was duly presented to the Employees' Association. It was passed, and armed with the keys of the main gate, the girls departed one crisp December day, just as soon as the noon hour whistle had blown. Mrs. Tillotson led the way, followed by her trusty lieutenant, Maud Wilson. Then came Marion Hayes, the Casey sisters, Mary Travers and many other hardy spirits too numerous to mention.

At the gate they met their first reversal, for the key just would not fit in spite of the fact that no refreshments had been indulged in before the excursion started. Nothing could daunt them, however, and Maud Wilson volunteered to jump over the fence and open the gate from the inside.

She got over all right, but opening the gate was another matter. There she was, the gate wouldn't budge, and she was in while the others were out. We are unable to say why she didn't get back the way she came! A messenger was sent back to the main office in quest of a new key and some one who could use it, and Miss Wilson was released from confinement in time to keep her punctuality record in a fairly good condition.



Upon later occasions the key has fitted perfectly and the girls have spent many days at booting the pigskin. So adept are they becoming that Neil O'Donnell, the football scout, was down one noon to look over the talent.

He heard one girl ask another how she liked her new skirt. The reply was, "Oh, I can't kick." As to the prospects of getting promising football material for the Morse team, Neil said that the girls "shape up pretty well," but that he would have to find a bigger hole in the fence before he could pass on their ability to enter the regular league games.

No Smoking Allowed

OF the six rules adopted by the Conference Board of the Employees' Association, governing the conduct of workers of the Company, smoking heads the list.

Violation of this rule caused the recent fire aboard the *Huron* and damage amounting in the neighborhood of \$5,000. This rule is to be rigidly enforced. Your co-operation in complying with this rule may safeguard life and property.

The rule follows: Smoking is prohibited at all times in the Carpenter, Joiner, Wood Caulker, Painting and Pattern Making departments and on all ships undergoing repairs by the employees of this company.

Subject to the above rule, smoking is prohibited in the shops or yards during the hours from 7 A.M. to 12 o'clock Noon, and from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M.

Violation of this rule is punishable by a fine of one-half hour to an hour. Repeated offenses may result in suspension.

It is impossible to patch up a damaged reputation so that the patch won't show.

ARTICLES WORTH READING

What Are Wages?

By John Walker Harrington

NEW guides are at hand to lead us from the land of industrial turmoil into the valley of peace and plenty. Whether or not we accept their help depends much upon one simple question, "What are wages?"

With production tumbling day by day and the morale of the workers at low ebb, the time has come to consider well the underlying principles to which we may look as clues to help us through the narrow defiles between the mounts of perplexity.

As far as the output of industry is concerned, figures gathered by its correspondents from all parts of the United States showed that production had fallen off 50 per cent.

Statistics gathered by the Merchants' Association and the National Association of Manufacturers are confirmatory of these reports. An instance given by the chairman of the National Industrial Board, an association of manufacturers with headquarters in Boston, shows tremendous drops in production throughout the nation.

Considering the American workman as engaged in testing his strength on one of those devices with a wooden mallet seen at country fairs, he is forcing up the indicator in most uneven fashion. With one mighty swing he has sent his wages up by strikes or threats of strikes to 110 above par, while his grudging, lackadaisical blow for production has registered only 60 per cent. The comparison then is as 60 to 210.

The causes for this breaking down of industrial machinery are legion. Chief among them is the fact that the trades are filled with workers who have had little training for them and are indifferent to their tasks and to ideals of service. The profiteering of dealers, to which the public is more or less of a party in submitting to it, has helped complete the vicious cycle.

When a great plant, of which at least 70 to 80 per cent. of efficiency was expected, to say nothing of a possible 100, drops down to 35, it is high time that something was done about it.

This is the view of the able managers affiliated with the leading societies which compose the great engineering body which was called into being to consider just such questions as the present situation presents. The election of such a director of industry as Major Frederick J. Miller to the presidency of the American Society of Engineers, which recently held its annual convention in this city, shows the trend of the times.

It was before that organization that A.L. de Leeuw, a well known consulting engineer and educator, read his paper on "Wage Payment," which has produced a stir in the

industrial world because of its attack on the antiquated system of compensating a man merely for being around a shop and doing enough work to keep from being discharged.

All these years we have gone on the assumption that wages are pay given for labor, or that they are the reward of labor. In that case the laborer would be paid for putting in so much time. Is his wage to be determined by what he does or how well he does it? The trouble is that for decades the world and the laborer have jogged along with the comfortable idea that a day's work was measured largely by the clock. The ignoring of the extent and the quality of the output is at the bottom of the present trouble.

"In the great majority of cases," to quote Mr. de Leeuw, "it is labor that is wanted, or rather the results of labor, and not time. Now the great problem before us is to find a measure for this labor in order to obtain an equitable way of paying for it."

Then what are the factors? Nearly all the misunderstandings between interests and classes are due to failure to agree on the original terms.

while the keystone of all is management.

Mr. de Leeuw finds that a straight wage system considers nothing but time and physical presence.

"A man," he continues, "is selected for a certain task because he or some one else asserts that he is fit for it. If his work is satisfactory, he is retained; if not, he is dismissed. Both employer and employee have made a guess. The employee knows exactly what he will get and guesses at what he will have to deliver. The employer knows exactly what he must deliver and guesses at what he will get."

"He has no means to bring the employees' output up to his conception of what it should be unless the employee falls so far behind the employer's expectations that he makes a new guess and fires the man."

Mr. de Leeuw refers to the piecework system, the bonus plan and the premium system. He has no use for "collective bargaining," as usually carried out, because it is not bargaining at all, but consists of an interchange of threats.

"Whatever attempt," he asserts, "has been made up to date to place labor on a contract basis, on a basis of bargaining, has been antagonized by organized labor."

One hindrance to the carrying out of negotiations between the employer and the employees, Mr. de Leeuw finds, in the fact that labor unions were originally fighting organizations, and that they have been perpetuated by leaders whose interests were furthered by their giving, as officers, an appearance of great activity.

He calls on the unions now to take the first step along the line of considering union activities as a legitimate business and not to shut their

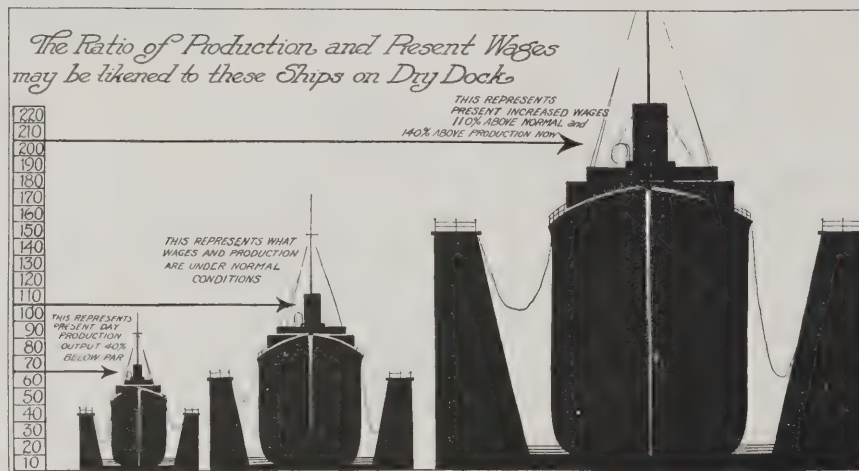
eyes to facts, however disagreeable those facts may be to face.

"It is my belief," he continued, "that the crux of the solution lies in the establishment of a proper wage system."

"In estimating the value of operations we must drop to a large extent the idea that wages are compensation for time. They should be made a compensation for product delivered. The value of the product changes constantly. Changes may be due to the desirability of the product, or to the law of supply and demand and other causes."

"The relations existing between various products are ever changing; consequently, whatever estimate is placed on the value of the output of labor should be changed from time to time so as to never have too large a difference between the actual and the estimated value."

"It is superfluous," he said in conclusion, "to point out the many disturbing factors acting against the establishment of wages in proportion to output. It is my belief that



Some experts speak of the fabric of industry as being built up of labor and capital and raw material. According to Mr. de Leeuw all these are the same. Capital is merely past labor, and material is nothing but labor in that, according to his view, it takes on no value until work is put upon it in getting it away from the clutch of nature.

Once there was a man in Missouri who wanted some zinc ore and asked the price. He thought that the rate was too high, and the owner of the mine said, "There's plenty of it in this mountain, my friend; you go right in and dig some. Then you will know what it's worth."

As a commodity takes on its value from being brought to the place of manufacture, or processing, it is thus another form of work.

Modern industry may then be considered as an arch; the foundation of one side is labor, and upon this are built stones representing energy and skill; while on past labor, which is capital, are reared blocks representing equipment and financing or distribution;

such a classification cannot be accomplished by the employers alone or by the laboring men alone, but there should be an attempt at concerted effort of employers and employees to bring about such a classification. I believe that when these two classes are working together for a constructive purpose they will find so many things in common that they will be more apt to forget their differences.

"The real cause of the present day unrest lies in the fact that our present wage system is not based on knowledge and justice, but only on guess work and on the fear that the one may do the other."

The American Federation of Labor at its convention held last summer in Atlantic City urged that the national government undertake special scientific research to determine how the status of industry can be improved.

Dr. William H. Nichols, a well known chemical industrialist and the president of the American Chemical Society, made the suggestion then that labor turn the light on itself and do some research work of its own. Everywhere appears the quest for facts, at least, on the part of that professional class which until a few weeks ago was holding itself aloof from these mundane matters.

That there is a decided drift away from the old idea of wages is shown by such investigations as that carried on by Irving

A. Berndt, vice-president of C. E. Knoeppel & Co., Inc., industrial engineers, and the secretary of the Society of Industrial Engineers.

"Industrial effort," said he, "has been recognized by engineers of industry as an excellent basis for the payment of wages. The wages, for the time spent are considered, as a retainer, the real pay being based on production. We were not all created in the same mould. There is no way of using the same method for determining the value of a man. Men are not equal in any sense except as to their civil rights, and it is only through artificial means that any such equality can be maintained.

"A striking instance of this came to my attention within the last few days in talking with a coal operator. He had in his employ a father and son who were earning four times as much as any of the other men at the colliery. Whereupon the union, on learning this, laid them off for two weeks and fined them \$50.

"Here was a case on which both sides were wrong in the theory or method of payment. The unions were short-sighted in restricting the output, the operators were in error in not standing behind the men in their efforts to increase production. The whole solution of the matter would be to measure payment by production.

Opportunities of a Foreman

Foreman—If you are a foreman then you should be *for Men!*

You represent the company. What the men think of you is what they think of the company.

The success of the plant—the contentedness of the workers—is determined by you. Don't be a grouch—smile—encourage—be considerate of the men who work under you. Don't find fault. Know the job yourself and then show your workmen how to do it. Don't be a driver, but by your own character and enthusiasm lead your men to do their best.

You are responsible for the protection of your men and you can determine their attitude toward safety. If you are careless they will become so—and a careless man is a dangerous man.

As a good foreman you must, first, be for men; second, be a leader, not a driver; third, win your men for safety.

Magnolia Oil News.

It's an easy thing to do a thing to-morrow;
It's a cinch to do a duty by and by;
But the man whose life is sunny,
The man who gets the money,
Is the man who says 'I'll do it now or die!'



Scenes and figures in Morse tribute to Service Men.

Replica of Bronze Tablet Maj. Gen. O'Ryan and our "General," Mr. Morse.

Col. Grant distributing medals; views of speakers' platform, from which Maj.-Gen. O'Ryan, Col. Grant and Chaplain Boynton delivered addresses.

Col. Sidney Grant and Chaplain Nehemiah Boynton, 13th Coast Defense Unit, were speakers.

Mr. Edward P. Morse

WHILE, as a shipsmith's apprentice, he helped to forge the vital parts of ships, Edward P. Morse was also forging his dreams in the fires of ambition. That he forged well is proven by his rise from a shipsmith's apprentice to the head of this big industrial organization.

At 25 years of age, fortified with confidence and courage born of his experience as an apprentice, Mr. Morse entered the ship repairing business for himself. He had saved his money, his health and his energy up to that time and being possessed of foresight he realized the opportunities ahead of him and determined to make the most of them.

Having impressed his character, his honesty and his integrity of purpose upon the shipowners with whom he came in contact, he was able to obtain from them, their material and moral support, and he opened his first shop at the foot of 26th Street, in Brooklyn, one mile from the big plant which now bears his name.

From this beginning he gradually built up a business which shortly made it necessary for him to acquire more property and the site in Bay Ridge now occupied, was purchased in 1900. Additional property has been bought from time to time so that today, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company's buildings cover about 40 acres of land, and in addition the Company owns a newly acquired piece of property on the Staten Island waterfront. The Brooklyn plant at the foot of 54th to 57th Streets employs 5,000 men.

With its 30,000-ton floating dry dock, the largest of its kind in the world, the Morse Company has given New York harbor increased dry docking facilities and has opened the channels to business that will further increase the Company's importance in the ship repairing industry. This new dry dock is the triumph of ten years' planning by Mr. Morse and his associates. Three years passed in its construction.

Truly, Mr. Morse, by his foresight, has kept pace with the growth of shipping and the expansion of the American Merchant Marine. The port of New York, America's greatest gateway, owes not a little to his latest achievement.

In reviewing the history of those who have established what are today the more prominent shipyards of the port it is interesting to note that the four large ship repair yards were founded by men who learned their trades in shipyards when the building of a wooden ship was the rule and not the exception.

Mr. Morse was a shipsmith by trade.

John Handren, founder of the Robins Dry Dock Company was a shipsmith.

Frederick C. Lang, who established the Tietjen & Lang Plant, was a ship carpenter.

James Shewan, Senior, of the Shewan plant was also a ship carpenter.

All four of these men were experienced in their line and had the foresight to adapt their experience to the rapid changes in the shipbuilding and repairing industry.

With no capital except their pluck and will to succeed and their good health, these four men built up plants, which today stand as monuments to their names.

Log of the Susquehanna

THE *Susquehanna*, formerly the German passenger ship, *Rhine*, and the third ex-German ship to be sent to American repair yards, is here with the *Huron*, formerly the *Frederick der Grosse*. While the two vessels are quite chummy in the respect that they were together in German service, and later as American war vessels, their social status is likely to cause a breach in their relations. The *Huron* is now to be the first non-rolling American mercantile and passenger ship catering, with such modern features, to a de luxe trade, while the *Susquehanna* is to carry steerage passengers between the United States and Mediterranean ports.

The log of the *Susquehanna* provides interesting reading. Chief Engineer A.C. Schroder and First Assistant H.W. Niels both of whom were aboard the *Susquehanna* during her transport service, accompanied the ship to this yard.

The story of the *Susquehanna* as concerns her seizure by the United States is much the same as that of other former German ships. On her were broken cylinders, cracked valves, cut steam lines and all the wanton destruction that could be wrought by mauls and sledges. But she was placed into commission on April 6, 1917, and as a troop transport she carried four six-inch, 40-calibre rapid fire guns, two on the forecastle and two on her after-gun deck.

Her encounters with submarines were numerous in the twelve round trip trans-Atlantic voyages. Once she went in convoy with the ill-fated *Covington*. At another time she was in convoy with the *S.S. Lincoln*. As that ship steamed on the port side of the *Susquehanna*, it was torpedoed and sunk in 52 minutes. At other times, the *Susquehanna* opened fire at the sight of a submarine periscope and there were lively maneuvers.

The *Susquehanna* is 520 feet long and of 10,058 gross tons. She will have accommodations for 1,000 passengers, and her appointments will be the most modern and comfortable that steerage has ever known. Unlike the majority of other German ships, she will not be converted into an oil burner.

The *Wyandotte* of the Coastwise Transportation Company, was here recently, following her return from London. She discharged her cargo in Boston and proceeded to our yard for repairs. The *Wyandotte* was formerly the German ship, *Willehad*, and was used as a cargo transport during the war, carrying American supplies to Brest, Saint Nazaire and other ports. She is 401 feet long and of 4,761 gross tons.

The *Annetta* of the Atlantic Fruit Company, a trim little steamship, with graceful lines, has come to our yards to receive extensive alterations and fittings. The *Annetta* was engaged in the banana carrying trade. Her last cargo before coming to the Morse yards consisted of brown sugar. The *Annetta* is 220 feet long and of 1,290 tons.

The *S.S. Cook*, a United States Shipping Board fabricated ship, of 5,350 gross tons and 350 feet in length, put into our yards recently before inaugurating her first service on the seas. Incidentally, the steamship had a damaged plate renewed following a collision with a barge in New York Harbor.

Built too late to engage in war service, the *S.S. Cook* has been leased out to the Kerr line and will be operated between Philadelphia and Rotterdam. She proceeded to Philadelphia following her short stay in these yards.

The *Sac City* of the National Shipping Corporation put into our yards recently for minor repairs. A new Shipping Board steamer, the *Sac City* was not in readiness for war service, but has made several commercial trips between New York and Buenos Ayres. She is 401 feet long, with a 54 foot beam, and of 5,375 gross tons.

The *S.S. Sagua* of the Atlantic Fruit Company came here recently following a trip from Bremmerhaven, Germany, and Plymouth, England, during which she had encountered severe storms and gales, lasting nearly 14 days. The *Sagua* had been carrying bunker coal between the German and English ports. She had also carried frozen meat from this country to Germany. During the war, she had carried grain to American and allied armies. The *Sagua* is 375 feet long and of 5,000 gross tons.

The British freighter, *Grange Park*, hailing from Greenock, England, came into our yards after being grounded for several days on Long Beach. The accident happened in a thick fog and followed the completion of the first Trans-Atlantic trip of the *Grange Park*, which is a new ship. Her bottom plates were damaged. The vessel is 320 feet long and of 8,000 gross tons.

The *Tordenskjold*, hailing from Buenos Ayres, between which port and the United States she carried linseed and dry skins, was in our yards a few days for a general tuning up.

It takes brains to get through the world—also to go 'round the outside.

Modern Ship Surgery

WHEN the steamship *Avalon* noses its way out of our slips to pass through the Panama canal, and thence to the waters of the Pacific ocean, she will leave as if in the full bloom of youth and power—a singular case of modern ship surgery, telling the world of the wonderful skill of Morse repairers. Like a battle scarred warrior she came here minus her bow and stern, her length reduced about forty feet.

A sturdy, well-preserved ship, the *Avalon* was coveted by the United States government during its war time need of ships. She was then in the vicinity of Chicago. The demand for tonnage became more and more urgent and the government decided to send her to Boston to be converted for troop service between Calais, France, and Dover, England.

To make the trip to Boston, the ship passed through the Lachine canal, above Montreal. As she was 277 feet in length, and as the locks of the canal did not permit a boat of that size to pass, it was decided to amputate the "nose" and "tail" of the boat. Accordingly, she was sent to the Chicago navy yard, where the operation was performed.

The plates and frames of the severed parts were placed on board, and she went to Boston. In that city, she was about to be converted when the armistice halted work on her. Acquired by private interests, she then came, still minus her bow and stern, and generally disembowelled, to the Morse yards. Here she has undergone a remarkable transformation.

Her "nose" and "tail" have been grafted to their natural places, and the *Avalon* has regained her normal length and lines. Also, she is acquiring beauty and splendor, and when she leaves to run between the City of Avalon, on the Santa Catalina Islands, and Los Angeles, her wonderful appointments will make up what she lacks in size. In brief, she will be a floating palace.

She is receiving de luxe cabins, two dance halls, and her inside woodwork will be costly and resplendent, and so arranged as to obscure all inside piping and wiring. Her accommodations will provide for about 2,000 excursionists. Though the *Avalon* will be ultra-fashionable in dress, she will be quite democratic in spirit, carrying, besides her passengers, anything from a milliners' hat box to a player-piano for a Santa Catalina bungalow.

For the *Avalon*, war was well!

He who says nothing is never misquoted.



COMPLETELY SEVERED AT BOW, THE AVALON PASSES THROUGH THE VARIOUS STAGES OF RECONSTRUCTION

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the
Welfare of the Employees' Associ-
ation of the Morse Dry Dock
& Repair Company, and to
the interests of the
Company

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All communications should be addressed to B. E.
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foot of Fifty-Sixth Street, Brooklyn.

VOL. 3 JAN. - FEB., 1920 No. 1-2

*Though I may not be able to inform men
more than they know, yet I may give them the
occasion to consider.—Sir W. Temple.*

For You To Answer

IN a recent article, a shipping publication referred to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company of Brooklyn, N.Y., as "a bee-hive of industry". Bee-hive of industry is right.

Still we wonder if the simile isn't a little stretched because in a regular bee-hive there are no drones. We don't, for a moment, think that our yard harbors any more drones than any other big company, but somewhere in this small city of workers we could probably find a drone or two. So you see, the analogy gives us something to think and write about.

As we understand it, the busy little bees can't tolerate a drone for a minute. When some busy little bee is shuffling along with a couple of tons of honey on his back and he notices one of his fellows over by the town pump, blowing cigarette smoke at the constable's daughter—well, he unloads his honey, and sends

out the riot call. All the other busy little bees assemble for the trial of the "Weary Willie" bee.

Now, Article X of the Bees' constitution is a harsh measure. It was drawn up by I. B. Bigbee, the honey king of Beeswax. He had the reputation of being a self-made bee and he attributed his success to hard work. Hence, it isn't surprising that Article X permitted the worker bees to assassinate a drone.

We do not advocate such harsh measures in ridding our yard of drones. In fact, we don't know that there are any drones here. We noticed what the paper said of us, and we can't help asking.

Are you a drone?

J.L.M.

Think It Over

CIVILIZATION began when man took the heavy load off his back and made the first crude wheelbarrow carry it. It marked the triumph of brain power over horse power. Since then every great invention, every notable improvement, has meant another victory for brains.

Westinghouse was a poor mechanic when he devised the air brake. James J. Hill was a clerk in a steamship office, but he was already planning his empire-building railroad. Edison, while working as a telegraph operator, had dreams of electric lights and high-powered dynamos.

These men were simply harnessing brain power and using it to benefit all human kind.

Whether you pack bolts, shovel coal, sort rags, or sell paper, whether you type letters, enter orders, keep books, run errands, or whether you represent the Company as an executive, there is a job ahead of you.

Your problem is, "How to accomplish more in the same length of time."

Take stock of yourself, be honest with yourself. Look for the short cuts in your daily work and put them into effect. Understudy the job ahead of you. Be prepared to fill it when the opportunity comes to you.

Preparedness means nothing more than being ready. It is only by planning ahead, by building for tomorrow, that you can hope to rise.

If you do not exercise your arm, it soon becomes weak and flabby—so with your brain.

Your brain needs exercise; ventilate it; let new thoughts and fresh ideas filter it.

Eagle A-Unity.

☺ ☺ ☺

Drifting

THE various groups of society are now engaged in the absurd game of raising prices on each other. To expect to reduce the cost of living by such a process is, of course, as ridiculous as trying to lift one's self by one's suspenders. More production per individual, more thrift, greater economies as a nation, are absolutely essential before we shall ever get back to a sane basis. So much for economics.

But the moralist as well as the economist has a right to feel alarmed over the present situation. No thoughtful person can fail to realize that there has been a letting-down of our ideals. We are not the same people we were a year ago, when we were one great brotherhood, intent upon overcoming a monstrous autocracy. There has been a blunting of individual conscience. We are showing ourselves right now in our unloveliest aspects.

Smith exerts an outrageous price from Jones. Jones is sore. He vents his rage on Brown, the man who employs him. Brown winces under the goad, grits his teeth, swears, sees his impotence, and passes the buck to Robinson, who adds something for personal injury and passes it right on. In no time at all the buck has come around to Smith, the man who started it.

It requires fortitude, patience, practical Christianity these days to keep from turning yegg. When one is robbed, grafted, blackmailed, slugged, and taxed right and left on everything, from the baby's

nursing bottle to the old man's crutch, it is a perfectly human instinct to want to strike back at somebody.

We've got to look out, or we will lose some things more precious than money. It is not good for us to allow the spirit of retaliation to grow. We have altogether too many agitators, in this country, and too much agitation, and the net result is not an improvement of conditions of living, but the reverse, and it is a sad outlook for the progress and development of mankind when every man's heart is being set against every other man.

We're not going to solve any problems of life by preaching and living a doctrine of greed. Everybody is losing sight of the greatest spiritual and ethical truth that the ages have proved by experience—that life is worth while only in proportion to what you put into it, not what you take out. And a considerable portion of our population is also forgetting the great economic truth—that man cannot live without working.

The Everett House-Organ.

☞ ☞

One Way Out

IF these hours be dark, as, indeed, in many ways they are, at least do not let us sit deedless, like fools and fine gentlemen, thinking the common toil not good enough for us, and beaten by the muddle; but rather let us work like good fellows, trying by some dim candle-light to set our workshop ready against tomorrow's daylight—that tomorrow, when the civilized world, no longer greedy, strifeful and destructive, shall have a new art, a glorious art, made by the people and for the people, as a happiness to the maker and the user.

—William Morris

☞ ☞

Cooperation

ARE you trying to make this world a better place to live in? If you are, be sure that your motives are not actuated by selfishness.

Regardless of any interpretation

which may be placed on the word, cooperation means doing all in our power to make this world a better place for our fellow men and also for posterity.

Probably at some time or other while seeking a favor you have been greeted with the curt remark, "Oh I'm not supposed to do that."

What a terrible world this would be if we all did just exactly what we were supposed to do and no more.

Seventy thousand Americans were not supposed to lay down their lives for us on the battlefields of Europe but they did.

Cooperation does not of necessity mean sacrifice but if it does our decision to cooperate should remain resolute.

☞ ☞

Another I Am

I AM the foundation of all business. I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius. I am the salt that gives life its savor. I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller's down. I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful. Fools hate me; wise men love me. I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every newspaper that comes from the press. I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me. Who am I? What am I? I am Work.

N.C.R. News.

THIS being the Second Anniversary Number of the Dial, we are including in it a souvenir picture of Mr. Morse, feeling sure that the men and women in the plant will appreciate a good picture of "Our Chief". In conjunction with the picture we are printing on Page 12 a brief sketch outlining the career of Mr. Morse. On page 18 of The September Dial there appears a letter requesting that we run a series of biographical sketches of the "Morse Leaders", beginning with Mr. Morse. At the time we promised to do so in future issues and the sketch and picture in this issue are in fulfillment of that promise and in compliance with many requests of a similar nature we have received from time to time from Morse employees.

Editor

If

IF you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait, and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated, don't give way by hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stop to build them up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on."
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
YOURS is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—You'll be a MAN, my son.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

☞ ☞

The Service Flag

(Written by an unknown young woman for a New Orleans newspaper).

Little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer,
Child of Old Glory, born with a star.
O what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red which was born to fight,
Born of the blood our forebears shed
To raise your mother, the flag o'erhead.

And, now you have come in this frenzied day,

To speak from a window, to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son,
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of service, Sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from others her unwept tears."

Little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
O what a wonderful flag you are!

—The Sun Dial.

☞ ☞

C. Stewart Wark, who has been assistant editor of The Dial, has resigned and accepted a position with The Texas Oil Co.



SCENE AT CHRISTMAS PARTY GIVEN TO MORSE CHILDREN BY THE EMPLOYEES



OCIATION ON DECEMBER 29, IN PROSPECT HALL, BROOKLYN. (See Page 7 for story.)

Soldiering on the Job

IN looking through an English publication the other day we came upon an article about trade unionism which is so pertinent to conditions in our own country and proves so conclusively that the recent labor unrest is a part of an international plot, either of German or Bolsheviki origin, that we decided to reprint it in the Dial.

The article by Mr. Turner which will be found on the page following this, plainly indicates that England too is not without her labor troubles, and strange as it may seem her labor troubles are identical to ours.

England has had her miners strike, her dock strike, her policemen's strike; she has had her share of profiteering by food merchants and even her farmers have combined in a misuse of their power.

There are still a great many employees and, sad to say, right here in the Morse plant, who are following that foolish policy of doing as little for their pay as they can possibly get away with.

We don't have to tell you that; you can see it on every hand if you look around and notice how lazy some of your fellow workmen are, and the poor fools don't realize that they are hurting themselves because by holding back; by their constant *soldiering on the job*, they are increasing the cost of the food and necessities that their wages buy, and in this way playing into the hands of the radicals.

What America needs, and what every industry in America needs, are workers with enough brains to see these things for themselves.

We need a return to that fighting spirit which won the war. If printing articles such as this one by Mr. Turner will help in that direction, you can expect The Dial to do its part, and by the way we have seen so many glaring examples of *soldiering on the job* right here in the Morse yard lately, that we have half a mind to print something about that, using names or badge numbers to convince you that we are telling the truth.

For instance we could write a mighty interesting story on how it took half a dozen carpenters three days to tear down three partitions here in our own printing shop, when it shouldn't have taken over half a day.

Or we could say some thing about how blessedly slow certain electricians were installing wiring that we required. And then there was a plumbing job which the fore-

man said would take no more than a day, but which took two days and a half.

When one of our neighbors, the Record department, moved downstairs to enable us to enlarge our quarters, half a dozen riggers or laborers were sent up to carry time cards and old records.

The fellows scuffled along so blamed slow, and carried such small loads you would have thought they were attending a funeral.

We noticed these things and felt anxious about them because we were trying to enlarge our quarters soon enough to enable us to print this issue of The Dial here in the Morse plant.

That we did finally accomplish this is due to the fact that there were a few conscientious individuals who worked hard and faithfully enough for us to get the necessary alterations done, and because we ourselves and that means nearly everyone who has anything to do with the making of The Dial, plugged away at our task, ten, twelve and in some cases even sixteen hours a day.

Just recently a large British ship repair yard estimated on a big job. Its price was considerably below that of its English competitors and there was every reason to believe that it would receive the contract. Then along came a bid from a Hamburg repair plant offering to do the work at a figure almost half as much as what the British concern wanted. After an investigation the owners of the boat were satisfied that the Hamburg yard was capable of doing the job and the contract went to the Germans.

In the Hamburg yard the workers are not *soldiering on the job*; they can't afford to and they realize it and because they are doing a full days work for a full days pay the Hamburg yard is able to take business away from the English workers. The English workers, like the American workers, are the victims of propaganda; they are slacking on the job because they have been told by labor radicals that that is the only way to obtain higher wages and shorter hours and to make employment for more men.

It doesn't matter much whether those labor radicals are in the pay of Lenin or Germany, the effect of their propaganda is the same and so long as the British and American workers are influenced by it, Germany will profit. Germany may yet *win* the war.

Editor.

TRADE UNIONISM AS THE ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY

By R. Turner, (British Workers' League)

TRADE UNIONS in many instances are being used by certain unscrupulous leaders against Democracy. The power of the Unions is being manipulated by a gang of anti-Britishers who love every country but their own. This is done for the purpose of bringing about a revolution, which they imagine will place them in the position of dictators. It is high time that Democracy realized what disastrous results must follow a continuance of this policy.

We are a Democracy, and we can obtain any reform in our constitution which the majority desire by the use of the ballot-box. But when the Government has been elected by the Democracy, it should be recognized as the ruling authority.

Immediately after the last election we had more than one of the rejected candidates declaring that they had still the industrial weapon with which to fight. These are the men who profess to believe in Democracy, and yet after they had suffered a crushing defeat, openly declare that they will use foul means to defeat the will of the people, for whether these political brigands like to acknowledge it or not, it is the decision of the Democracy, and as such ought to be the proper authority in all matters relating to the government of the country. These aspirants to government do not perhaps, realize that they are preparing a rod which will beat their own backs if ever they are able to get into power.

Let us see how far some of the Unions in their recent actions have played into the hands of the revolutionary party.

Take the miners as one example of telling directly against Democracy. I hold the opinion that the miners should be given the best possible conditions, and the rate of pay should be as high as industrial conditions generally will afford, but it must not be forgotten that the full account will have to be taken of other industries, which depend very much upon the coal supplies for their ability to meet foreign competitors. For we ought not to forget that we are a nation in competition with a world of nations.

It is remarkable how many people fail to see the effect that the miners' action may have upon the general prosperity of the country, and how Democracy may be bled white if a section of the people who happen to be in a privileged position are to be allowed to dictate such terms as the leaders of some of the Labor Unions seem to imagine they have a right to do.

At the time of writing we have an example of organized restriction of output by the men. A case is published where two miners have got more coal than their fellow workmen care for, with the result that the men have notified their intention of refusing to work with these two men unless the money earned by the getting of the extra coal is handed over to the whole of the workmen.

Now with respect to the demands made, and which were clearly outside the province of any section of the people to demand—First: They demanded that the duly-elected Government should at once nationalize the mines and this was to be done in the course of a few days! Rather a tall order!

As one who has always believed in the nation owning or controlling all the means of existence, I should much have liked this to have been done long ago, but Democracy has up to now decided otherwise, and this it has done by its choice of Parliamentary

representatives; and I must here say that the miners' leaders, in putting forth their demands, are simply looking to the interest of the miners, and are giving no consideration to the rest of the community, and if their leaders' schemes had been accepted we should very soon have found ourselves in a far worse position than ever we were under private ownership.

Another demand which was most unfair to the rest of the community was that miners, returning from active service, were to have preferential treatment over all other sections. They demanded that miners should receive full pay while unemployed. Could anything be more unfair than this? If the miners, why not the cotton operatives, the iron workers, or any other members of the community who had rallied to their country's call in her hour of need? This is purely an attempt to favour the miners at the expense of the rest of the community.

Another way in which the extremists are using their Unions to the detriment of those who hold different view is demonstrated in a case which recently occurred at a Union meeting, when one who had expressed different views to many of the active members was, by a vote of 12 to 8 (which is supposed to represent the opinion of over 4,000 members), expelled from his Union. The loss of membership means that, as the men will not work with a non-Unionist, the victim of this dastardly act must now, if he is not allowed to continue as a member, leave his occupation and find fresh employment, or starve.

And this has been done by men who shout themselves hoarse demanding liberty, free speech, and no secret diplomacy. These are the disciples of Lenine, the High Priest of Bolshevism. It is part of the scheme to bring about the great international revolution which that individual is so anxious to accomplish, and yet the very things which extremists are pretending to desire removing the Russian leader in his most recent writings is insisting on putting into operation.

After his tour of murder and pillage, Lenine is now endeavoring to organize industry, at the same time as the hotheaded extremists here are endeavoring to make it impossible. Having squandered the capital of Russia, he is now trying to create wealth to be used under his dictatorship, and he has evidently realized the fact that the spending of the capital of any country cannot go on very long, and it would be well if his followers in this country would take this lesson to heart and remember that before we can divide wealth, it must first be produced.

The next example which I should like to examine is that of the dockers. No class of men in the past have been treated more harshly, and we might reasonably look to them to show some consideration to their fellow-workers. What do we find? During June, thousands of tons of foodstuffs and other perishable goods were being returned to American and other ports owing to labor troubles; in many cases liners were returned with exactly the same cargoes they had brought to this country weeks before, and by their action in refusing to allow these cargoes to be unloaded, because of their refusal to open their ranks to thousands of willing unemployed, they forced up the price of food, without the least consideration for their fellow workers, who were, and are still, groaning under the high prices which profiteers are exacting.

It is certain that famine prices will rule while this policy of limitation continues. It is nothing less than industrial suicide, and at every turn we find that it hits the lowest paid worker the hardest, and lowers the standard of life all round.

Another Union which the anti-British extremists have done their best to capture is the Police Union. These agitators thought before the recent police strike that they had the large majority of that Union with them, and it was a bitter pill when it was found that the more level-headed of that responsible body were not going to be the tools of the gang of disappointed politicians, who firmly believed that if they could only get the police on their side they would be able to do just as they liked in case of labor troubles.

It is up to every Britisher to doff his hat to the men in blue, for by their action the loyal members have given the biggest blow to revolution that has yet been delivered in this country. I think that most people will agree that the police in the past have been most miserably paid, and that they have been at times victims of very harsh treatment from those in authority, with very little chance of obtaining redress. The position of the police in their relation to the State, however, is altogether different from the ordinary industrial workman. They are kept and paid by the State for the purpose of upholding the law and keeping order, and they have no right to join hands with any section whose leaders advocate the taking of the law in their own hands, and openly avow their intention of smashing the constitution.

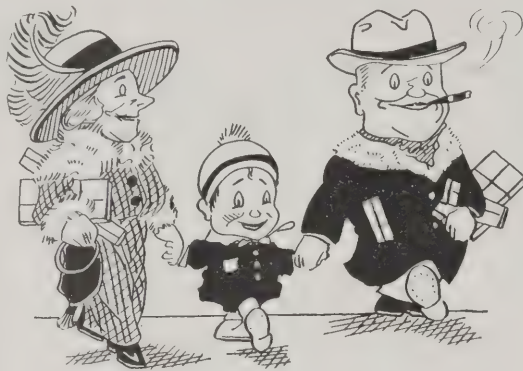
The farmers are another section who by their strike have grossly abused their power, for in very many instances they have shown no consideration for the people, and have apparently had little or no concern as to the welfare of the sick and young children. Here again I say it is high time the Government took some steps to prevent the evils of this kind of Unionism. One result of the high prices is that in many areas, farms are not carrying anything like the number of cattle, as the farmers have found that by combining they can get just as much profit out of a less output; they are now threatening to produce less milk than ever—all to the detriment of Democracy.

Having set forth the various ways in which trades Unionism is being used against Democracy, I put it to all who profess to be democrats, as to whether they are satisfied to allow things to go on in the same way without making any attempt to stop the rot. It ought to be the concern of every man and woman and it is up to us all to do our share.

If you are a member of a Union you should attend all meetings, and see that as far as you are concerned no official with anti-British and revolutionary ideas is appointed as a delegate. If you do not happen to be a member of a Trades Union, there are many organizations which are out to combat this revolutionary tendency and at the same time obtain better conditions for the workers, and to raise the standard of life all round, who believe that this can only be accomplished by constitutional means. Therefore I appeal to you to begin your work at once. It is your duty. It is only by these means that Labor can ever hope to come into its full share of the fruits of toil, and that the emancipation of Democracy can ever be obtained.—From *Asbestos*.

WE OBSERVED

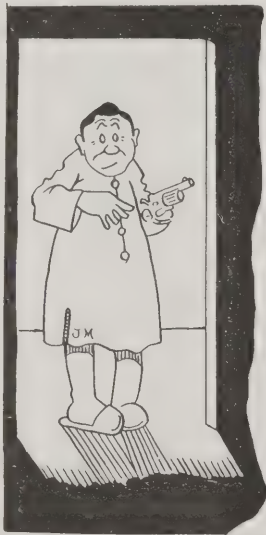
By Ed. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



PETE BALENTINE OF THE BURNERS, WITH THE MRS. AND PETE JR. DOING THEIR XMAS SHOPPING. HOW IS THE SOAP STICKING PETE, OR IS IT MELTING AWAY?



IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE SAME OLD SMILE, JIM.



JOE MCGUIRK LOOKING FOR A BURGLAR IN THE CELLAR. WHAT KIND OF STUFF HAVE YOU GOT JOE.



MISS MARY TRAYERS



-E'DONNELLY-



—MISS GIFF— OF THE OFFICE FORCE WHO IS ATTAINING SUCCESS WITH HER TOE DANCING AT EXHIBITION DANCES.

FINE, —HON, AND BY THE WAY, WATCH YOUR STEP FOR I'M GETTING TO BE SOME PUNCHER!



CURLEY BURK DIMPLES
THREE OF BRENNAN'S BATHING BEAUTIES

NEIL O'DONNELL THE SOCCER TEAM SCOUT LOOK'EM OVER



H-KOHLER THE 4AM BOY FROM YONKERS BEATING THE 7O'CLOCK WHISTLE



OUR NEWLYWEDS
MR. WILLIAM BOYLE - MISS HILBA BENESTED





AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

With The Pigskin

BOWLING and soccer, outdoor and indoor sports, are now commanding the limelight as far as Association sporting activities go. We have made good progress in both. A regular yard bowling league has been established and every Monday night, matches are held on the American alleys on Third Avenue. As for the soccer situation, the Morse team defeated Bridgeport in the third round of the American Cup competition, thereby earning the right to meet the Robins team in the fourth round.

The win over Bridgeport was one of the most important soccer victories, of the season. Without this victory we could not have been eligible to again meet our old rivals, the Robins. We sure have been the "fly in the ointment" for our neighboring soccer aggregation, for we also broke a consecutive string of victories they had established.

This was done on the Morse Oval, the game resulting in a scoreless tie. While a tie isn't a victory, we were the one team to stop the Robins who were piling up victory upon victory.

With the addition to the Morse soccer team of McGreevey, Lennon and MacLean, three exceptionally strong players are brought into the fold. McGreevey is very fleet-footed, having enjoyed the reputation of being one of the fastest runners in American athletics. Lennon was formerly of the New York Celtics, and MacLaren has enjoyed considerable prestige as a Canadian player.

A decisive victory, ending with a 4 to 1 score was gained by the soccerites over the Interborough team Sunday afternoon, December 7, on Olympic field, New York. The game was a regularly scheduled National league contest and was marked by good attendance.

The first half saw quite an even battle between the contestants, the half ending with a score of 1 to 0 in favor of the Morse team. This first period goal was scored by Rorke on a splendid pass from O'Donnell, and the goal was scored at about 18 yards.

A penalty imposed on the Interborough goal keeper was responsible for the second Morse score. Lynch had made a strenuous attempt to land the pigskin between the posts and was blocked by the opposing goal. The method of frustrating Lynch's attempt was in the nature of a deliberate clout, and on the penalty imposed, Page scored. Lynch and Parker scored other goals before the period closed.

With five more goals in the soccer game against the Bridgeport Thistles, on December 13, Connie Lynch, premier soccer centre forward of the country and member of the Morse team, has piled up a wonderful individual record for goals. He has scored more than two-thirds of the points made by the Morse team thus far this season, and has eclipsed the number of goals made by any other National league or American Association player.

Lynch is credited with many tallies, but he claims that they would have been im-

possible but for the co-operation of his team-mates. He is especially pleased with Parker, who, Lynch thinks, is one of the fastest soccer players in the game, and the best centre half.

Besides the five goals credited to Lynch, Stradan, O'Donnell and Coles sent the ball for scores, making the final tally of the Bridgeport game, Morse 8; Bridgeport 1.

The appearance of several new men in the lineup of the Morse Soccer team in the National league game against the Merchants' eleven, Sunday, December 22, on the Morse Oval, served to greatly strengthen the yard team and a decisive victory of 5 to 0 was gained over the Pennsylvanians. The new men were: Neate, goal, MacPherson, right half-back, MacGarrachie, left half-back, Kershaw, outside right, Rorke, inside right, and Lenon, inside left. The latter got one of the five points scored by the local team.

Weather conditions prohibited the best brand of football. The field was damp and slippery, being covered in some places with snow. Connie Lynch played his usual consistent game, getting two of the goals by brainy, aggressive playing and well-placed shots. Page got a goal on penalty, and Parker added a tally for the Morse team.

The Morse team took the Federals of Newark, N.J., into camp Sunday, December 28, by a score of 5 to 0. The game was played on the Federal grounds in the presence of about 400 spectators and was one of the regularly scheduled National League contests.

Neate, outside right, whose first appearance with the Morse team was a goal, started the scoring about twenty minutes after opening. Lynch, assisted by a difficult pass from Parker, scored the second goal, and ended the half time with a score of 2 to 0.

After the opening ten minutes of play in the second half, Rorke made a spectacular goal, followed with another by Lynch, who negotiated the attempt by brilliant individual work. Rorke obtained a second goal before the final whistle.

National League Soccer Standing (Up to January 1st.)

Team	Won	Dr.	Lost	Pts.
Robins	6	1	0	13
Morse	5	2	3	12
Erie	5	1	2	11
New York	4	3	3	11
Paterson	5	1	5	11
Federal	3	2	4	8
Disston	2	2	3	6
Bethlehem	2	0	2	4
Merchants	1	2	2	6
I. R. T.	0	0	5	0

Hull Wins Over Pipers

IN the second of a series of special bowling matches between the Pipe Shop and the Hull Dept. at Sterling Place, on Fifth Avenue, the Pipe Shop won two out of three strings, but the Hull Dept. defeated them in the total pinfall. The Plate Shop boys got a margin of 131 pins in one game, which margin was not overcome in the two strings won by the Pipers. The Pipers won one string by a margin of 27 pins and another by 82.

The December Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett

THE DECEMBER MEETING of the Employees' Association, held Tuesday evening, December 23, in the Association rooms, was attended by about 900 employees. It was a banner affair in the history of our monthly entertainments.

The business meeting presided over by our genial President, Joseph McGuirk, was short. Tom Smith, Senior, spoke of the progress of the Yard Bowling Tournament, and President McGuirk told of the Annual Ball plans. The meeting was then turned over to the Entertainment committee.

Off with a bang, two gentlemen of color, Webb and Robinson, occupied first place. They harmonized and chicken-walked around the ring while the boys laughed and applauded. Then came Mrs. Murray Canary wife of our Morse Jazz Orchestra leader, who sang her way into our hearts and made as big a hit as her husband who is some entertainer himself. And that music was wonderful. Nothing like it on Broadway.

Did you hear them vamp "The Vamp"? When they wound up this number half of the orchestra were perched on top of the piano. Matty Lieb, the boy who tickled the ivories, Bad Bill Griffin, who wrapped himself around the old trombone and Bert Reynolds, the trumpeter kid, were there strong. There was Hall, the star trap drummer, and Jimmy Serrapate, the boy wonder with the clarinet, a worthy rival of Ted Lewis, who set New York wild, and last but not least, Tom Johnson, the banjoist, formerly of the Morse Quartette, some combination we are proud of.

Next we were entertained by "Younda," the American Jap, who juggled and balanced everything worth while. Then there was the "Professional Song Writers' Contest."

After this contest we had seven whirlwind bouts, featuring: Frankie Fay, the Hull department favorite, who shaded Sailor "Dick" Hunter of the U.S.S. *Arizona* in three rounds; Young Happy who shaded Jimmy Sullivan for the championship of the Shipfitters; Johnny Levein of the Pipe shop, who outpointed Young Lustig; also the Sperling twins, small and young but very handy with their dukes; Joe "Bull" Dailey, also of the Pipe shop, who put up a slashing bout with our own "Soldier" Fields of the Electricians; "Sid" Kaufman, who handled two of them, Kid Borasso of the Outside machinists and Bennie Freedman, the famous football player.

Pete Lorenz and Charlie Goldman handled these bouts which were carried by our own "Billie" Burke of the Carpenter shop, who is back on the job after his confinement to his home following an accident. We're glad Bill is back on the job.

Then came the star attraction of the evening, a wrestling bout between two sturdy exponents of this great sport. Jean Bruce and John Kuhlherer tossed each other about and grappled for one full hour without a fall. The match was declared a draw after Kuhlberger strained one of the tendons in his left foot in a fall over the mat.

Two turkeys were then drawn for and the lucky boys this time were Richard Dickson, 30719, of Construction department and Fred Lembke, Chauffeur, 9833, of Truck Garage.

With the Pin Boys

THE boys are taking to bowling like a cootie takes to a Bolshevik's whiskers, and before the season advances much farther, there will be some rattling games. To the men of the yard who are not on bowling teams, let us say that there is plenty of chance to roll every Monday night. Two alleys are engaged by the Association, and you are at liberty to roll on them without any cost to yourself. Pick-up teams can use alleys before and after the regular games.

The forces of the Main and Dial offices clashed in bowling rivalry Monday night, December 1, with the result that the former won by 136 pins. While Editor Barnes tried to rally his forces by improving his own bowling (he got 112 in each of the two games), he failed miserably and admitted that he needed practice. Rose with 173 and Simpson with 167 were strong factors in putting the skids under the publicity men. As Henry Rochelle said, "The Main office knocked the face off the Dial." Versfelt, Moore and Rochelle completed the Main office line-up, while the Dial team was composed of Gregory, Barnes, Beukalaer, Osterberg and Roth, the last two being high men for the Dial, with 149 and 136, respectively.

The Dial (we speak of it painfully) received another setback at the hands of the Pipe shop, but this time its defeat was not as stinging as that administered by the Main office. The Dial lost only by 62 pins. (That "only" is our alibi). Osterberg and Roth, with 160 and 146 respectively, still helped the Dial immensely. Beukelaer and Gregory were the other Dial rollers. Harmon and O'Day led the Pipe Shop with 162 and 150. Rack, Crist and Murphy were the other Pipe Shop rollers.

In the Hull Dept. vs. Pipe Shop game, a bowling medal presented to Tom Cavanaugh was large enough to be mistaken for a suit of armor and its weight seriously affected the rolling of the recipient. He found it difficult to hold up under the weight of the ball and medal and rolled only 156. Lester and Petry, with 164 and 166, contributed largely to the Pipe Shop's defeat by 112 pins. Searing and Banks were the other Hull Dept. rollers. O'Day and Harmon, with 150 and 154, led the Pipe Shop scoring, while Hughs, Crist and Linstrom were close contenders.

Without the aid of hammers, the Carpenters made a smashing drive on the pins at the American Alleys, Monday evening, December 8, in a contest with the Pipe Coverers. With George MacLaurin leading the way a single string of 21, all of the Carpenters rolled big scores, and a total of 957 was marked up against 728 for the Pipe coverers. Cullen trailed MacLaurin with 208, but the other rollers, Devine, Smith, Jr., and Anderson, were well up in the running as can be judged by the excellent total. Sales with 192, and Petrick with 164, were high men for the Pipe coverers. The other rollers were Bush, Daley and Crotty.

The Sheet metal shop team, by the non-appearance of its eligible players, forfeited another game, this time to the Dock hands. This forfeiture got to be a habit with the Sheet Metal boys, and tended to lessen the interest in the tournament with the result that the Sheet Metal team dropped out of the tournament and has been replaced by the Riggers.

By a margin of 78 pins, the Outside Machinists romped away with the Dock Hands, Simmons and Dunn being the most important contributors to the Machinists' victory. They had scores of 124 and 131, respectively. The other winning rollers were: Monsen, Akerstrom and Hansen. Kelly and Callahan led the Dock hands with scores of 133 and 127. Nelson, Utes and Frank completed the Dock hands' line-up.

With Sharkey and Fisher setting the pace, the Timekeeping outfit kept forging ahead of the Electrical department, until, at the close of the assault, a safe, but not too big, margin of 72 pins was gained. Sharkey got 167 and Fisher rolled 158. Whitman, Gannon and Martinez rolled for the Timekeepers.

Ryan and Knipe of the Electricians rolled 145, 135 and 139, respectively.

In the Copper shop-Pipe coverers' game, the former quintet won by 89 pins. Troy, with 179, and Salmon with 162, led for the winners, while Daly and Bush copped the leading places among the Pipe Coverers. Wiles, Pelletier and Schriber completed the Copper shop lineup, and Sales, Crotty and Petrick rolled for the Pipe-coverers.

The Hull department decisively defeated the Sheet Metal team, having among its talent such star performers as Banks and Petry.

Petry got a total of 191 and Banks 174. Cavanaugh, Cerny and McGuirk were well up in the running.

The Pen is mightier than the sword and the pen wielders of the Main office were mightier than the Pipe shop bowlers in the contest of the yard tournament Monday night, December 22. The match was a close one, 40 pins being the small lead credited to the winners when the last ball spent its destructive force. Rose, with 219, and Rochelle, with 167, topped the bill for the Main office, while Rack, with 201, and O'Dea, with 148, are the distinguished service men of the Pipers.

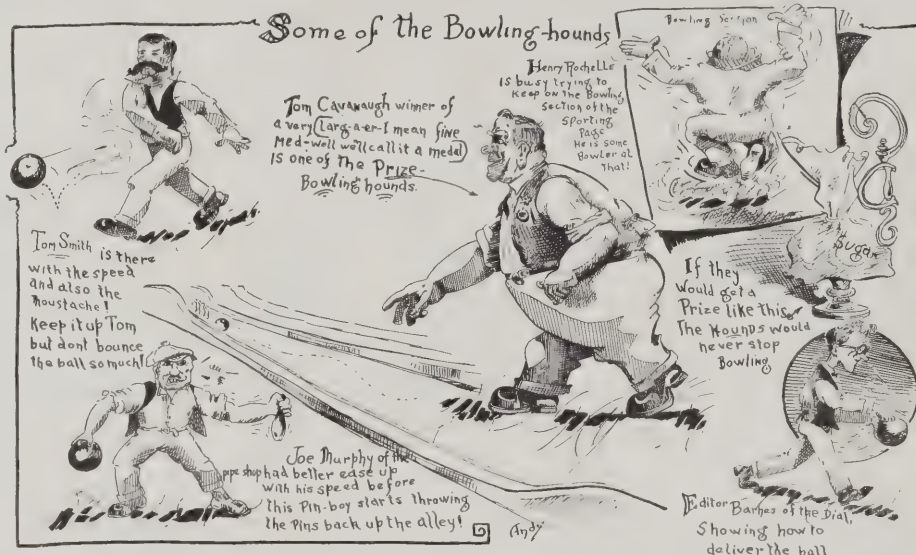
Other rollers were: Versfelt, Simpson and Moore for the Main office, and Rohner, Crist and Hughes for the Pipe Shop.

The blacksmiths couldn't forge ahead of the Dial in their session, and the scribes and publicity boys won by 52 pins. Of course, the Dial had five men to trim three men representing the Blacksmiths, but in the matter of weight, the sturdy blacksmiths had the advantage. Each of the Blacksmiths entered the ring at about

225 pounds, while Editor Barnes and his gang couldn't weigh that if they were soaking wet. Harris and Sabe led for the Blacksmiths with 173 and 121 respectively. Osterberg and Roth with 153 and 128 respectively, led the way for The Dial. Other rollers were: Pierson of the Blacksmiths, and Barnes, Bailey and Murphy for The Dial.

The Inside Machinists jimmied their way to a victory over the Dock Hands, who were left high and dry with 90 pins they should have got. The Machinists were all oiled up for the contest, while the Dockers seemed unable to acquire a free arm movement, such as was enjoyed in ye olden days when there weren't so many dry docks and dry bars. Nelson and Lansing lifted the most tonnage for the dockers, getting totals of 140 and 137. Lyden and Frank turned out the best work for the Inside Machinists, making respectively 153 and 147 pins, all of which passed Inspector Tom Smith, Sr. Other rollers were: Callahan, Hallock and Hohorst for the Dock Hands, and Ward, Vogt and Hargreave for the Inside Machinists.

The Hull department took a fall out of the Blacksmiths, winning by almost 100 pins. Petry with 166 and Curtis with 150 were the headliners for the Hull. Ferris and Fallon led for the Blacksmith. Other rollers



Herman and Hawkins with 164 and 143, respectively, led the Electrical Wizards. O'Loughlin, Stagg and Knipe completed the line-up.

The Dial team furnished the bowling surprise so far this season. On Monday night, December 15, the scribes of the Dial office were threatened with victory against the Copper shop. The Dial pin knockers lost only by a margin of a hundred or thereabout. The Dial team's improved rolling was no greater surprise than the individual accomplishment of Editor Barnes, who had 161 pins on the casualty list. Henry Rochelle's tips and pointers in the art of assassinating pins by means of a big ball is supposedly the reason for the editor's improvement, for these two were seen in a quiet corner, making motions with their arms and reminding us of a couple of Frenchmen at a peace conference.

Wiles and Salmon were the honor men for the Copper shop, getting 155 and 146, respectively. The other Copper shop rollers were Troy, Weiss and Schreiber. Roth, with 173 and Barnes with 161, blazed the trail for the Dial team with Osterberg, Bailey and Murphy as the other rollers.

The Main office quintet with Rose, Versfelt, Simpson, Moore and Rochelle, a formidable bowling five, swamped the Electricians, who did not have a full team. Stagg,

were: Cavanaugh, Shanahan and Cerney for the Hull, and Pierson, Swanson and Sabe for the Blacksmiths.

In the bowling session Monday evening, December 29, the Outside Machinists lost by a forfeit to the Pipe Coverers, Dunn and Hahn being the eligible men in the Machinists' lineup. Nelson, Refrole, Crotty, Bush and Daly rolled for the Pipe Coverers. Bush and Crotty with 149 and 146, respectively, led the winners.

The Riggers defeated the Timekeepers. O. Carlson, Larsen, Knudson, B. Bresen and C. Carlson represented the Riggers. C. Carlson and Knudson were high men for the winners, bowling respective strings of 156 and 149.

A margin of more than 100 pins was gained by the Carpenters over the Electricians, whose total score was 629 against the Carpenters' 743. Smith, Sr. and Anderson led the way for the winners with scores of 169 and 166. The other Carpenter rollers were Smith, Jr., Cy MacLaurin and George MacLaurin. Knipe and Stagg were the Electricians' honor men. The other rollers were Ryan, O'Laughlin and Herman.

An interesting and very even contest was waged between the Copper shop and the Dock hands, the former winning by 51 pins. Troy and Wiles were high men for the Copper shop. The other rollers were: Kelly, Schriber and Salmon. Dunn, Hahn, Simmon, Murray and Hohorst represented the Dock hands.

Morse Beats Bankers

A BOWLING team representing the J.P. Morgan banking house of New York made a determined effort on Thursday night, December 11, at the American alleys, to retrieve a recent defeat at the hands of the Morse rollers, but again the Morse team won by a margin of 57 pins. This margin for a single game was a decided victory for Morse considering that our rollers defeated the Manhattan bankers by only a few pins in a total of three strings in their previous contest.

Deans, with 193, and Fanning, with 189, were high men for the Morgans. Tanner, McGregor and Wilt were the other New York rollers.

Cullen, with 200, and Banks, with 195, headed the Morse score, but they were not much in excess of Cy. MacLaurin, Smith, Jr., and Lester, who rolled the respective scores of 194, 190 and 175.

The Carpenters defeated the Pipe shop team at the American alleys, Thursday evening, December 18, in some interesting contests. The Pipe shop team, while it lost in the total score, showed some improved form, and bids fair to make a good showing in the present tournament.

Bill Cullen, Pete Bresnan, Tom Smith, Sr., Tom Smith, Jr., and Harry Anderson, the old reliables, were on deck and kept the Carpenters in the running. Murphy, Crist, Ben, Hughes and O'Day made up the Pipe shop quintet.

In the opening game, Cullen and Anderson led the way for the Carpenters, while Hughes and Crist were top-notchers for the Pipers. In the second game, Cullen and Tom Smith, Sr. set the pace for the hammer wielders and Crist and Ben were the Pipe shop leaders. Smith, Jr. and Cullen pulled ahead of the Carpenter

rollers in the third string, and Crist and Hughes again fattened the Pipers' average.

IN a special match game between the Pipe shop and the Hull department Friday night, December 19, at Sterling Place and Fifth Avenue, the Pipe Fitters were defeated by a margin of 124 pins in a three-string game. Some home brew that looked like red ink, but possessed the kick of an army mule, was responsible for the Pipe shop's defeat. The beverage was dispensed by the Hull men, who claimed it was very mild. The plot was successful and many a "ball" from the Pipers' team went down the wrong alley.

Hughes was the headliner of the evening, leading his team for three strings. In the first game he and Hornung led for the Pipe shop with the respective scores of 206 and 185. Lester and Petrie led the Hull with 179 and 169. Hornung with 156 and Hughes with 154, led in the second string of the Pipe shop, and Lester with 171 and Cavanaugh with 165, led the Hull rollers. Hughes with 187, and Lindstrom with 149, set the pace for the Pipers in the third, and Cerny with 170, and Petrie with 149, took the lead for their outfit. Other rollers were Cahill for the Hull Dept. and Rohner and Dintruff for the Pipers.

The Inside Machinists defeated the Timekeepers by a small margin of pins. The winners' team was composed of Frank, Cassell, Robbins, Leonard and Hargrave, with the two former leading men. Whitman, with 149, and Gannon, with 129, topped the Timekeepers' scoring. Sharkey, Fisher and Martinez completed the line-up for the lieutenants of the famous Father Time.

The standing of the yard bowling tournament up to Monday evening, January 5, is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Main office	5	0	1000
Carpenters	5	0	1000
Riggers	1	0	1000
Hull department	4	1	800
Inside Machinists	3	1	750
Pipe coverers	4	2	666
Copper shop	4	2	666
Pipe shop	2	2	500
Timekeepers	2	4	333
Electricians	2	4	333
Dock hands	2	5	285
Outside Machinists	1	3	250
Dial	1	4	200
Blacksmiths	0	3	000
Sheet Metal	0	0	000

Joe Cox has left the yard to re-enter the fistic arena. We have an interesting story about Joe for the next Dial.

Yard Athletes, Attention!

Boxers, Wrestlers, soccer men, basketball players and all followers of athletics are invited to send news of sporting events covering their activities to the sporting editor of The Dial. The sporting editor is a well-known newspaper man and will gladly assist you in getting publicity beyond the columns of The Dial. Come up at noon and visit awhile. Let's get acquainted.

Yard Bowlig Schedule

Feb. 2—Carpenters vs. Copper shop; Timekeepers vs. Main office; Dock hands vs. Hull department; Pipe coverers vs. Dial staff.

Feb. 9—Electricians vs. Pipe fitters; Sheet Metal workers vs. Blacksmiths; Inside Machinists vs. Sheet Metal workers; Outside machinists vs. Copper shop.

Feb. 16—Carpenters vs. Main office; Timekeepers vs. Hull department; Dock hands vs. Dial staff; Pipe coverers vs. Pipe fitters.

Feb. 23—Electricians vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Copper shop; Outside machinists vs. Main office; Carpenters vs. Hull department.

March 1—Timekeepers vs. Dial staff; Dock hands vs. Pipe fitters; Pipe coverers vs. Blacksmith; Inside machinists vs. Main office.

March 8—Outside machinists vs. Hull department; Carpenters vs. Dial staff; Timekeepers vs. Pipe fitters; Dock hands vs. Blacksmiths.

March 15—Inside machinists vs. Hull department; Outside machinists vs. Dial staff; Carpenters vs. Pipe Fitters; Timekeepers vs. Blacksmiths.

March 22—Inside machinists vs. Dial staff; Outside machinists vs. Pipe fitters; Carpenters vs. Blacksmiths; Inside machinists vs. Pipe fitters.

March 29—Inside machinists vs. Blacksmiths; Pipe coverers vs. Electricians; Outside machinists vs. Carpenters; Timekeepers vs. Dock hands.

April 8—Outside machinists vs. Blacksmiths; Sheet Metal workers vs. Main office; Copper shop vs. Hull department.

Relay Team is Entered

ACCORDING to Tom Plunkett of the Employment Office, whose activity in the sporting line has helped keep the Morse name before the public, a relay team will be entered in the Todd Shipyards A.A. athletic meet at the Fourteenth Regiment armory on Lincoln's birthday evening, February 11. The relay event will be over a mile course, and, while Mr. Plunkett doesn't want the names of the Morse entrants divulged, the company will be in the field with a strong team.

Individual entries for other events may be made by Morse men as it is not likely that there will be further team entries.

Morse-Bethlehem Game

THE MORSE soccer team was defeated by Bethlehem in a National league game in Bethlehem, Pa., Saturday, January 17, by a score of 5 to 0. The game was played on a snow-covered field, and a strong wind favored Bethlehem throughout the first period. Despite this fact, the half ended with only one goal for the home team. Sturch, a Canadian player, showed wonderfully for the Bethlehem eleven while the work of Whalen at goal was the outstanding feature of the visitors' playing.

A 1 to 0 victory was gained by Morse over the Robins in the fourth round of the American Cup race and the Morse players and fans were hopeful of vanquishing the Pennsylvania team.

The yard bowling tournament is held every Monday evening. The attendance, or lack of attendance by some teams has been responsible for several forfeited games. This is harmful to the league, and better attendance is to be insisted upon.

From Yard to Draughting Table

TRANSFERRED from yard departments to the draughting room as successful candidates in recent examinations, and given, in addition, paid technical courses in Pratt Institute through the generosity of Mr. Morse, is the good fortune of Peter Forti and Charles Kelly, two apprentice boys.

The examinations of yard apprentices for the draughting room positions were held on November 25, and were participated in by fifteen candidates, and a written examination was given, after which each candidate underwent an oral examination by James A. Kelley, chief draughtsman. Conduct while in the yard and time records were considered in summing up the qualifications for the honors.

John Seneca of the Employment Office, had the highest average of 81½ per cent., but Mr. Seneca's mark was ruled out by the Committee due to the fact that he was not in reality an apprentice boy, but of the office force. Since then he has been transferred to the yard and after six months' practical experience there, he will then enter the draughting room.

Forti attained the high average of 75 per cent. Kelly received a mark of 65 per cent. The examinations resulted in the following marks:

J. Seneca, Office, .815; Peter Forti, Inside Machinist, .750; C. Kelly, Inside Machinist, .650; A. Wood, Joiner, .625; F. Fairroth, Patternmaker, .620; G. Misset, Inside Machinist, .610; F. San Georgia, Inside Machinist, .605; Ralph Larsen, Burner, .605; A. White, Inside Machinist, .580; V. Brosili, Patternmaker, .560; S. Seversen, Patternmaker, .465; C. Ambriano, Inside Machinist, .460; H. Smith, Inside Machinist, out; Harry McPartland, Sheet Metal worker, out; Jack Huntington, Garage, out.

Preceding the examination, which was held at four o'clock, in the draughting room, Harry A. Hanbury, industrial director, gave a short talk to the prospective draughtsman. He spoke informally of the chances the boys had to better themselves, and related a few incidents in his own life to illustrate his points.

The examination papers were corrected by a committee consisting of Hildreth Benner, superintendent of employment and welfare, B. E. Barnes, editor of *The Dial*, Joseph W. McGuirk, president, and James Donovan, secretary of the Employees' Association, and James A. Kelley, chief draughtsman.

Mr. Kelley from his desk in the draughting room sent the following expression of his pleasure at the interest taken in the examinations:

"The writer was very much pleased with the earnestness with which you all went into this examination, and is only too sorry that there are, at this time, only two apprenticeship tuitions to be given out. It was indeed a pleasure to hold this examination before such a crowd of ambitious boys."

That the Morse Company has been generous in the matter of apprenticeships and that the older and successful men of the yard have observed the advantages of the system is shown by the fact that Frank B. Rose, cashier, has a son in the yard, also George W. Heath, a former pipe fitter, and Michael MacKenzie, an ex-office boy, and son of a deceased boss carpenter, is learning to be a machinist.

Under our apprenticeship system, there is a yearly increase of pay of over \$100 per year for four years, and a bonus of \$200 is given at the end of the four year period.



Bottom Row—Charles Ambriano, Charles Kelly (winner), John Seneca, Ralph Larsen, Harry McPartland and Jack Huntington. Top Row—Frank San Georgia, Peter Forti (winner), Vincent Brosili, Archie White, Garrett Nussett, Selma Seversen and Thomas Faurroth.

The rate of wages has been voluntarily increased by the company from time to time.

Noon-hour Meetings

NOON-HOUR departmental meetings during the past month have continued to be the most important phase of yard activities and the enthusiasm in the affairs of the Employees' Association instilled by these meetings has been one of the really big milestones of progress during the past year.

For the success which the meetings have had, credit in no small degree is due to the corps of speakers from the yard who have given their time in so diligent and enthusiastic a fashion. By short informal talks they have explained details connected with the Employees' Association.

Through their efforts new men in the yard have come to realize, as do the older employees, the advantages which our Association offers and with that change of spirit has come a new attitude in the yard apparent to all. Among the noon-hour speakers who have done exceptionally good work might be mentioned Joseph McGuirk, Edward Hannavin, Joseph Lowe and Tom Smith.

The first of the departmental noon-hour meetings for the month was held on December 8 in the Pipe shop. In spite of very bad weather it was well attended and interesting talks were given by Mr. Lowe, Mr. McGuirk, association president, and Edward Hannavin. On December 10, the burners were addressed by the same speakers at their noon-hour meeting held in the bottle shanty. The inside machinists held their meeting on December 12 in the inside machine shop.

What Happens to Editors

Editor, *THE DIAL*:

"Have you ever sat in a train and unconsciously or absent-mindedly glanced at your neighbor's paper and instantly become interested in some article, only to have him or her turn the page over just at the most important part of the article? Such was my experience today and to make matters more

heart-rending, the sheet was *THE DIAL*, published for Morse Employees, but for some reason never mailed to me, though I have been employed in the Morse plant for the last two months.

"Far be it from me to make threats of any kind, but it brings back to mind an incident that happened back in '91. At that time I was living west of the Mississippi and was a subscriber to the *Screach*, which was generally mailed on or about the 10th of each month. I believe it was the eleventh of January 1894, and being, (as I thought) over due—and here I might state I am easily aroused by a bad temper—I went and had a few words with the Editor.

"Well, after they buried him, a coroner's jury learned that the sheet was mailed on time, but the mail man had not finished reading it, and they (the jury) brought in a verdict of 'Death due to mail carrier's official duty,' and, of course, I was immediately discharged.

"This was not my first experience with Editors, for back in '86 one of these Fourth Estaters had the nerve to hold my copy simply because I was 11 months overdue on my subscription payment. I also went to his office to interview him—and after they held the autopsy, the attention of the coroner's jury was called to the fact that the deceased was an Editor—and naturally I was discharged, and offered the most important position in the town, which, by the way, was 'Town Death Clerk.' It did not require a person with brains to fill that position. All that was necessary was fast writing, due to so many deaths.

"In conclusion I wish it clearly understood that I do not make any threats, but sincerely hope that each month there may be a copy of that real, and regular sheet, *The Dial*, addressed and mailed to,

Frank J. Burke

2129 Second Ave.,

New York City

"P.S.—Kindly treat this as confidential and destroy because thru some error the February issue may not reach me and you know how fussy coroner's juries are."

Don't leave your faults lying around.



From paint brush to scrub brush is not a long step. James Sterritt, erstwhile painter of the yard, disguised to capture bomb throwers.

A Yard Sherlock Holmes

JAMES STERRITT, erstwhile member of the Paint brush welders, has not always been engaged as a painter. Occasionally he drops his brush and hies away to do a little secret service duty, for as a former ex-service man and member of the "Bomb Squad" of the New York police department, he has earned a reputation as a valuable aid to the government and commonwealth.

While his career as a sleuth has been an adventurous one, his greatest thrill came as a scrub-woman of the "Bomb Squad." The squad was organized during the summer of 1914, following an increased number of bomb outrages in New York and vicinity. Sterritt was one of the members of the original squad.

The thrill which he regards as his greatest was in connection with the arrest of two dangerous bomb throwers. Some will remember having read accounts of the daring attempts of these two anarchists to blow up Saint Patrick's cathedral in New York.

When the bombers entered the church, they saw none but harmless "scrubwomen." They planted their missiles of death and destruction and prepared to leave. Then the "scrubwomen" turned to iron-muscled detectives. The bombers were trapped and later convicted.

Sterritt doesn't care to be likened to the usual run of female impersonators because he has none of their characteristics. It is, however, very excusable to don skirts and wigs when notorious anarchists are at bay and endangering a community.

"Sign King" Moves "Studio"

OSCAR KRUGER, the Morse sign king, has removed his "studio" from the carpenter shop building to the paint shop, in the same building housing The Dial, publicity, photographic and printing departments. Oscar, besides facilitating his work, hopes to enjoy greater prestige in moving closer to The Dial and its environments. We extend a welcome to Oscar, our neighbor.

All orders for signs or other lettering for the company or the Employees' Association should come to Mr. Mullaly, paint foreman, in whose shop Oscar's sign painting department is now located. As Oscar is out on jobs at intervals during the day, the orders should be written and sent to Mr. Mullaly on requisition blanks and signed by responsible heads of departments.

A woman hates to acquire her first gray hair as badly as a man hates to part with his last one.

We Show 'em How

AT least two departments in the yard are aware that, as a complete ship repair plant, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company of Brooklyn, N.Y., does not play second fiddle to any other plant in the matter of modern features.

Mr. Joseph B. Lowe of the Pipe Shop has views to air about his department, and the boys of the electric welders champion their department.

Joe Lowe upholds the up-to-the-minute features of the pipe shop. Both departments direct their reflections toward the authors of articles appearing in recent issues of *The Pacific Marine Review*, a monthly trade magazine. Mr. W.H. Verwer wrote a welding article in which a Pacific coast company is given credit for being the first to perfect an electrically welded tail shaft sleeve to meet the requirements of both the American Bureau of Shipping and Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

The Morse welders say that, four years ago the same thing was done in the Morse yard, not only the welding of a bronze sleeve, but the welding and building up of the brass liner bushing, and all the way around, 16 inches in diameter.

As for Joe Lowe, he takes exception to a write-up that would lead one to believe that the pipe bending industry as practised here is old. Hark to Joe!

"Editor of the Dial:—In the *Pacific Marine Review* of October, I noticed an article exploiting our old-time methods of bending pipe. I wish to state that, it being Mr. Morse's policy to have an up-to-date plant, the pipe bending department is the most modern in the port of New York, as well as the entire country. We are using the Hauck fuel oil torch, which provides a heat 30 inches long and can be put on a six-inch pipe in fourteen minutes. It has more than once been necessary to bid both on time and price against concerns using bending machines, and we have been awarded the contract and have made good, always ahead of time, never behind.

"Then again, a marine man knows that there are phases of ship repair work that a bending machine can not handle. Bending machines are good for certain work, but for work that looks impossible, the torch is the only means and standby that can be relied upon for speed and exactness.

"My reason for writing is to inform you that the methods used in the Morse pipe bending department are the last word in pipe bending.

Respectfully,
J. B. LOWE."

Let's Go!

PUT 100 men on an island where fish is a staple article of sustenance. Twenty-five of the men catch fish. Twenty-five others clean fish. Twenty-five cook the fish. Twenty-five hunt fruit and vegetables. The entire company eats what thus is gathered and prepared.

So long as everybody works there is plenty. All hands are happy.

Ten of the allotted fish catchers stop catching fish. Ten more dry and hide part of the fish they catch. Five continue to catch fish, but work only part of the day at it. Fewer fish go into the community kitchen.

But the same number of men insist upon having the same amount of fish to eat as they had before. The fifty men who formerly cleaned and cooked the fish have less to do owing to the undersupply of fish. But they continue to demand food.

Gradually greater burdens are laid upon the fruit and vegetable hunters. These insist upon a larger share of fish in return for their large efforts in gathering fruit and vegetables. It is denied them, and soon twenty of the twenty-five quit gathering fruit and vegetables.

But the entire 100 men continue to insist upon their right to eat. The daily food supply gradually shrinks. The man with two fish demands three bananas in exchange for one of them. The man with the two bananas refuses to part with one for fewer than three fish.

Finally, the ten men remaining at work quit in disgust. Everybody continues to eat. The hidden fish are brought to light and consumed. There comes a day when there is no food of any kind. Everybody on the island blames everybody else.

What would seem to be the solution? Exactly! We thought you would guess it. For we repeat that you can't eat, buy, sell, steal, give away, hoard, wear, use, play with or gamble with WHAT ISN'T.

Chicago Herald

Got Enough of Mexico

CLAYTON M. HOWELL, a carpenter, now pursuing his trade in the carpenter and joiner shop of this company, has very decided opinions as to the Mexican situation, for before coming here he was identified with the mining business in Mexico, and has a fund of first-hand information concerning the depredations of the revolutionists and the incompetency of the government.

Mr. Howell left Mexico only after he had lost several thousand dollars and became wholly dissatisfied with the chaos and the instability of the existence it had to offer. Prior to his going there, he had been a hard wood finisher and sign painter and frescoer.

An ounce of confidence in one's self is better than a pound of confidence in others.



According to James S. Stephens, foreman boilermaker, these pictures show parts of a furnace which collapsed upon the S.S. Edward L. Doheny, Jr. In his 26 years' experience, Mr. Stephens claims never to have seen a similar collapse of a furnace.

Music His Birthright

WRITING in a musical publication, under the heading, "Famous Bandmasters in Brief," Frank R. Seltzer has the following to say of Lieutenant W.S. Mygrant, the new leader of the Morse band:

"Lieutenant W.S. Mygrant was born in Huntington, Indiana, on September 12, 1862. When but seven years old, music began to appeal to the youngster, and at once he was put to studying the violin and organ. Seven years later the cornet seemed the very thing for him to tackle, and so assiduously did young Mygrant study the intricacies of the instrument, that at the age of sixteen he was chosen leader of the local band. In later years he became one of the most famous cornet soloists of New York City, which practically means that he became one of America's greatest exponents of this favorite instrument.

"Mr. Mygrant early became associated with the best elements in the musical world, and after some years spent in theatres and outside business in connection with bands and orchestras, he was appointed band-master of the old 13th Regiment, of Brooklyn, C.A.C., National Guard, N.Y., from 1897 to 1911, inclusive. He held this regimental position and accompanied the military organization on all its jaunts, besides attending to all events taking place in the armory.

"During these years he also was conductor and soloist at many of the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, concerts which were held on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, the various concerts being divided among the regimental bands of that district. Each evening in the years between 1908 and 1912 found him as soloist at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel when not occupied with his military duties.

"The year 1915 found Mr. Mygrant at the head of the band attached to the First New York Field Artillery, then doing Mexican border service. The musicians were mounted, as are all men in the artillery, and one day when the thermometer registered 130 degrees, they were called out for a review on the plains. Hard riding was indulged in and the horse which Mygrant rode stumbled and fell. As a result, the rider sustained several fractured ribs and internal injuries, so was compelled to accept physical disability discharge. Otherwise we would have heard from him as being 'Somewhere in France.'

"Because of long service, Mygrant was commissioned a first lieutenant. Shortly afterwards he was appointed bandmaster of the famous old Seventh Regiment of New York, and 1916-1917 found him conducting many of the Central Park concerts. As a director and soloist he became a familiar figure at musical affairs, and also won honors as a composer. His recent marches, 'Self Defense' and 'The Call from France' are worthy examples of his contributions to the world's music library."

America Forever

Andrew Carnegie died worth half a million dollars, after giving away a third of a billion in good works for mankind. Andrew Carnegie came to America from Scotland. He started to work when a boy of eleven, at \$1.20 a week. Who says America isn't the Land of Opportunity?

The Everett House-Organ

Attend the Monthly Meetings.



Presenting him with a loving cup, and bidding him good luck in his new venture, these boys touched a responsive chord in Arthur Hewitt, former garage foreman. Reading from left to right: M. Roberts, R. Gillings, T. Hopewell, H. Harper, L. Bouman, J. Huntington, S. Blake, E. Fonseca, F. Hewitt, F. Smith, A. Hewitt, P. Bresnan, W. Banks and F. Lembke.

Abandon Ship Safer Now

THE life boats of peculiar and bath tub like appearance, which were lying out behind the plate shop for a few days during the early part of December, attracted a great deal of attention and speculation due to their peculiar design and shape.

They were Lundin life boats designed by Captain A.P. Lundin of New York, and in recent practical tests they have proven to be very efficient and are said by their makers to be about the safest boats ever invented.

A shipwreck and escape from the sea in which Lundin life boats particularly figured, happened on September 12, 1918. The Shipping Board boat *Damaru* left San Francisco with a cargo of dynamite, carrying one passenger and crew of 46 men. She touched at Guam and left there on October 16, at 5:30 p.m. That day, when about twenty miles from the island, a severe electrical storm was encountered. The *Damaru* was struck by lightning and an explosion followed. All hands were forced to make a dash for the life boats.

Time to get over only two life boats was available. They were of the Lundin type and thirty-nine men were able to crowd into them. The others managed to get on a life raft.

That night rough weather separated the boats from the life raft, which was picked up several days later, 200 miles off the coast of Guam. There were five men living on the raft and they were hailed as the only survivors of the *Damaru*.

Morse Tugs in Sea Rescue

MORSE tugs were among the first of the fleet of small craft on the scene when the ships *Saint Michael* and *Adriatic* collided in the fog off the Statue of Liberty recently. Wireless news that the *Saint Michael* was sinking was received in the harbor and every available fast vessel was sent out to her assistance. The crew of the *Saint Michael* was transferred to the *Adriatic*, which stood by until the tug boats towed the big freighter to a place of safety. Damage to the *Saint Michael* was aft, below the water line.

The *Adriatic* was outward bound for Southampton and Cherbourg with 2,290 passengers. The *Saint Michael* was awaiting clearance to Brazilian ports, having arrived here only a short time previously with a cargo of nuts and oil. She is British built, of 3,796 tons and carries a crew of fifty men.

Morse repairers worked on the *Saint Michael* at Pier 6, Bush Terminal.

Orizaba

QUEEN of American Transports, the *Orizaba* came into our yard this month prior to doffing her army clothes and donning the attire of a civilian to return to the pursuit of peace-time commerce. The *Orizaba* saw 20 months of transport service and has a record of being the cleanest and most sanitary transport in the army service. Washington letters and recommendations have cited her as such.

Small wonder at this when it is known that the *Orizaba* was practically built for transport duty. It happened thus: When we entered the war, she was being built for the Ward line, to ply between New York and Havana. The government took her over, and in the process of building, provisions were made for her troop-carrying trips. Accommodations that no other transport had, could be found aboard the *Orizaba*. To quote an officer aboard her, "She had everything."

Of her 20 months in government service 16 were spent under navy direction and the balance under the army. She carried each time more than 4,000 officers and soldiers. Like other transports, the *Orizaba* had her encounters with the ruthless submarines but she was elusive, and they never riddled her with death-dealing torpedoes.

It is understood that the United States Shipping Board is to turn the *Orizaba* over to the Ward line, its original owner, and that she will be a most palatial passenger and merchant ship. She is 443 feet long between perpendiculars, of 7,692 gross tons, and makes a speed of 17 knots per hour.

Office Departments Move

A change in the location of two office departments took place during the past month with the removal of the Record and Tabulating departments from the fourth to the third floor of the North Building.

These two departments are now located in the west wing of the building. The Record department in particular has a greatly increased amount of floor space.

With the addition of a new printing press, a type setting machine and other equipment necessary for printing the *Dial*, the Printing department has outgrown its former quarters, and the rooms left vacant by the removal of the other two offices are now occupied by that department.

With this additional space the *Dial*, the Advertising and Publicity departments, the Photographic and Art departments and the Printing department, which are under the supervision of B.E. Barnes, are now housed in quarters that afford ample space for the increased work involved in producing The *Dial* in our own plant.

S. S. Mallory Burns

WHILE completing the taking on of a cargo for Greece, Turkey and other Balkan ports, inaugurating her first commercial service since leaving our yards as a former troop transport, the S.S. *Henry R. Mallory* sustained a \$25,000 fire damage recently, as she lay at the foot of West Tenth Street, North River.

Captain Barlow discovered the fire and gave the alarm in time to prevent the flames from forcing their way to a valuable merchandise cargo in her holds. The fire, however, spread to other parts of the ship, and the firemen had great difficulty in subduing the flames. Several were injured on her ice-covered decks and stairways.

The *Mallory* is 400 feet long and of 5,000 net tons. She has a splendid record as a troop transport.

Acknowledgments

Editor of THE DIAL:

Dear Sir:
I would ask that you kindly convey to the foreman and men of the Hull department my most sincere thanks for the subscription they collected and presented to me on last Saturday, December 20th. Coming as it did, at this time of year, it certainly was a God-send to me, and I cannot thank the boys too much for it.

Yours gratefully,
Christopher Schaner,
Shipfitter No. 21573.

324 Fifty-third St., Brooklyn,
December 20, 1919

Editor of THE DIAL:

DEAR SIR: I wish to thank the members of the Employees' Association for the turkey I received from the Hull department.

JACK BAUER, No. 21701

New York, December 12, 1919

Mr. Joseph McGuirk, President.

Employees' Association,
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company.

Dear Sir:—I am very much obliged for your kindness in getting a collection for me. I also want to thank the Hull Department for their help.

Yours respectfully,
A. V. MANUSCO

Al Barnes, riveter, sent the following letter to "Billy" McEwen of the Hull department:

"Wish to extend my thanks and appreciation to yourself and the boys who were so good as to stand by and assist me in my time of need. I want to assure you that no words of mine can explain my feelings. With kindest regards to yourself and the boys, I am,

Sincerely yours,
AL BARNES."

The Hull department boys also held a raffle and sent turkeys to the men of their department on the hospital list. The turkeys were sent with Christmas greetings.

"I keep six honest serving men
(They taught me all I knew)
Their names are *What*, and *Why*, and *When*,
and *How*, and *Where*, and *Who*!"—Kipling

Lost Any Keys?

CAPTAIN BROWN of the gate has single keys, bunched keys, skeleton keys, monkeys, piano keys and any and every old kind of a key except whiskies, and he believes that most of them belong to the men of the yard. So, if some night you are locked out of your flat, and you learn that you lost your key, see Capt. Brown and he may hold out a number of them for identification. If yours is included, you may have it because the Captain doesn't care to wear out his pockets owing to the advanced cost of clothes.

It is with pleasure that we announce the recent addition to the Dial contributing staff of Bill Wherry, shipfitter. Bill has been a Dial enthusiast from the very beginning and many squibs have emanated from his cooperation.

Teacher—"How many wars has England fought with Spain?" Johnny—"Six."

Teacher—"Enumerate them." Johnny—"One, two, three, four, five, six."

Paying Off Made Easy!

BECAUSE they wouldn't go to a Chinese laundry without a laundry check, the Employment office wonders why some men come there for pay slips and clearance without their buttons and tool checks. The tool checks and buttons are a matter of record, making it easy to pay and get paid. Don't leave them at home. They are absolutely necessary to enter the Employment office on pay questions.

About Right, Is'nt It?

No beer, no work,
No work, no pay,
No pay, no eat,
No eat, no live!

Work is man's natural state. Every healthy man works whether he has to or not. The world lives on production. Hence work must lend itself to production. The man who has an idea of a time when men should live without work is on a par with the man who proposes to give everybody something without taking away from anybody.—*John Deere Magazine.*

Paul Troy heard a man who was reading last month's Dial remark: That's a good picture of Troy, the plumber," whereupon Troy spoke up and said, "You mean Troy, the artificer."

Andy Dieckman fails to see why he should be known as the Hoboken barber, unless it is a trade mark of the pipe covering craft, and has something to do with cutting hair-felt.

Roses bloom only in summer, Cavanaugh recites so nice,
When he gazes on his garden which is now a cake of ice,
But by way of consolation, since they've done away with steam,
He should find someone with sugar, plant it there and grow ice cream,
P.S. See Harry McNeil of the pipe coverers.

Ever fresh in our memory will be the beautiful tree displayed in front of the Pipe shop on Christmas day. I understand that John Kelly hung his stockings up and got them full; two lead pencils. Hugh Pace is said to have furnished the decorations, left over from last Fourth of July. One man thought it was a barber pole, and started in the pipe shop to get shaved.

I hear that Banks, the welder used to be in partnership with a man in White Plains, but they separated after taking stock. Each one took a hammer. They say there was some crash.

The Sansamone Club dance held Friday evening, December 19, at Acme Hall was, as everyone expected, a huge success. Of course it is not necessary, when among friends, to state that said Sansamone Club is nothing more than a fancy name for the Tabulating department. The girls of that department are to be congratulated for the success of their terpsichorian venture. from us.

The robin sang his cheerful song,
To herald coming Spring,
A Kansas snow-storm came along
And froze the dog-gone thing.

Join the Yard Bowling League.

Praises Entertainment

Brooklyn, N. Y.
December 25, 1919

Editor of THE DIAL:

DEAR SIR: Just a few lines to say that the December meeting of the Employees' Association was something to be proud of. The talent that the Entertainment committee had for that meeting prompts me to say that the committee can not be beat when it comes to getting A-No. 1 talent. I want to say that the whole yard is talking about the fine show. I wish that the members that were absent would read this and get some of the benefit that they are missing. The "Jazz" Band that the yard has is the best I've ever heard, and let's hope they stick together.

Respectfully,
AL. SIMENDINGER,
Hull department.

An Interesting Publication

OF the admirable publications reaching our desk, the *Compressed Air Magazine* is one. Its New Year number appears in new form, and it is, as its editors hoped, "wholly pleasing and acceptable." We note also the appointment of Francis Judson Tietsart as its Editor-in-Chief and general manager. Mr. Tietsart was formerly managing editor. We may look forward to the *Compressed Air Magazine* with increased interest, knowing that Mr. Tietsart is able and has associate editors equally capable.

Editor.

Noon-day boxing bouts are being held over the Assembly hall every noon excepting Tuesdays, at which time the women employees indulge in the light fantastic. The boys are witnessing some good bouts, so good that the noon hour seems all too short.

Tom Cavanaugh is accused of this:
It's nice to get up in the morning
When the sun begins to shine
Four or five or six o'clock in the good old summer-time.
But when the snow is snowing and it's murky overhead,
If you can't get up in the morning,
Why the ——— don't you stay in bed.

"Any rags? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house opened the door. "No, go away," he snapped, irritably, "there's nothing for you. My wife's away." The peddler hesitated and had a bright thought. "Any old bottles?" he asked.

He—"The doctor says I'm working too hard." She—"Id. put more faith in that if it came from your boss!"

"Just bear this in mind, my boy."
"What, Dad?"

"You don't find any epitaph in any cemetery reading, 'Here lies a crackerjack pool player!'"—*O. B. Bulletin.*

Singers Are Wanted

A MORSE vocal quartet is being organized and any man who can sing and desires a tryout for the same is requested to hand in his name and number to Mr. Benner at the Employment Office. This will be a permanent quartet just as the band is a permanent feature in the social activities of the yard. Men of the yard may derive some benefit and many good times if they are fortunate enough to be chosen as members of it.



Powell's "Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

As a representative of the *Liquor Dealers' Journal*, I was detailed to interview William H. Anderson about the "Kick of the public." I was ushered into the library of his palatial home at 2.75 Anhauser Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y., which town, he informed me, was thinking seriously of annexing Manhattan, if they'd leave out the Bronx, as that name might injure the future welfare of Yonkers.

I found him in good spirits, reading a drama by John Dryden, the English poet and dramatist, entitled, "*The Wild Gallant*." On asking him what he thought was the cause of the present national unrest and the reason for the rise in raisins, he answered in a voice that sounded like the ripple of a *Sunny Brook*, "The public are ungrateful both to me and my efforts. Things might have been worse, but at present if the money holds out and they keep steam heat in the lobby at Washington, the public will have less kick coming than they have now. Overcrowding is the trouble with New York, I would suggest that half of the population residing in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street immigrate to Arizona, and take up dry farming or start a mackerel plant down in Florida or *Dry Tortugas*. In only one city in the Union are the people bubbling over with unrighteous indignation, and that is what has made *Champaign, Ill.*" Which shows that Mr. Anderson has a sense of dry humor.

I remarked that in a favorite novel of mine, the heroine spoke of being intoxicated with joy, and he answered, "Well, we haven't got that far yet, but it's only a matter of time when I'll have the senate put the ban on all joy."

When I asked him if the liquor traffic had no redeeming features, he replied, "Yes! Had it not been for the rum trade, the world would never have heard of Yonkers."

When I remarked that in a reportorial way I expected a scoop with the interview, he reminded me that the breweries were not making any more and he was very sorry. By way of illustration he spoke of a man he knew who every morning of his life had to have an eye-opener, but since he (Anderson) and the senate had put the ban on, now the same man can see his finish.

Then I asked what was his favorite opera. He answered "Tanhauser," and with sprightly step and a few hops, he reached a newly renovated grand upright piano, and with all due respect to Mozart or Meyerbeer, Mr. Anderson could *whisk-keys* faster than any one I ever saw. And he sang the following Brooklyn success from Wagner:

"Haskell won the last election, and made me taste the bitter bit,
"Half of one per cent. my spirit failed me,
which is not dry wit,
"But one favor since you're victor, by a poor strap-hanger's vote,
"Will you answer me one question, which I hope won't get your goat
"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking, where were you and all your clan,

"When my friends, the senate, voted, and slapped on the liquor ban?"

Then as a closing question, I asked him which was his favorite vaudeville turn, and as he handed me my hat, and showed me the door, he said, "The Volstead Act!"

The Birth of The Dial

I'm two years old this month, boys, and feeling somewhat blue,
That some kind friend has not yet said,
"Good Luck, old Dial, to you.
But then I guess you just forgot, unmindful of the date,
Though still you don't forget when I come out a trifle late.
Yes, just two years ago this month when first I went to press,
Though older now, I don't believe, I've changed in word or dress.
Now, when I say, not changed in dress, though older now in age,
Perhaps it is, I was so vain of my first cover page.
For looking back, how proud I was bedecked in colors gay,
To think how you'd been waiting for my coming, day by day.
My cover page a great big ship, with derrick swinging high,
And men whose faces plainly showed, the spirit do or die.
I was christened then and there with letters bold in style.
In colors three, my name in full, you read, *Morse Dry Dock Dial*.
Inside the cover page Pa Barnes made his initial bow.

"*I am the Ship*," with cuts of same, from Noah's time to now,
And then a history of the plant, by which was meant to show
What faith in man can do to make a small concern to grow,
And then Association news, a record of things done
To bind the brotherhood of man in both their work and fun.
Appropriate, the next page shows, in uniform so grand,
A photographic group of men, our famous peerless Band.
Next comes the Editorial Page, announcing my debut
And promising the many things in future I would do.

With pride then I can safely say, in the short years I've run,
I've never said a word as yet to injure any one
A poem called "*The Rigger*" is the first attempt at rhyme,
And as for men that's in demand, there's truth in every line.
Another poem and picture next, which few old timers missed,
The story, one of danger, was the *Nepthis* with the list.
And then we had a page called "*Fighting for Uncle Sam*,"
In which Morse Dry Dock workers were recorded to a man.
I cheered them up in France with news

about the yard in jokes,
And when they mailed me over, I was shipped along with smokes.
And when the Pipe shop raised a flag, I had to show that, too,
Though I confess the object was to show their quarters new.
And then a story of the fire, December third, the night,
Which threatened for a while to place our work in sorry plight.
But soon the flames were under hand, and when the morning came,
Each man reported on the job, the whistle blew the same.
And while, with loss the old landmarks that night were swept away,
We feel consoled to know it made the finest yard today.
And then a picture that Rochelle admires so much he hugs,
With record, score, and all that goes along with bowling bugs.
And then the football team, whose faces show them much alive,
That had more kick than any found in old two-seventy-five.
The Monthly Meeting next, which Tommy Plunkitt without fail
Reviews each act and well nigh equals Allen Dale.
The last of photos shows a group that made their baseball bow
And set the pace that Morse's teams have kept right up to now.
Page, the last, but not the least, in which you read about
Yard Chips or doings of the men as picked up by *Old Scout*.
I judge my younger life was rough, as I've heard Pa Barnes talk,
I was written up in Brooklyn, but printed in New York,
And when the pressmen's trouble came I thought my end was nigh,
But I was moved and printed at Port Richmond in S. I.
I'm glad to know at two years old, no more I'll have to roam,
For from today, I'm glad to say, I'm printed here at home.
And so I'm two years old, boys, and feeling mighty blue.
That some kind Friend has not yet said "Good luck, old Dial, to you!"

An inside machinist named Spiller
Stood six feet and straight as a pillar
Said, "I'll quit this machine
And become a marine
Because I'm a very good driller."

A man in the plate shop named Cable
Said, "Of one thing I know I am able
"I rate as a fitter
"But better a sitter
"At noon time at home by the table."

A helper by name, Bobby Gore
Went to Robbins five minutes to four
And wanted a bolt
But he got such a jolt
That he made a bolt for the door.

A keeper of time called "Red Hot"
Was always on time to the dot
But impatient he'd grow
When the time cards were low
And he'd call on the phone quite a lot

A bolter-up said to his mate,
"This morning I came a bit late,"
But the other replied,
"Get your wrench, go inside
"And try and make up on that plate."

Red Hewitt, of the truck garage, has that bunch on the guess. Since he's been lately married, he won't tell his address.

They've pumped him every way that's known, and other schemes they've tried, sure if they knew, Blake and his gang, would sure kidnap the bride.

O, where are all the men who used to spread the joyful news, that raisins with brown sugar and a cake of yeast made booze.

They're silent now, since daily papers cast an awful pall

By telling of the men who died, that drank wood alcohol.

Paul Sheehan says it's a shame to lose Truck 20, after teaching it the route so well, but he's living in hopes of getting it back soon.

'Twas on December twenty-third, two chauffeurs young in years, approached our traffic manager, with eyes bedimmed by tears,

And as they craved a favor, with their eyes cast up above,

'Twas then that Mr. Harper knew the young men were in love.

The spokesman of the two then said, "That Christmas now is near,

"We want to send a present to the ones we love so dear,

"And if you'll tie the package up, our mind will be at ease.

"So do this favor for your son, and Billy Major, please!"

Then Mr. Harper said, "I'll do this favor that you ask."

And both men left; went on their way to do their daily task.

No sooner had they started than Mr. Harper opened wide

The package, as does a boy to see just what's inside.

And then he called Vic Foley; Vic Foley called Red Hot,

The latter saw a bunch outside and he called in the lot.

And as remarks were passed around, they laughed with joyful glee,

For what the package contained was ladies' lingerie.

Society is budding forth in the pipe shop. Get the name:—*Noon Hour Coffee Club*. Can you beat it! There are sixteen members who pay thirty cents a week; five cents for coffee, I suppose, and twenty-five cents for sugar. Cheap enough for any man, but I hear discontent is brewing already and just because Dintruff has a sweet tooth, and demands four spoons of sugar in his coffee.

Owing to the high cost of funerals, Powell's cooking recipes will be discontinued for the present.

Pop Porter's very lucky in a wager so they say.

He tossed a coin with Red Hot for a noon hour meal one day.

He called a head, it came a tail, which made him pay the bill

And found on coming back to work he had a quarter still.

Vic Foley then spoke up and said, "I hate a man that quits

"And if there's any here that's game, I'll toss him for two bits."

So Porter with a vision of financial gain then said,

"I'll go you," and he hollered 'tail'; the coin

came down a head.

The moral is, if you'd avoid through slush and sleet to roam,

Stop flopping quarters with your friends, and take a street car home.

What has become of the end of the world, that Porta predicted would come,

Where are the fearful electrical storms that were due from the spots on the sun?

Calamity dire was predicted for all, which threatened each poor son of man,

But maybe it came, with the *shock* not the same, when our Senators put on the ban.

No, Jack Byers, just because McMahon & Taylor's horses come into the yard two or three times a day, you were not the only one to get a box of cigars. There are others, and their name is legion. Joseph Lowe received not exactly what you'd call a box of cigars, but the makings of what nowadays constitutes a five cent cigar. But Joe generous to a fault, in fact the same Lowe who, if he had two apples, would eat one and keep the other for himself, handed the box to McGuirk, saying, "I don't smoke, do you want these?" Thereupon McGuirk took the box of Manillas. Suddenly, if not sooner McGuirk decided he would break off smoking, and also being generous, remarked, "It's too bad to throw a four dollar box of cigars away." Then up spoke Umland, "I'll give you a dollar for the box." Well, to make a long story short, he did, but somewhere in the quiet confines of a secluded corner, I can see a man breaking his fingernails on the lid of a box, and singing.

Midst the green fields of Virginia, in the vale of Shenandoah,

Where they make the celebrated old cheroots.

You can see the darkies working on their knees until they're sore,

Picking grass and other weeds up by the roots.

They take a burdock leaf and then dry it in the sun,

And when it's dry they fill it full of hay.

Then for cheroots, they're passed, through they're only made of grass,

From the green fields of Virginia far away.

Someone told me that a poor kid in the neighborhood had one of those banks you load with nickels but can't open until you have ten dollars in it. When Christmas came, the kid found that all he had in the bank was nine dollars and ninety-five cents, and he was in a quandary until Charles Hansen, of the burners' department, burning with Christmas sympathy, gave the boy one of his 94,000 B.R.T. nickels.

While Red Hot was looking at a pictorial review in a moving picture house, December twenty-fourth, in which was shown a large crane lifting a locomotive, he was heard to say, "I wonder if that crane could lift the rum ban." Just then someone lifted his eight dollar watch. The watch was returned to him on Christmas day as a present, encased in a plush box, and sent C.O.D., fifty cents. "Poor comedy," says Red Hot, but I say, "Poor timekeeper."

While we hear so much of Chicago, Frisco, and our own New York, you never hear of Newburgh, though it is said in history that Washington's headquarters were there, and more important, Bill Dralle came from there. Yes, it is in the United States.

There is more substance in peanuts than one would suppose. Snapper Canning of the

welders has them in his dinner pail every day. Banks says that monkey food is more digestible than pig iron.

The Pipe shop team, so someone claims, are heroes of the day; At bowling they're the leaders, when there's no one there to play.

Exchange—One pair of overalls, buttons perfectly good, for one pair of rompers. Apply William Carl, Pipe coverers.

A burner by name, Jimmy Bole Was told to go burn out a hole But he said with a grin, "If the hole now is in "I don't see the use, 'pon my soul."

A sheet metal worker, McMann Was ordered to make a big can When he charged up the time To a ship called the *Stein* He hollered, "They've lifted the ban!"

Now Whitman and all of his crew Can always find something to do Till some sassy cuss Starts to raise up a fuss Says, "I don't care a whit-man for you."

Now Murphy of pipe fitting fame Is longing for summer again For after his steak Comes strawberry cake So you see that the reason is plain.

Mr. Joseph O'Neil caught a one-eyed fish in the dry dock which he claims by its own scales weighed two pounds. I don't know how much the other eye weighed. John Beverly is accused of purloining said fish, which he denies, but O'Neil recognized it by its one eye. Beverly says the fish being an eye-witness is not evidence enough to prove the case, so they want to know who the fish belongs to. After consulting the law, I find that said fish, eye or no eye, being found in the dry dock, belongs to Mr. Morse.

The speaking tube in Henny Christ's office was frozen last week for four days, and he didn't know it. When it was thawed out, it ordered enough material to fill a ship.

Someone put Fred Wiles wise where to get sugar. He remembered the name was Fox but he wasn't sure of the street number, so he called up the zoological garden, and asked: "Is Mr. Fox there?" Answer—"Yes, we have lots of them."

My boy just pulled a gag unknowingly. While I was writing this he was in the other room rehearsing his part for a church entertainment and he was making so much noise I hollered for him to stop, whereupon he came out and said, "Pa, I've got to study hard; I was just going over my dialogue." "Well," I said, "you will have to be quiet, as this Dial log is just as important as yours."

Charles Fitzsimmons of the Pipe Shop wants to meet any one at his weight (uncertain); age 75 years, to a ten round bout, catch as catch can preferred, no chewing gum to be worn on collar.

A certain super on a certain boat said to a certain man in a somewhat uncertain voice the day before Christmas, "H-i-s-t! I hear there's two cases on this ship." Certain man: "What, booze?" Super: "No, flu!" I don't know what language he spoke, but the man said, "*Orasaba*."

OVER the BACK YARD FENCE



Edited by Joan C. Sharp

Women of the Dial Family

INCIDENTAL to sending to all, my best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year and my thanks to you for your contributions and kind co-operation in the months that have gone, I also desire to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you that, with your help, I shall try to make our "Over the Back Yard Fence" department all the more interesting during this, the New Year.

Editor Barnes has some interesting plans for the New Year, and, by them, we may expect to profit. Let's think of helpful things for the year, and then print them in The Dial, that all may benefit. We are interested one in the other, and our interests have much in common. Our relationship can be cemented all the more solidly if we strive thus to be of aid to each other.

I shall be pleased to print your contributions ranging from cooking recipes to news of a birth or a marriage. Write often and regularly. In that way we shall at least have the opportunity of exchanging felicitations during the year. Again, my thanks and wishes for a joyous twelve-month.

Joan C. Sharp

P.S.—From Seaford, Long Island, Mrs. Ella K. Livermore, whose contributions have brightened the pages of our department, sends the following:

A New Year's Wish

I wish you all—health and happiness
For the coming year,
Prosperity in its fullest measure
And a heart full of cheer.
May each ray of sunlight
Good luck to you all impart,
Every ambition realize
And manifest all you start.

Caring for Canaries

WHEN choosing a cage for your canary consider first the comfort of the bird rather than a desire for ornate appearance, advise officials of the Department of Agriculture. Though canaries when acclimated, can endure a great deal of cold without discomfort, they are very susceptible to sudden changes in temperature and cold drafts soon prove fatal.

This should be borne in mind in selecting a place for the cage. Wherever placed, the cage must be scrupulously clean if the bird is to remain in good health and free from vermin.

The prime food requisite is the common canary seed, to which is added a small quantity of grape seed and a little hemp. In addition to this lettuce, chickweed or a bit of apple should be placed between the wires of the cage frequently.

In the game of life a good deal depends on a good deal.

Home Cooking Recipes

Chopped beef soup with dumplings is a nourishing (warming) dish for the kiddies when they come from school these cold days. Take one and one-third pounds of chopped beef and cover with 2 qts. cold water and a little salt to draw the juice out. Add soup greens, turnips, carrots, onions and tomatoes finely chopped. When vegetables are almost cooked, add a cup of rice. When well boiled, put dumplings in, and boil for twenty minutes without disturbing them. Set back on the stove carefully so that dumplings will not be heavy. When the dumplings have been removed the soup may be thinned with boiling water and seasoned with pepper and paprika. The soup usually thickens while dumplings are cooking. Good dumplings are not so easily made, and unless care is taken your dumplings are very apt to become heavy. However, with practice and care you can easily get the knack and have fluffy light dumplings. Take two cups of flour; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, mix well; beat one egg thoroughly and mix with a little milk. Mix through dry ingredients to make a biscuit dough. Add a little chopped parsley. Roll dumplings and drop lightly in pot. Practice makes perfect. E.K.L.

Chocolate Tart

With mock whipped cream. Line biscuit forms with pie crust and bake to a light brown. Fill with chocolate cornstarch filling and top with plain cream cornstarch. E.K.L.

Whipped Cream Substitute

Mash one ripe banana with a silver fork. Add to it one cup of sugar and the white of one egg, beaten stiff. Whip all together until smooth.

Household Hints

A rice pudding is greatly improved by adding a little cornflour—a good dessert-spoonful to a quart of milk.

Silver may be kept bright by washing in the water in which potatoes have been boiled. It can be kept bottled for the purpose.

It is difficult to polish the bars of a grate when they have become burnt and red, but if rubbed with a piece of used lemon before applying the black lead, they will polish more easily.

To clean bronze, make the article very hot by placing it in boiling water; then clean it well with a piece of flannel dipped in soap-suds. Dry with a chamois leather.

There is nothing more soothing for either a burn or a scald than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful, and the egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more easily digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and one-half minutes.

Kiddies' Kolumn

Conducted by Mrs. Ella K. Livermore

The Snow Bird

THE Snow bird belongs to the finch family. It has a gray back, white breast and black and white tail and wings. It is very pretty and sometimes becomes quite tame, feeding from the hand. Dainty little Snow Bird,
Flitting here and there,
Picks the crumbs we throw them,
Sniffs the frosty air.
Doesn't mind the snow a bit,
Won't stay where it's warm,
Flies away up north to nest,
Away from care and harm.
Comes back to us in the fall
To cheer the wintry days.
Leaves us in the early spring
Before the sun's warm rays.

E.K.L.

This Pleased Mr. Morse

"Mr. Morse:

I received a present from the Christmas gathering at Prospect Hall Monday afternoon. I liked the present very much. I received a knife and a box of candy. The knife was very sharp and the candy very dainty. It tasted like more. My father, Mr. Pullwinkle, works at painting boats at the dock. I am very much pleased with the presents I received. I am

Yours truly,

Daniel Bulwinkle.
Greenpoint."

The above letter has expressed the pleasure the Employees' Association Children's Christmas Celebration has brought to Daniel, only one of the several thousand women and children guests of the association. But it is a representative letter and by it we may measure the satisfaction and gratifying results of the kindly spirit which prompted a party for the families of Morse men. If Daniel can be content with his knife and candy, imagine the joy of the little tots who received the walking and talking doll, the soccer ball, the doll carriage, those presents of Mrs. Morse, Mr. Hanbury and the girls of the Main office.

A Valentine Message.

A message to you, my little ones, I send
A heart pierced with arrows with love of a friend
May every day bring joy sublime
Happiness and jollity, all the time.

E.K.L.



Raymond Russell Adam, son of Frank Adam, is slightly over two years old, yet he yearns to do a man's work, and believes farming to be as rugged as any.



Frances (Daley) Driesbauer must be getting some tips on domestic science from some source. At a party recently given by the girls in her department, she made the salads and they were said to be excellent.

Maud Wilson keeps up her efforts to grow thin and willowy. Her latest exercise was playing basket-ball in the Morse Oval, but when some unfeeling person asked which was the ball, Maud quit flat.

Arthur Smith has acquired a rather expensive habit. We don't know whether she's a blonde or a brunette.

Mr. Contantine of the Cost department bought a large bar of chocolate and divided it among the girls of his department recently. As all the girls in the department except one are engaged, she must have inspired the treat. What do you say Christobel?

Not long ago Gerald Harris' face looked like an advertisement for a breakfast food. One side was normal (before), but the other side had certainly taken on weight (after). Ulcerated tooth was Jerry's excuse, but we're wondering who the other fellow was.

At a turkey raffle held in the Cost department Mr. Kelly of the Billing department won. The day after Charlie was sporting a wonderful pink shirt. Boy, page he turkey.

Miss Pierce of the Billing department has joined the increasing ranks of crocheters. She is getting to be quite an expert and can make her needles fly and talk at the same time, which is some stunt, even for a woman.

Margy Sullivan's mother forbade her to eat any more pickles. Never mind, Margy, when you grow up, you may eat as many as you like.

When a girl takes a chance on a bureau card and after being allowed to pick the winning number, picks her own, then it is time to start an investigation. The girls in the Cost department are still talking about it.

Noticed the other day a marine photographer named Barnum. The Dial photographer is named Bailey. Get 'em together and we'd have "The Greatest Show on Earth."

The Dial office boy is becoming a comedian. He pulled a new joke on us. "Where did you get that one, Teddy?" we asked. And then we learned that Miss Mary Travers tries them on him first.

Tom Plunkett of the Employment office looks a bit worried lately. What's going to happen, Tom?

Miss Virginia Giff of the Tabulating department has had several offers to invade Gaudeville since some of the professionals saw her dance recently. Can't blame the boys any.

Irene De Silva, Tabulating department, has been much perplexed of late, due to her receipt of many messages signed "B." Who is the mysterious "B"?

According to local gossip, Monroe Goldman, custodian of ancient time cards, has let slip seven good chances of becoming engaged in a state of matrimony. Not that Monroe is slow! He's just lucky.

Heard in the Tabulating department—Mr. Sackman, washing his hands:—"I hear there will be no more soap!" Innocent Evelyn, standing near at hand:—"What have we got to go home with dirty hands?" (One must realize that there is soap and soap in order to get this.)

We are sort of late in recording the marriage of Hilda Benestead, Tabulating department. Such an exciting event, too; an elopement and everything. The lucky man is William Owen Boyle, late of the Canadian army and a former member of several other armies, not to mention a period of service in the United States Navy. A true fighter—he has only been wounded twenty-one times to date. Yet with Hilda's peaceful disposition ever at hand, we have high hopes for a peaceful and happy married life.

Mr. Hunt does not see why The Dial does not start a baby contest. He claims that his little son is the finest ever and would easily capture first prize. If he is anything like his father, what more could you expect.

One of the big mysteries in the Tabulating department is, what happened to Cecelia Kulandt's bottle of olives? Miss Kulandt is very anxious to know. It is not the loss of the olives that worries her but the principle of the thing.

First in war, first in peace, first in the heart of Waterman.

Sure! a woman can keep a secret. One of the girls from the Tabulating department came into the Dial office and said: "The Tabulating department girls are going to run a masquerade party. Don't tell anybody though."

And speaking of the office girls, we are also informed as follows: "It is noticeable how popular the Office Departments are around election time, also the halls about which the candidates wait to purr to the kittens. Beware candidates! Cats and kittens can purr and also scratch. These same office 'cats' and 'kittens' have been approached by some of the prospective candidates who want to be in the running for the Association offices. Some of them are actually tipping their hats to the ladies and removing their cigars."

Miss Catherine Ulmer of the Printing department had a party recently and she didn't invite the boys. Now, they are wondering what kind of a party it was; a wedding, a tin shower or what?

Use Your Head

A Woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks,
Of Sawdust
When building a hut;
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger—
He's sore—
His cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said:
The whole excavation
Has this explanation—
He builds it
By
Using
His
Head!

National Traveller

Tabulators Make Merry

THE young women of the Tabulating department gave a dancing party Friday evening, December 19, under the auspices of the Sansome Club, in Acme Hall, at Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn. The party was a decided success. The Misses Charlotte Burkard, Dorothy Einfrank, Anna Connolly and Evelyn Lazerr comprised the Committee in charge. Interspersed with the dancing numbers were some pleasing entertainment features, including a vocal selection, "Boy of Mine," by Miss Lazerr and a solo dance by Miss Virginia Giff.

No Men Need Apply

CHAPERONED by Mrs. Helen D. Tillotson, young women of the office forces of the company are now enjoying a Tuesday noon-day dance program in the Assembly hall on the third floor of the Carpenter and Joiner shops. To syncope rhythm of a "jazz" number or to the tuneful, even strains of a waltz, as played by the seven-piece orchestra led by Mr. Ray Canary, the girls dance the noon away every Tuesday. They say it is the best of relaxation. We believe it, and are sorry that mere man can't participate.

Four fellows visited the hall during one of the terpsichorean programs, and, accosting Mrs. Tillotson, asked if there was any objection to them remaining. "Certainly not!" replied Mrs. Tillotson, "only you are not permitted to dance with the young ladies." We know that there aren't girls enough to go 'round, so that's as it should be. But we miss our little dance, just the same, Mrs. Tillotson.

Famous Saying

"Hello, Frank, this is Joe!"—Joe Goldsmith, Cost department.
"Will you please check these bills right away?"—Frank McCauley, Cost department.
"Will you order my lunch?"—Margy Sullivan, Disbursing office.
"These are rush boats!"—Jimmy Glynn, Cost department.
"Say, listen!"—Miss Pierce, Billing department.
"Aren't those boats finished yet?"—George Hunt, Cost department.
"How much candy did you eat?"—All the girls packing candy for the Kiddies' Kristmas party.
"I must call up Roy."—Emily Casey, Cost department.
"Hearts and Flowers!"—Catherine Ulmer



There was a small fire in the shaft alley of the *Thor I*. A shipfitter called for a stretch of hose from the supply department to get water on the blaze. The "Two Louies" of the supply department appeared "Bring the hose quick, Fire!" gasped the shipfitter. "What's the item number?" the "Two Louies" called back in unison. Can anybody beat that for efficiency?

It is with pleasure that we announce the recent addition to the *Dial* contributing staff of Bill Wherry, shipfitter. Bill has been a *Dial* enthusiast from the very beginning and many squibs have emanated from his cooperation.

Somebody started yelling for Tom Cavanaugh, "the electrician," the other night at the American bowling alleys. Joe McGuirk said, "Whaddaya mean, Cavanaugh, the electrician? He ain't light enough to be an electrician!" Whereupon Charles Bailey, The *Dial* photographer, said to McGuirk, "That's a very incandescent joke."

Andy Frank, ex-navy checker in good standing, is now in the Pipe shop making it possible to make both ends meet with the aid of a pair of chain tongs, so there'll be no leaks. This goes to show that he is not connected with the government any more.

Joe Quinn, burner snapper, still maintains that genial, radiant facial expression which has made the Quinn smile famous throughout the yard. We hear vague rumors of his being groomed for the presidency of the *Employees' Association*, but of course election time is too far off yet for anyone to get excited over a rumor.

Jimmy MacFarlane must be getting all set for the next presidential campaign. We note the fact that he has taken to wearing "specs." It means preparation. What could a real politician and speaker do if he were not able to pause every now and then to wipe his glasses?

Anyone wishing to be edified and instructed by listening to new yarns, seafaring and otherwise, is advised to visit Harry Hayes' office on the *Huron* any day just after the four o'clock whistle has blown. Harry is a past master at the art of story-telling and in Roger Moran, lately recruited from the office force, he has an able understudy.

"Mac" MacClellan, the North building carpenter, was discussing prohibition with some of the boys the other day. "I don't know as it's such an awful good thing," said Mac. "Of course, it doesn't make much difference to me, but then again, I'm no angel."

Bill Wincke, plate shop snapper, has changed his derby hat for one of those combination things that the truck drivers wear. All of the boys have been looking for snow because they say that Bill never makes the change until snow is in the air.

Harold Lynch, brother of Joe Lynch, a top-notch boxer, who fought Jimmy Wilde and other notables, is working in the yard as a chipper and caulker. Lynch is handy with the mitts too, and it may not be surprising to learn that he is embarking upon a pugilistic career. He would surely profit by it, if he can meet with the same success that Joe has.

John Johnston, outside machinist, went to a member of the "Kiddies' Kristmas" party committee of the *Employees' Association* and offered a dollar toward defraying the expenses of the party. He was told that the *Employees' Association* was paying the bill. Johnston then insisted that the dollar be used for something for the kids. John has the right spirit and we take the liberty of giving him this mention because it shows the fine calibre of some of the men employed in our yard.

A young man, a drill press hand in the machine shop, called up his lady friend on the phone the other day, and was overheard to say, "Oh, dearie, won't you forgive me this time? I won't do it any more." He doesn't phone from the yard anymore and we can't find out how things panned out.

Charlie Jennings of the Hull department comes across with this one: "A friend inquired of a girl who was in the marine insurance game, if she could tell the whereabouts of a certain ship on which her sweetheart was working. After looking it up my friend told her everything was all right, that the ship was leaking and was rapidly raising to the top of the water. She was under the impression that when leaking the water was running out of the ship."

Among the Hull department boys it is rumored:

That Richard Umland, driller boss, contemplates throwing away his old derby hat.

That George Gooer is kicking about too much heat on the *Powhatan*.

That Big Mack and Richard Umland are soon to have another battle.

That Chris Munch found three clams in the chowder at the yard restaurant last week.

That "Yankee" McLaughlin is going to invent a machine for testing rivets.

That Johnny Nallon is looking very worried about his trip up the Hudson.

That Charlie Childs is writing a song, words and music to be published shortly, entitled, *Avalon, I love you*.

That Jimmie Miller claims he is seven eighths of an inch taller than Norris Higbee.

That "Blackie" Ellis is soon going into vaudeville as "Judge Brown."

Charlie Henson of Joe O'Neill's welding department is also known as Rob Nichols. He used to be a conductor for the B.R.T. Charlie Menzies says that Henson has built a fine big residence on spacious grounds, with plenty of shrubbery, called Nickerville. Menzies further states that Henson is greatly interested in the pamphlets entitled "A Nickel a Week."

Vernon Dow and Harry Gardner, the two bottle experts on the *Huron* are always on the job. They claim that they are graduates of the MacFarlane College of Burning. Apart from telling you the chemical composition of carbon and gas, they can also explain the advantages and disadvantages of caloline.

Joe Martin, pipe-fitters' snapper, anxious to show how much he had learned about "first aid" as a member of the "Fighting Fourteenth," rushed over when a pipefitter was struck on the head by a falling hammer. "Are you hurt," asked Joe. "Yes," replied the victim, "that big stiff made me bite me tongue."

Timekeeper No. 204 of the old machine shop, has some avoirdupois about the waist line that caused him trouble recently. He wanted to get up on the roof to some painters working atop the machine shop. His belt line got wedged tightly in the skylight and machinists from below and painters from above tried to free him. Frank Falconer came down from the yard hospital and the first man he met was Steve Buckley, a painter. "Has he been extricated yet?" asked Falconer. "Oh, no," said Buckley, "he's all right—they got him out."

Clarence Boell, shipfitter, has scored several hits at different minstrel entertainments with his plaintive, appealing rendition of *Carolina Sunshine*. They say that when Clarence sings that song, strong men weep, and the ladies want to love him.

We note with pleasure the return to the yard of Andy Jacobsen, Hull department. Andy will be remembered for cartoons which he contributed to the *Dial*. We again expect to see yard life chronicled in picture form by him.

"Gentlemen and burners," began Eddie Hannavin, sheet metal shop, when he addressed the members of the Burning department at their departmental meeting on December 10th. Then he couldn't understand why the boys began to yowl. Eddie is getting to be quite a speaker, and we are indebted to him for many interesting and enlightening talks given during this series of departmental noon hour meetings.

M. Fembleaux, electric welder, whose co-workers call him by the more intimate term of "Frenchie," is a proud Papa. It happened Halloween night—a girl, and she weighed seven pounds. Mrs. Fembleaux is quite well thank you, and shares Papa's pride. Incidentally, little Miss Fembleaux has two diamond rings, one from a Knights of Columbus council of which Mr. Fembleaux is a member, and one from a K. of C. friend in the Morse yard. All we ask is the cigar Frenchie!

Famous sayings—"Well, what do you war now?"—William Wiencke; "Take your horses out in the snow."—Edward McGilney. "No mail today."—Tom Cavanaugh. "Well, I don't know what to do."—Charles Pierson.

Dance and be merry—

IN THE annual Entertainment and Reception, we have a very important social event drawing near. It is under the auspices of the Employees' Association and every member of the Association will, it is hoped, contribute to make the affair highly successful. The committee is arranging decoration and entertainment features that are expected to surpass any heretofore attempted by the Association. The Morse Band, vaudeville embracing the best talent, and other things will serve to give us "one wonderful night."



Prospect Hall, Prospect Avenue between Fifth and Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, is the place. January 24th, is the time. Take the boiled shirt away from the moth balls, because we want to see you at the party.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE MAIN PLANT OF THE MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The
MORSE
DIAL

March 1920





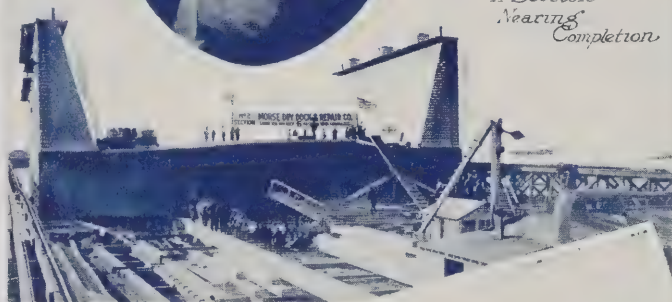
*Mr Morse
the idea builder*



*'The Farm'
First Location*



*A Section
Nearing
Completion*



To Our New Dry Dock *By Bert Edward Barnes*

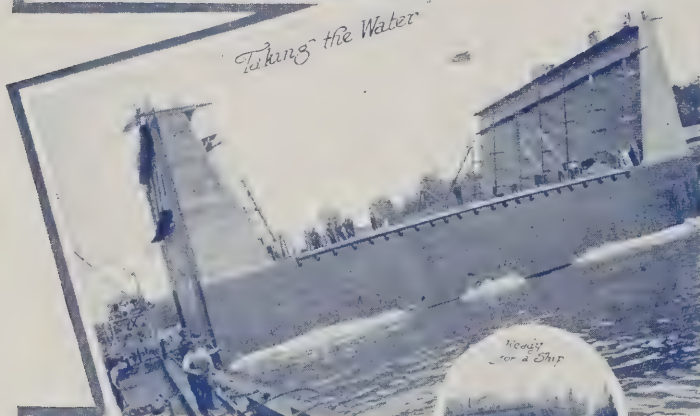
SERVITOR of Ships, Monument to the Man Whose Name You Bear, Here's to You! Born of the Foresight, the Will and the Pluck of Him Who Wished You Into Being, We Revel in Your Strength and Your Achievements. Our toil is Glorified by Your Tremendous Missions, and We Hail the Test of Your Energy.

It is Your Power to Heal the Wounds of Time and Tide in the Mighty Carriers Which Sail the Seven Seas. Through You the Doors of the Universe Shall Remain Open, the Marts of the World Shall Continue Accessible, and the Giants of the Waves Shall be Made Able to Link Distant Lands.

Poets May Not Spread Your Fame because Yours is a Duty That is Shrouded by Silence, but Your Service to Mankind Will Be None the Less Great. Time, the Most Precious Gift of God, is Lengthened by Your Speed, New Zest is Added to the World Race for Maritime Supremacy, and Our Industry Becomes a Force in the Nation's Progress.

As Man has Captured the Energy of the Beasts and Harnessed the Power of the Elements, so Have We Created You to Fulfill an Insatiable Desire to Achieve. Faith Gave You Your Start, Courage Saw You Take Form, Pluck Finished the Task, Here's to You and Your Creator, New Dry Dock.

Taking the Water



*Ready
for a Ship*

*The Six Sections
in Place*



*"The Minnesota"
World's Largest Cargo Carrier
entering the World's largest
Floating Dry Dock*

Dock Submerged



*"High and Dry"
in twenty five minutes pumping
time*



MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

March, 1920

No. 3

World's Dry Docking Record

By Joe L. Murphy

EARLY in the spring of 1900, American men and material combined to build simultaneously a shipyard and two ships, which were to be the largest cargo ships of their time. They stuck to the task for three years and, finishing it, they washed up, turned the lock in the shipyard gate, and went home.

Of the two ships they built, the *Dakota* was lost off the Japanese coast, while the *S. S. Minnesota* is even today—nearly twenty years after—as large as any deadweight carrier in the world.

Lifted recently by our 30,000-ton floating dry dock, she now enjoys the signal honor of being the largest ship that has yet tested the strength of a floating dry dock in this or any other country.

Incidentally, she was lifted by our new wonder dock in 25 minutes actual pumping time, giving this monster dock a world's record in dry docking achievement. This is interesting in view of the fact that her builders built beyond the capacity of American docks of the time and most docks of today.

The story of the building of the *Minnesota* and her sister ship, the *Dakota*, is replete with suggestions of Yankee ingenuity, skill and grit. With the country emerging from the disturbed conditions caused by the Spanish-American War, only to be launched into feverish excitement by the assassination of President McKinley, the work of the *Minnesota* and the *Dakota* went on.

Today the *Minnesota* stands as a monument to American initiative in a period of reconstruction. Can shipbuilders of this period "carry on" as Americans did then? We, too, are entering upon a new

era. Can we today build ships that will be modern and large twenty years from now?

Charles R. Hanscom, a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, and a former general superintendent of the Bath Iron Works, received contracts for the building of the *Minnesota* and the *Dakota* from James J. Hill, then president of the Great Northern Railway.

Looking for a suitable site on the Atlantic seaboard upon which he might construct a plant, he finally located at Groton, on the Thames River, opposite New London, Connecticut. It was a strip of land that had formerly been used by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad as a terminus to the old line to Boston. The old brick round-house was left standing and was used as a blacksmith shop and power house.

Everything about the *Minnesota* and *Dakota* was much larger than the workmen in this country had been accustomed to handle. They were each three times the weight of the Pacific freighters of the time. The sternposts each weighed 55 tons. The long, heavy beams, frames, plates, castings, the heavy riveting

and the great heights at which the men were required to work, all seemed to influence them in a manner detrimental to rapid progress.

At that time, too, pneumatic riveting had barely passed the experimental stage. Notwithstanding, the builders installed a plant consisting of two compressors with a capacity of about 2,500 cubic feet of free air per minute, compressed to 100 pounds.

Also the builders did not have machines large enough to handle the stern frame castings.



(Photos by Morse Photographer)
Morse tugs grapple with giant cargo ship, *Minnesota*

As these were too large to ship from the foundry, they were made in several pieces and were machined and put together in the old Roach yard at Chester, Pennsylvania; then disassembled and shipped to their destination.

The *Minnesota* and *Dakota* were the first vessels fitted with box-shaped girders supporting the ship's decks and were also the first to be so classed by Lloyd's. These girders dispensed with the portable pillars which were the usual supports, and thus another innovation had been established.

Longitudinal bulkheads were then a novel feature in large merchantmen. They were embodied in these ships, extending from end to end and from tank top to main deck, thus dividing the ship into two parts. The cargo hatches were also in pairs.

Installation of equipment embraced what

steam pressure of 250 pounds per square inch.

The principal dimensions of the *Minnesota* are:

Length overall, 630 ft.; Beam, extreme, 73 ft., 6 in.; Depth bottom of keel to upper deck at center, 56 ft., 1 in.; Upper deck to promenade deck, 8 ft., 6 in.; Promenade deck to bridge deck, 8 ft.; Bridge deck to boat deck, 8 ft.; Boat deck to Captain's bridge, 7 ft., 8 in.; Bottom of keel to upper navigating bridge, 88 ft., $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; Total water ballast, 5,072 tons; Total coal capacity with reserve bunker, 6,195 tons; Total cargo capacity, excluding reserve bunker, 30,000 tons; Total stores, 250 tons; First-class passengers, 253; Intermediate class passengers, 68; Steerage passengers, 1,300 to 2,400; Crew, 250.

Lubricating material used in the launching of this giant weighed 22,000 pounds, the

lubricant used being principally tallow and lard oil. These were boiled together in proportion of 84 per cent. tallow to 16 per cent oil. The tallow was then applied hot, and when cold, strips of soft soap mixed with softened flaxseed were laid across ways on top of the tallow. Prior to letting down sliding ways, hot oil and tallow were poured over the groundways, the under side of the sliding ways being coated with one-quarter inch of tallow. The lubricant on the water-covered part of ways was weighted with graphite.

How well her architects planned and her builders built, the war has proven. The Hun "Song of Hate" might have been chanted at the *Minnesota*, for she was truly hated by the commanders and crews of the ruthless submarines. With a cargo capacity of 38,000 tons, including her reserve bunker space, she carried 22,000 tons of cargo. She was doing more than any other ship in feeding the boys, and taking equipment to them. When she wasn't laden with foodstuffs and munitions and other equipment she was carrying troops. Sometimes she carried food, munition and troops. On one trip, she was packed throughout and in addition carried on her decks 168 complete motor trucks.

The second American ship to be mounted with guns, she defied the greedy submarines, and made many trips, some as speedy as 19 days for the round voyage. There wasn't anything the *Minnesota* couldn't adapt herself to. She was always and ever in demand. On some trips she served the army and

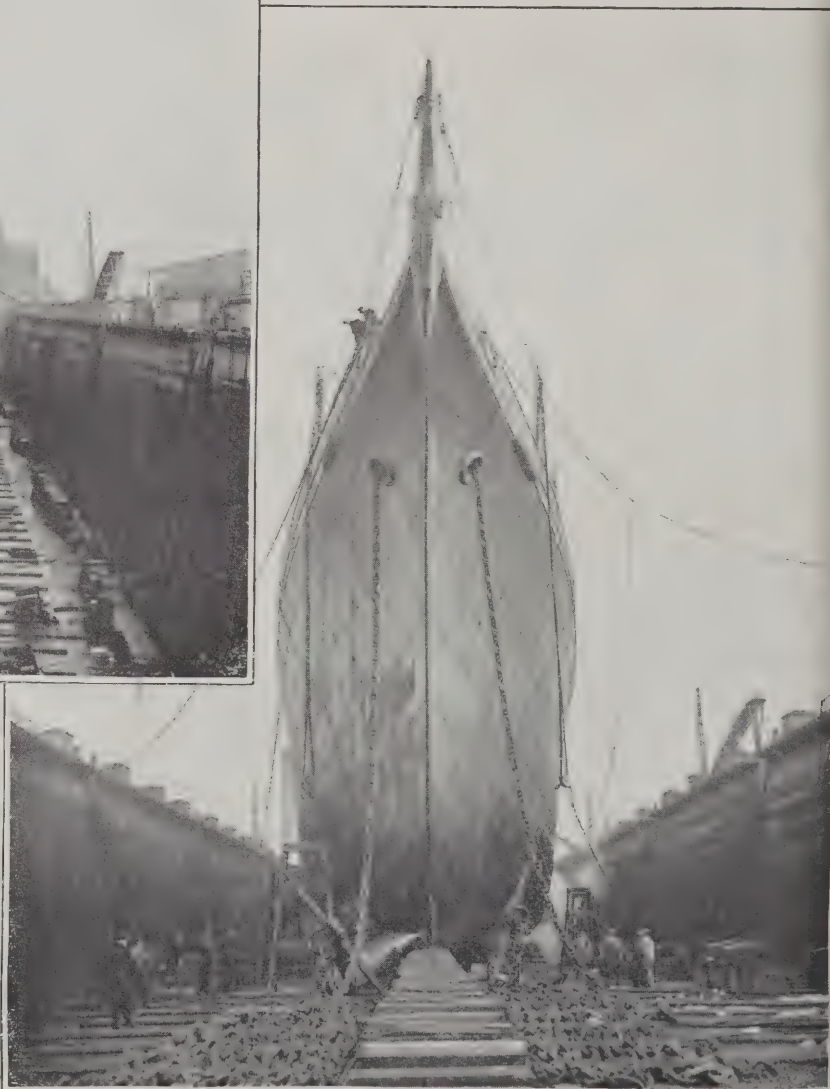


Photos by Morse Photographer

were then new steps, including water-tube boilers, mechanical stokers, electric winches, electric steering gear, large number of cargo booms, laundry equipment, refrigerating engine room on upper deck, type of windlass, electric heating of cabins, the ventilating system and the Clayton gas fire-extinguishing system.

The principal features in the design of the ships were the proportions of depth and beam to length and longitudinal system of framing in double bottom; the bulkhead dividing the ship longitudinally; the straight lower decks; the high 'tween decks; the pipe tunnel; the girders under beams with spaced pillars; the double hatches; the partially balanced rudder; the 'tween deck ballast tanks, and the sloping coal bunkers.

Of twin-screw type, the propelling machinery of the *Minnesota* consists of two sets of three-cylinder vertical, triple-expansion engines of the direct acting surface type, with cylinders 29 inches, 51 inches, and 89 inches in diameter. Her boilers, 16 in number, are of the Niclausse water-tube type, and were constructed for a



Two views of the liner, New York, lifted by the Morse Dry Dock in 18 minutes



Two Views of Minnesota, World's Largest Cargo Ship, on World's Largest Floating Dry Dock. E.P. Morse in foreground of lower photo.

at other times she was pressed into the navy service. Good old *Minnesota*! So Admiral Gleaves of the United States navy said. He had commended her and her officers and crew for valiant, consistent service.

Small wonder the Germans sought the destruction of this ship. What is more, they nearly made good their threat that they would "get the *Minnesota*," for on the night of October 2, 1918 at 10.30 o'clock, the British tanker, *Arca*, cruising in convoy with her, was torpedoed and lost every member of her crew. The *Arca* was then only 325 feet astern of the *Minnesota*.

The world's record dry docking achievement established by our 30,000-ton dock in the lifting of the *Minnesota* was established January 7, 1920.

Such a notable accomplishment followed closely the establishment by our big dock of other remarkable lifting feats. The United States Shipping Board steamer, *Eastern Cross*, holding more than 4,000 tons of general merchandise, was lifted in eleven minutes and by only three sections of the dock. Later, the American Army transport, *Powhatan*, weighing 12,000 tons, was lifted in 22 minutes and

by only four sections of the new dock.

While the lifting of the *Minnesota* is brimful of interest, it may not be amiss to cite here the circumstances surrounding the plight and timely "first aid" treatment afforded the *Eastern Cross*. Thus we may gain a better insight as to the value of lifting power and speed such as our new dry dock possesses.

The *Eastern Cross* had sustained a broken rudder when more than two days out at

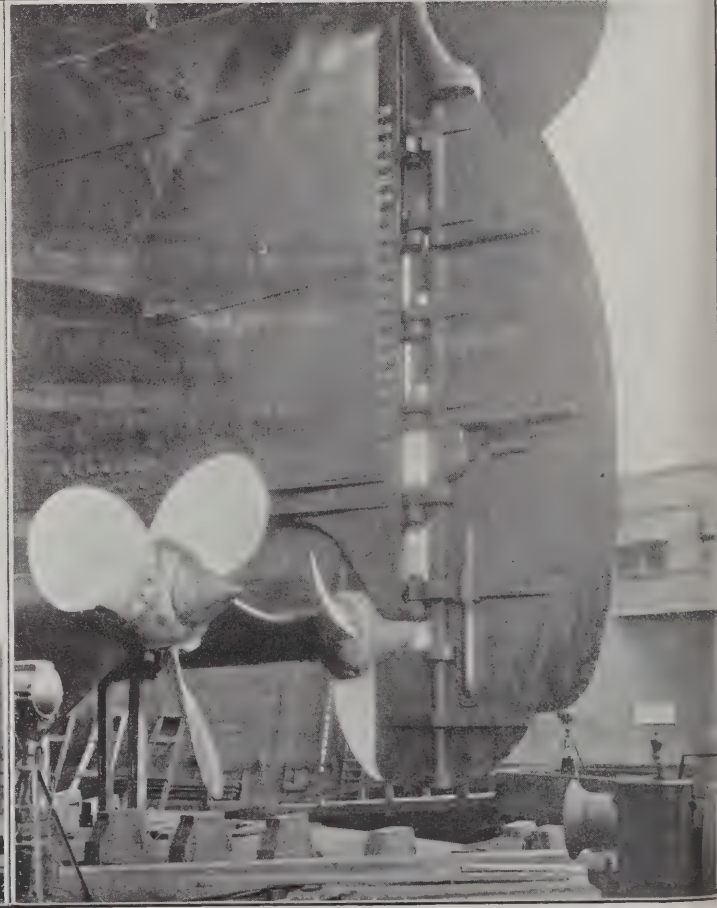
sea with her cargo bound for a European port. Her rudder useless, she was buffeted about by winds and seas, and made eight complete circles in a watch of as many hours. The rigging of a jury rudder was instrumental in getting her back as far as Sandy Hook after she had abandoned further attempts to reach Europe.

Anchored off Scotland Light in Sandy Hook, Morse tugs, *DeWitt C. Ivin*, and *Anson M. Bangs*, reached her and towed

her to our yards, and exactly eleven minutes after the pumps had started the operation of getting the ship out of the water, Morse repairers were under the ship erecting riggings and preparing to dismantle her broken rudder parts which are clearly shown in an accompanying picture.

Propitious weather and circumstances attended the lifting of the *Minnesota*. With little or no wind to molest them, the Morse tugs towed her evenly and steadily into the slip made by the submerging of all six sections of the dock. She passed the *Katrina Luchenbach* with a few feet to spare. As a trainer would handle the largest elephant in cap-

Photos by Morse Photographer



The *Minnesota* in big Morse Dock, lower views show how every part of ship is made accessible to Morse repairers.



Full length views of our new dock, on which a vessel 725 feet long can be lifted. Sections may be operated independently to lift and hold simultaneously two ordinary steamships.

tivity, the *Minnesota* was just as meek and timid under the guidance of the tugs.

As she was coming into the big dock just about noon-time hundreds of Morse work-

ers delayed their dinners and joined a small army of sight-seers composed of shipping men and officers and crews of other ships. The rapidity with which the lift was

made is unsurpassed in shipping annals.

A flag raising was held, too, honoring the entry of the world's largest cargo carrier into the world's largest floating dry dock.

ARTICLES WORTH READING

Gameness

By B. C. Forbes.

WINNERS are nearly always game. Losers very often are cowards. To be game, it is essential that you feel certain you are right, that you deserve to win. As Shakespeare put it "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

I know of hardly any notably successful business men who were not called upon at some stage to exercise gameness to the very limit.

Call the roll in your memory of conspicuously successful giants and, if you know anything about their careers, you will be struck by the fact almost every one of them encountered inordinate difficulties, difficulties sufficient to crush all but the gamest of spirits.

Edison went hungry many times before he became famous. At one time things were so black with him, after he had embarked in business for himself, that he remarked to his trusted lieutenant, Samuel Insull, that if the worst came to the worst he could at least get a job as a telegraph operator at enough salary to meet all his requirements.

George Eastman's business collapsed totally not very long after he had founded it. For some unknown reason his formula for making photographic plates suddenly ceased to work, and he was compelled to stop operations. In two weeks his hair turned white. But not his liver. He exhibited extreme resourcefulness and gameness, and won out.

Alexander Graham Bell suffered the usual fate of inventors, and even after Theodore N. Vail, a sternly-practical business man, joined him, the going was extremely rough for several years—so much so that there were times when there was nothing to put into their pay envelopes, with the consequence that money had to be borrowed for meals.

Woolworth's first store failed. So did three out of the first five that he opened; but he did not give way to despair. He was game.

Lately we have all been reading of the extraordinary gameness of Theodore Roosevelt when, as a young man of delicate health, he betook himself to the wild West and built up a strong constitution by leading a strenuous oftentime dangerous, outdoor life. Roosevelt had such a large share of gameness, in fact, that it was said of him that he was never so happy as when in the thick of a fight.

Edward L. Doheny's resources were swept away several times, not only in his youth, but after he reached middle age. But he was game, and now he is one of the most successful oil kings America has ever produced.

Edward H. Harriman was game in every fibre of his body. At 40 he was an inconspicuous stock broker, but he took up the task of salvaging the wrecked Union Pacific, waged a heroic fight, and thus laid the foundation of one of the most remarkable careers in our business annals. At the end, his fight against death, say those who saw him, was a marvelous exhibition of gameness and grit that marked his life.

H. P. Davidson's career was shaped by an act of gameness, which, widely recorded and applauded in the newspapers, attracted the attention of financiers to him. As a young man, he kept his head when a madman presented a pistol at his head and demanded that he cash a huge check signed by The Almighty.

Yes, read the life story of almost any man of outstanding achievement, and you will discover that he had to exercise the greatest gameness at some stage.

There are so many discouragements, so many obstacles, so many temptations to quit, that only strong souls, as a rule, hold on long enough and aggressively enough to reach the high goal.

The career of such men as Minor C. Keith, of United Fruit fame; John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer; Robert Dollar the ex-lumber jack, are full of thrills and adventures equalling the wildest imaginings of fiction writers.

It was gameness—unparalleled gameness—that led to the discovery of America by Columbus. Had he not been supremely game when his sailors rebelled, he would have turned back, with what consequences to the world's history, who can guess?

The World War was studded by shining acts of gameness. Indeed, it was, with truth, remarked that there were so many heroes that no one came to be thought of as a hero.

The business pace is so swift, so strenuous, so wearing, today that only those possessing unusual gameness stand a chance of gaining notable victories.

Large employers often discuss the fact that the difference between the right and wrong stamp of lieutenants is that when a crisis comes the right stamp shows gameness, whereas the wrong stamp caves in.

Every human being admires courage. Every one of us loathes cowardice.

We can train and discipline ourselves to be game just as we can train and discipline ourselves to master our jobs.

Some of the most famous soldiers and characters in history confess that they were cowards to begin with, and had to strive laboriously to conquer their fears.

Gameness is, in a sense, confidence plus.

The best way to cultivate it is to improve one's capabilities.

If you know that you are master of your job you are more likely to acquire gameness than if you know in your heart that you are a four-flusher.

Knowledge, equally with innocence is "triple armor."

Robust health contributes to gameness, and robust health, in turn, is best developed by living up to the rules of the game of life.

The man who has a sound mind in a sound body usually possesses at least a respectable amount of gameness.

To cultivate gameness, cultivate knowledge, health, efficiency.

Every employer likes young men who have grit, who have courage, who have tenacity, who have determination, who refuse to be licked, who stick to it through thick and thin—who, in short, are game to the very heels and can't be licked.

The fellow who knows he is vulnerable, who knows he is largely veneer, who knows he is a bluffer, can be game up to only a certain point. He is not game through and through.

The genuine coin has the right ring; the counterfeit hasn't.

By becoming the genuine article, you can develop gameness.

Few men have ever fought their way to the front who lacked gameness.—*Forbes Magazine*.

The Efficient Optimist

By Edward Earle Purinton.

ANY people have a notion that an optimist is a cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort of person, empty of cares, burdens or problems, smooth and sleek and well fed, favored of gods and men. Believe it not! All the real optimists I know have been through battles, worries, woes, and privation, that would tear the heart out of an ordinary man a hundred times over. Not the man who always smiles is the optimist, but the man who can always turn frowns and tears into smiles! The consciousness that everything must finally come right is not born in a moment; we must first consciously do the thing we know to be right, thousands of times, and must watch ourselves gain a step of ground each time, before we can form the habit of trusting the rightness of cosmic plan. The days of blind faith are over, the days of intelligent action are here. An efficient optimist hopes entirely without reason, but works entirely with it.

How does optimism aid efficiency? By renewing, refreshing, sustaining and strengthening our bodily physique, mental constitution, moral character and psychic reserve. The path to any great success is lined with many small failures; and the assurance of ultimate success lies in the perception to see and the power to use the lessons from these failures and to go higher because of them. This perception and this power come only to the optimist.

The world was against Newton when he proclaimed the law of gravitation; against Harvey when he discovered the circulation of the blood; against Wagner when he wrote his epics of harmony; against Franklin when he searched the skies for the secret of electricity; against Darwin when he announced the law of evolution; against Bell when he made his first telephone; against the Wrights when they labored on the airship; against Burbank when he dared to invent new species of plants and flowers; against Froebel when he taught how to understand children better. These all had to create in themselves an optimism strong enough to carry them through and beyond the world's ignorance, blindness, inertness, fear, hate, opposition. And the law still holds.

The greater your work and the finer your message, the more you will be antagonized. Your only safeguard is in scientific optimism.

Let's take a pride in our work. There's great satisfaction and decidedly more chance of personal gain in it.

Our Welders Are Experts

GROWING from a department which consisted of just one machine to a department which is now one of the most complete and self-contained mechanical units in the yard, the Morse welders are proud of what they have accomplished and they have a right to be.

The welding department now has eight land machines of the most approved type, five floating plants, and in order to supply the oxy-acetylene welders in the most efficient and best way possible, an acetylene generating plant has recently been established. This plant is the most completely equipped unit of its kind in the port. An article on the Acetylene Generating plant appeared in the September issue of the Dial.

Welders are divided into two groups; the electric welders and the oxy-acetylene welders. Both branches work with the same basic principle in mind, the junction by fusion of the joining edges of metal, by the appliance of heat without the intervention of solder. In the case of electric welding this is done by an electric spark, while the oxy-acetylene welders use a flame generated by the union of oxygen and acetylene.

The real value of welding came with the demands of the war, when fast and good work was of unparalleled importance.

When the U.S.S. *General Grant* steamed up to one of our slips with a boiler repair job to be done quickly, our welding department had its first real opportunity to demonstrate the importance of welding.

It was found soon after that practically every ship which came into the yard for any sort of extensive repair, required some work in the welding line.

The largest welding job handled here during the war and the largest job of its kind ever accomplished in this country was that done on the U.S.S. *Von Steuben*. On the *Von Steuben* the Morse Company did a conversion job of some note, and one of the larger items of work was extensive boiler room repairs. All of the tube heads in the boilers were taken out by the welding department and replaced without a rivet in them.

Other notable jobs on which our welders have worked to good effect are those on the *Huron*, *Henderson*, *Pocahontas*, *Kroonland*, *El Siglo*, *El Sid*, *Lapland*, *George Washington*, *Mercury*, *Columbia*, *Texan*, and *Albany*.

The work of the oxy-acetylene welders, though not as spectacular, is just as important. Most of the work of the oxy-acetylene welders is done on smaller pieces of machinery, such as cracked and broken pumps, anchor windlasses, winches, niggerheads, steering engine gear, throttle valves and propeller blades. The beauty of the oxy-acetylene welding is that it makes no difference of what metal these parts may be made. They can all be welded together with equal ease.

A very recent job of the welders was that on the *General Gorgas*. The base of the turning gear for the main engine was broken in the meanest possible place, but in spite of this difficulty the job was done in twenty four hours and when put in place was perfectly in line, turning the engines over with ease.

Another spectacular job was done on the U.S.S. *Marcia*. All of the flanges on the pipes of the main steam line were welded and this work was done when the guard rails of the ladders were so hot that you couldn't touch them. Beside all of this heat, the welders work with a 3,600 degree

torch, so it can easily be seen that their job at times is not as pleasant as it might be.

To complete a job like that done on the *Von Steuben* in a successful fashion requires beside efficient equipment, the most expert workmanship that it is possible to obtain. Welders, on that account, have to be craftsmen of exceptional skill and ability.

Almost all of them are trained right in the shops in which they work, for the many different processes and the many different ways of welding make it almost impossible for a welder to come into a shop from the outside and immediately take his place at a machine with the greatest possible efficiency.

Practically all welders are drafted from the boiler making department because a good working knowledge of boiler work is essential to the making of a good welder.

In the Morse welding department there are about fifty-five men at the present time. Twenty of these men are electric welders, fifteen oxy-acetylene welders and the remainder are chippers and caulkers directly connected with the welding department.

The work of the clippers and caulkers takes place directly before and after every welding operation. Their work is to see that the metal is clean and in shape for welding and then after the process is over to see that any roughness which might occur has been removed.

The welders will tell you that their trade more than any other trade in the yard, is dependent for its success upon workmanship of one hundred per cent. efficiency at all times, because a welding job poorly done is easily detected.

A good example of this fact was given quite recently when a ship came into the yard for boiler repairs. She had a cracked boiler which had been welded in another yard only a short time previous.

The welding had not been done in the right way, and it had cracked under the first strain. Those in charge of the job wanted new boilers put in and it took a great deal of persuasion to convince them

that a good welding job would fix the boilers and save the ship the money which new boilers would cost.

The Morse welding department has a record of jobs well done which cannot be surpassed. In no single instance has the department failed to handle a job satisfactorily and successfully. Welding, according to the men of the department, is still in its infancy and its growth will be one of the outstanding features of the shipbuilding industry during the next few years to come.

Drafting Room on Ship

IN keeping with the Morse Company's progressiveness, Chief Draughtsman James A. Kelley has had fitted aboard the *Huron* an auxiliary draughting room, in which four of his assistants are always available for consultation on technical matters concerning the vast volume of work being done on the ship. Mr. Kelley is a frequent visitor to his sub-office, and the work is greatly facilitated in the matter of time.

This innovation, to quote Mr. Kelley, "brings the office to the work, instead of the work to the office," and that it has proved advantageous is learned by Mr. Kelley's statement that twice the work has been accomplished than would have been done ordinarily in the same space of time. This, of course, pertains to the draughting work, but it also serves to minimize time on other operations.

His assistants aboard the *Huron* are: F.T. Kenney, John J. Ryan, M. Lifland and M. Blau. The office is located in close proximity to the ship's office, on the upper promenade deck.

If you have a dollar and I have a dollar and we swap dollars neither of us is better off. If we both have an idea, and we swap ideas, each of us has two ideas.

We must improve our working conditions, but not cut down our work. There is a big difference between the two.



Upper pictures show portable electric welding outfit in ships foreground and operations on tail shaft of S. S. Arizona. (Centre insert) Bedcasting of a vital part of a hoisting engine, perfect in alignment after welding. The Morse welders are seen in lower left, and picture opposite shows corner of welding shop, embracing gas, electric and arc welding processes.

Photos by
Morse Photographer

Some of Our Old Timers

WHEN Broadway was a pasture, some, including a number in our yard, were working as shipbuilders and repairers. Their stories are interesting and we intend to publish them from time to time, beginning with this issue of *The Dial*.

The Morse men serving as subjects for these personality sketches have been identified with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company since its inception, and with Mr. Morse since he began operating at Twenty-sixth Street, Brooklyn. Many of them are mechanics or tradesmen. Some have served with the Company for twenty years in other capacities.

At random, we can think of quite a few "old timers," George MacLaurin, superintendent of the Farm, George McKay and Thomas Nesbit, boss carpenter, "Dick" Burke, the riveter, Charles Kelly, of the Machine shop, "Ben" Weeden, snapper, Roy Carter, Joe Plant, Willie Chambers and "Billy" Robbins.

We do not pretend to have a complete list, but we are going to make it as complete as we can, and any tip which our readers can pass along to us will be helpful in this direction.

Today we introduce the first sketches, Patrick Crossin of the Hull Department and George Minett, of the chippers and caulkers, as the subjects.

Our Friend "Pat"

PATRICK CROSSIN lives at 119 Fifty-seventh Street, Brooklyn, but "Pat" Crossin works in the Hull department of this Company. While his mail may bear the more formal name of Patrick, the boys of the Plate shop prefer to address him by the shorter prefix, for "Pat" is an old and popular veteran of the yard. His popularity, however, waxes highest in the Hull department, where he is best known.

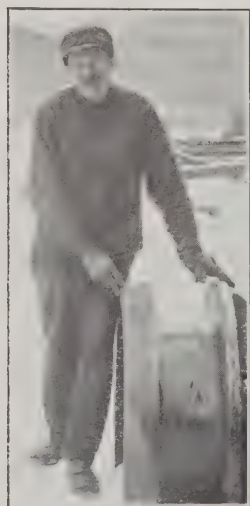
"Pat" is 64 years of age, and about 20 of those years have been spent in the employ of Mr. Morse. From this we might infer that Patrick and Mr. Morse are old friends, and, indeed they are. If Mr. Morse happens into the Plate shop, he's sure to pass the time of day with "Pat." Incidentally, "Pat" is apt to remark to him that wonders will never cease, now that the boys in the yard are working on the *Huron*, a ship that won't roll.

For "Pat" worked with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company when the methods were slow and crude compared to the equipment and methods of today. And "Pat" is not slow to approve the present-day work. No, sir! "Pat" has seen progress and he admits it."

When he worked at the old Twenty-sixth Street plant, about a mile from this one, practical mechanics or fitters set the plates to a ship. It was either hit or miss. Nowadays, the draughting room can't allow things to go out on the hit or miss plan. Every plate is mathematically correct. And "Pat" remembers when the Morse Company had

one punch press, and when it was necessary to take a trip to a Smith Street boiler shop to have the plates rolled.

While all the changes that Mr. Crossin has seen were taking place, he was working diligently on different phases of the work in the Plate shop. He has been a puncher, shearer and roller, but much of his service has been as a roller. Now, at 64 years of age, he is still actively engaged in ship repair work,



Patrick Crossin

Verily, Times Have Changed

HORACE GREELEY said, "Go West, young man!" but George Minett says, "Go ship caulking, young man!" That

business is even better today than it was twenty or more years ago when there were wooden ships, and plenty of work for ship caulkers. Today there aren't so many wooden ships, but there are more ships, and plenty of wood-deck work. Mr. Minett should know. He's one of the Morse veterans, being in this yard since it started, and with Mr. Morse at the Twenty-sixth Street plant.

In the palmy days of ship caulking, those artisans frequented the yards and piers of South Street, New York, wearing plug hats and otherwise attired as Beau Brummels. Those were the days of the docking trust when dry-docking prices attained the maximum of 22 cents a ton.

As to that docking trust, it was given a merry fight, according to Mr. Minett. He remembers seeing 325 ship caulkers working on one ship, that number being put on to hasten the work and curtail dry docking charges. If the work occupied the dock an hour after the expiration of the 24-hour time allotment, the trust would charge a half-day's docking privilege. Incidentally, Mr. Minett informed us that Mr. Morse was instrumental in putting the trust to rout, and at one time the charges fell to three cents per ton until a more profitable scale was adopted through arbitration.

Forty years experience as a ship caulker has not lessened the skill of Mr. Minett's hand, and fortunate is the fellow who is selected to assist such a craftsman on the decks of the big steamers coming into the yard. And speaking of steamships, Mr. Minett has little or no work to do around the underbody or keel of these steel-ribbed giants. But in the olden days, there were some strange sights to see 'neath the bottom of a ship.

He has seen ships so rotted and worm-eaten that the entire body was perforated and worthless for sea navigation. On dry dock, he has seen the bilge blocks of the dock imbedded in the decayed wood of a vessel, and the keel honey-combed by these worms of Southern Seas. And to combat such severe destruction by worms he has helped sheath whole ship-bottoms with copper to make the hulls impervious to the ravages of crawling, squirming creatures.

His boyhood passed around these shores, Mr. Minett has fished and sailed off the site now occupied by this Company. On this site, too, he helped to condition racing yachts, the *Pocahontas* and several others. Always

Always a staunch admirer of fast sailing craft, Mr. Minett became at one time a master sailor himself, owning a very trim, fast yacht called the *Village Belle*.

Mr. Minett is a native of Brooklyn. He resides at 535 Fifty-seventh Street. He has five children, and as many grand-children. A son, Arthur, is also a ship caulker and employed here. Wallace Livermore, employed in the yard as a snapper, is Mr. Minett's son-in-law. As Mr. Minett's father was a shipbuilder and repairer, it seems that the immediate members of the Minett family have a leaning toward the same calling.



George Minett

Ex-Kaiser's Old "Friend"

CHARLES LOHMAN of 452 52nd Street, driller snapper, got some unexpected publicity recently when a Brooklyn paper recounted his experiences as a member of the German navy. Now, Charlie says that he isn't going to tell any more stories to Al. Simendinger and some of the boys when they quiz him over the noon-day sandwiches and coffee.

Charlie is credited with saying that the ex-Kaiser needs a stay in a slow ship's brig, such as he received from the Kaiser in those palmy days when the Hohenzollern star was shining high in the international firmament.

Having served a "hitch" in the American navy from 1884 to 1887, Charlie pocketed his discharge and visited the Kaiser's realm. He had inadvertently dropped the word that he had served in the American navy. Feeling that they would like the services of a man who had served in a good navy, the Kaiser's henchman clapped Charlie into the German naval service.

As this procedure was entirely against Charlie's wishes, he did the next best thing to open rebellion. He loafed on the job. Then began his troubles. Of the 269 days in the Kaiser's service, he spent 251 in the brig of some ship or other. These were hot places, some over the fire rooms. If one wanted ventilation, he made it himself by cranking a whirli-gig machine to stir the air. Often the prisoners were manacled to rafters or some height which necessitated the holding of the arms upward.

Charlie ran afoul of the Kaiser—but let him tell it as he is quoted in the Brooklyn paper:

"We was shipping the Emp'r'or from A-den to Athens to attend the wedding of his sister to King Constantine of Greece," began the hardy survivor of 35 years at sea. "Prince Henry of Prussia was in command. The ship was the *Princess Irene*—the one which Dewey scraped his sides against in Manila Bay. Remember?

"We was a green crew, and the *Princess Irene* was a lazy hulk. The first watch about all we had was



Charles Lohman

steam up. We loafed along like we was becalmed and the Emp'ror paced the quarter-deck, a fine lidy on each arm, fumin' and frettin' like the ghost of the madman of Heligo bight.

"First rollcall there was trouble. His nibs, the Prince of Prussia, pipes up and says, 'If you landlubbers don't stoke up and get His Imperial Majesty to that wedding, I'll pinch your ears off.'

"I says to me matey, 'If any o' them princes or grand dukes comes down into my engine room, I'll poke a redhot slice bar in to his midriff, be he the Emp'ror himself.'

"The next time I went on deck, it was to a general court-martial.

"Prince Henry was at the head of the table, full of medals and stars and gold braid. The Emp'ror, he sat off to one side and pulled his mustache with his one good hand. It was a handsome turnout.

"Says the prince, 'Did you say you'd drive the Emp'ror out of the engine room with a redhot slice bar?'

"'No,' says I, 'I said I'd stick it through his midriff.'

"'Tis enough,' growled the Emp'ror. They gave me six weeks and a day in irons. Me matey got the same. We sat on the poop all day long and played pinochle. The Emp'ror arrived at the royal wedding two minutes before the minister began, 'Dearly beloved—' Prince Henry cussed the whole lot of us fer ignorant lubbers when he went over the side, trailing the Emp'ror's footsteps.

"The Kaiser was a holy terror at sea. He'd cuss the Flying Dutchman himself if he ever ran afoul of him. The ship never sailed that could go fast enough for him. He was a plague on the engine-room."

Former Lieut. Dempsey Here.

JOHN L. Dempsey, who, during the war, served as a lieutenant and aid to Rear Admiral George Eli Burd, industrial manager of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is now a member of the office force of Charles Hallock, assistant superintendent.

Lieut. Dempsey lives at 75 Shelton Avenue, Jamaica. Before entering the navy yard he was engaged in construction work on the Long Island railroad as a civil engineer. Lieut. Dempsey is a native of New York City but has lived in Jamaica for a number of years.

On November 12, 1918 he was married to Miss Edna M. Peto of Jamaica, a graduate of the New York post-graduate hospital. He was educated in De La Salle Institute, Philips - Andover College and Princeton University.

Letter of Thanks

To the Hull Department,
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

Gentlemen:—Received your kind donation through the person of Mr. Macuso. I thank the Hull department for its material assistance as it comes in very handy. Thanking you again, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Edward J. Bird.

In a letter to Joe McGuirk, John Coopey, (1429), a driller, extends thanks to the boys of the yard for the financial aid given him during his recent trouble.

Life is a good deal like a see-saw, and it pays to be decent to the fellow who is down, for he may be up tomorrow—*Forbes Magazine*.

Great thoughts seldom come in bunches.

Political Pot Simmers

THE yard political pot came to a simmer this month with the opening of the departmental meetings for the elections of directors and conference board members. The fires are well kindled and the pot is approaching the boiling stage by the unofficial announcement that Joe McGuirk and Tom Smith, Sr., will head separate tickets as President of the Employees' Association.

Gossip has it that James MacFarlane of the Burners was to oppose McGuirk and Smith for the Presidency of the Association, running independent without a ticket, but later rumors are to the effect that MacFarlane's hat will not go into the ring.

Supporters of Tom Smith, carpenter and dean of the yard bowling tournament, are confident that he is as strong a candidate as could be chosen to supplant McGuirk, the present incumbent of the presidential chair.

Smith will, it is expected, make special effort to receive enough votes to land the presidency for himself, but the political wise-aces claim that he is going to try to put over his whole ticket to meet the organized campaign McGuirk is to launch with three other candidates.

Both leaders, it is said, are allied with the candidates who seek the position of treasurer, now held by Mortimer W. Mead. This information comes as a surprise as it was generally believed that the office of treasurer was immune from assault. Mr. Mead has served it with credit to the Association and to himself, and heretofore no other candidates sought the position.

Now Joe Lowe of the Pipe shop is reported in the field against Mead and Joe is no mean opponent either. He has always been one of the Association live wires and is sure to poll a large vote among the boys in the yard who know of his earnest efforts to work for their interests.

This fight for the treasurership is indeed one of the outstanding developments of recent political gossip and promises to bring forth a contest equally as interesting as that for the presidency.

The fact that candidates for treasurer have been selected by both sides is regarded as substantial proof that both factions are organized and intend to make a clean sweep of the offices of the Association.

Smith's ticket is said to be as follows: For President, Tom Smith, Sr.; For Vice-President, William B. Petrick (Pipe Coverer); For Treasurer, Joseph B. Lowe (Pipe Shop); For Secretary, William Ritchie (Inside Machinists).

McGuirk's ticket, according to the gossip, shapes up as follows: For President, Joseph W. McGuirk (Hull Dept.); For Vice-President, Joseph Quinn (Burners); For Secretary, Edward Hannavin (formerly of Sheet Metal shop; now of Brass store-room); For Treasurer, M. W. Mead.

No reason has been advanced for MacFarlane's withdrawal from the race. His candidacy was looked upon very favorably and those constituents who trailed along with him two years ago are at a loss to understand why he does not declare himself.

Followers of Smith have intimated that MacFarlane has withdrawn in favor of McGuirk. They further intimate that he has been in conference at different times with Al. Simendinger, who is McGuirk's publicity director, and that several thousand cigar coupons were exchanged as a result of the conferences.

These allegations are annoying to Mr. Mac-

Farlane, who claims that he has been shadowed since they have been made. Asked why his movements should be so closely watched, Mr. MacFarlane stated that those unfriendly to him were of the belief that he would cash the coupons for a phonograph which he wanted for his home. We all like Jim pretty well and are always interested in him.

Under the supervision of the election committee, composed of Chairman H. G. Hoover, James MacFarlane and Fred Wood, departmental elections were held beginning February 6, and the political campaign of the Employees' Association was formally opened.

On this occasion, the Morse band headed a procession of the supporters of Miss Marjorie H. Davis of the Advertising Dept., candidate for a place on the Conference Board, representing Dept. 9, including the office force, estimators and solicitors. Constituents of Miss Davis carried banners and campaign literature to the effect that the delegation was "Solid for Davis;" that her candidacy had been thrust upon her, and that she would be a worthy representative of the North building, in which there is now a fair sprinkling of the fairer sex.

That the campaign was fruitful of the desired results was proven by Miss Davis' election by the largest plurality over three other candidates, including George Keenan of the Record Dept., and Miss Catherine Collins and George F. Bolin, of the Main Office. Miss Davis and Mr. Keenan were elected. The result of the balloting was: Miss Davis, 93; Keenan, 85; Bolin, 65; and Miss Collins, 27.

The name of Frank Falconer of the yard hospital was placed into nomination as director, and, as there were no other candidates, Mr. Hoover was instructed to cast one ballot for Mr. Falconer, making the election unanimous.

The results of other departmental elections are: Sheet Metal—Director, C. S. Carman; Conference Board Members, John O'Brien and J. Peterson.

Burners and Welders—Director, James MacFarlane; Conference Board, Patrick Davitt (2646) and John Beverly (2416).

Hull Dept.—Director, Al. Simendinger; Conference Board, John Peterson (21331) and Daniel Ditter (21061).

Plate Shop—Director, Edward McGibney; Conference Board, George Drew (1941) and George Petley (2028).

Around the Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then:
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game,
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!—Yet miles away,
"Here's a telegram, sir"

"Jim died today!"

And that's what we get—and deserve in the end—

Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Men who have seen better days as a rule looked at them too often through the bottoms of glasses.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the
Welfare of the Employees' Associ-
ation of the Morse Dry Dock
& Repair Company, and to
the interests of the
Company

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
Joe L. Murphy, Assistant Editor
Willard B. Prince, Art Editor
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E. Donnelly, Cartoonist

Mrs. Wallace Livermore, William Roth,
Joan C. Sharp, Marjorie H. Davis,
John Powell, Thomas J. Plunkett,
and Margaret McCarthy,
Associate Editors

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to whom copies are mailed free of charge.
Employees desiring THE DIAL should see that
their correct address is on file in THE DIAL
Office.

All communications should be addressed to B. E.
Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,
foot of Fifty-Sixth Street, Brooklyn.

VOL. 3 MARCH, 1920 No. 3

Abraham Lincoln said: "If you intend to
go to work there is no place better than where
you are. If you do not intend to go to work,
you can't get along anywhere."

Times Have Changed

WHAT father told us—"What?
A second-hand bicycle! ! !
Say, son, where would I get
\$2.50 for a second-hand bicycle?
The way you talk, money grows on
trees. Why when I was your age,
and I wanted anything like that, I
worked for it. When I was a
youngster, I worked for old Curtis
for \$1.50 a week. When I married
your Ma, I was making but \$12 a
week. And I worked hard, from
early in the morning until late at
night. A second-hand bicycle! I
should say not! !"

What we may tell the kids—
"What? Two dollars and a half to
see the movie, *The Mirth of a
Nation*! ! Say, son, when I was
your age, my father bought me a
second-hand bicycle for that money.
He could take the whole family to
see Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van
Winkle* for that. If I wanted any-
thing like that, I worked for it. I
was getting only \$40 a week, and
only \$60 when I got married.
Two and a half for the movies! I
should say not! !"

Joe L. Murphy.

Smoking?

A NEW YORK newspaper re-
cently carried these lines:
"Only the iron hull of the
American liner *St. Louis* remains as
a result of the fire which swept the
vessel. Her interior is a jagged
mass of embers. The three decks
burned and the engines ruined."
W. Campbell, superintendent of the
Fletcher shipyards in Hoboken, said
the damage to the *St. Louis* will
reach \$1,000,000 and that to the
Kroonland which lay alongside will
reach \$25,000."

We had a fire on the *Huron*, caus-
ing a damage of \$5,000. It was
presumably caused by smoking.
When smoking is hazardous to life
and property it is time to stop it.
That is the big reason why you see
"No Smoking" signs around the
plant.

* * *

Those Rent Bonuses

IN Bay Ridge, and in the imme-
diate section of the Morse Dry
Dock & Repair Company, work-
ingmen, and not landlords alone,
have encouraged high rents. We
personally know of instances where
men, in their covetousness of a cer-
tain flat or apartment, have offered
to the landlords bonuses ranging
from \$5 to \$25.

We don't say, for we do not
know, they were Morse men. There
are other industries and workers in
this section. We do know that it's
all wrong. It is against American
ideals and principles. Landlords
have oppressed other countries.
We are striving for a nation of
home-owners, not landlords.

"A. Bullsheviki," proprietor of an
odds and ends store, might disguise
his true feelings by calling his busi-
ness place the "Yankee Doodle
Notion Store." A man may sub-
scribe to Liberty Loans and the Red
Cross, and yell out loud that all the
"Reds" be deported; he may even
have had sons in the service of his
country. Yet he will pay a bonus
to a landlord and deny an honest,
God-fearing man in more moderate
circumstances a fighting chance for
a place to live.

J.L.M.

* * *

Steady Plugging

STEADY plugging and honest
work are the qualities that go
to make the genius. The Univer-
sity of Difficulties has graduated
the great men of this country. If
you are poor, accept your poverty
as a diploma of discipline.

The tortoise on the right road
will beat a rabbit on the wrong path.

Edison the Worker

THOMAS A. EDISON, a grand
young workingman, says he
is glad at 73 years that the
eight-hour day was not invented
when he began work, and that no
agitator ever convinced him that
it was unfair to his fellow-workers
to do the best he could for himself
and those who paid him for his
work.

Americans were not proud of
shirking fifty years ago, and the
reason the United States has come
to a great place among nations is
that old-fashioned workers were
not fearful lest they should earn
more than they were paid. He hates
to see the more competent shackle
their abilities by organization which
compels them to slow down to the
shirker's pace.

His reason is that the standard
day and the standard wage and the
standard stint tend to create voca-
tional classes from which it is diffi-
cult for the workers to rise. He
favors organization to protect the
workers against exploitation, and
unions which shall develop the
capacity of the workers and train
them to become bosses.

Then unionism will be one of the
world's greatest forces in social
progress, and labor and capital will
understand each other better. He
would like to see some labor leader
raise the better workers to still
better accomplishments, rather than
drag them down to the lower level.

These ideas are worth thinking
about just now when labor itself is
beginning to see that more pay and
shorter hours are not satisfactory
even to itself. Now is the time for
the workers to see that their better-
ment in life depends on themselves
more than on their unions, and that
the doctrine of slow work and lim-
ited production, as the means to
raise wages by making jobs, is a
mistake and an injury to the com-
munity.

There is no question that wages
have been raised to such an extent
that they have lessened the work by
lessening the necessity of working
to live. More pay for more work and
more product has not been objected
to by employers, but they have hated
to see their works made idle because
the workers could afford to lay off,
or were compelled to lay off because
that was the union policy.—*New
York Times*.

* * *

Seeking less work and more
money is another way of seeking
to advance the cost of living.

THE HIGH COST OF LOAFING

By Dr. Joseph H. Odell

LOAFING is the slowest and the most clumsy form of suicide.

Nature makes no mistakes. Man was made for work. Every faculty, every sense, every nerve, and every muscle is planned for a definite purpose and fitted for a specific use. The physical system is a set of skillfully forged and highly tempered tools, and the will is the workman which takes them up and uses them. The eyes are for observation, the brain for thought, the nerves are the carriers of messages from one part of the body to another, the muscles are the engines of physical force, the hands and feet are the machines by which the greater part of the work is done. Industry is the steady running of the entire plant. If any part of it is allowed to rust, rot or fall into disuse the other parts are injured and capable of small or no production.

Take any well-known piece of work—for example, that of James Watt. Watt observed the power of steam in lifting the lid of a tea-kettle. His brain immediately began a series of comparisons and deductions; it was a problem in rule of three: If the steam from a quart of water will lift a three-ounce obstacle, how much will the steam from a hundred gallons lift? Then followed the question of how to generate and direct such a large amount of force. His nerves and muscles began their task—the nerves carrying messages from the brain to the muscles and back again—and boilers, condensers, pistons, valves, wheels, were the result. Every tool that he possessed in his body was put to incessant use during many months and years; that is, he did simply what Nature fitted and intended him to do, becoming a world-famous inventor-benefactor.

Sir Walter Scott wrote: "I cannot too much impress upon you that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be won without it." Gladstone affirmed: "The laborer has his legitimate, his necessary, his honorable and honored place in God's creation; but in all God's creation there is no place appointed for the idler." Col. Roosevelt said nothing truer than this: "The happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work. The work may be done in a thousand different ways—with the brains or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done and well worth the doing, that is all we have the right to ask."

Men often complain that they do not possess the genius which nature gave to other men of success. But note what some of the greatest men have to say on that point:

Lord Macauley, who sometimes wrote on his histories for twelve hours at a sitting, said: "I have made myself what I am by intense labor." John Ruskin wrote: "When I hear a young man spoken of as giving promise of high genius the first question I ask about him is, always 'Does he work?'" Byron is quoted as saying: "The only genius that I know anything of is to work sixteen hours a day." Dickens, the novelist, made a similar confession: "My imagination would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily toil." Speaking of himself, Alexander Hamilton said: "People sometimes attribute my success to genius. All the genius I know anything about is hard

work." Daniel Webster, at seventy years of age, said in an address: "Work made me what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life."

There is no way of dodging the issue: Every law of Nature discovered by man,

THIS article is so full of real truth and such sound judgment we are taking the liberty of reprinting it from *Association Men*, in which it originally appeared. It may interest The Dial readers to know that their Editor was at one time associated with the author, Dr. Odell, in newspaper work. That was in Scranton, Pa., back in 1913. Dr. Odell was chief editorial writer on *The Scranton Evening Truth*. A man of splendid writing ability he is now identified with some of the leading magazines of the country. It was under Dr. Odell's personal supervision, encouragement and inspiration that The Dial editor wrote the first editorial he ever had published, and for Dr. Odell's help in those early days we have always felt indebted. There is deep thought in this article and we urge our readers to go over it carefully.

The Editor

every new force applied to human progress, every principle of mechanics worked out for quickening or cheapening production, every invention that has brought the resources of the universe within our reach, every added step in the facilities of transportation, every book that has increased and broadened our knowledge, every work of art that has given us pleasure, every fortune that has been won and enjoyed—everything worth while in life has been the result of work; hard work, conscientious work and ceaseless work. Work is the up-hill road to the pinnacle of success; laziness is the down-slope way to failure, shame and disaster.

We pay very little attention to men until they have won some conspicuous success and then we are likely to forget how heavy a price in patient toil they paid for their achievement.

Johns Hopkins gave seven years of drudging toil to make his first \$800; Andrew Carnegie spent the first eighteen years of his working life in accumulating \$1,000 of capital; Cecil Rhodes got hold of his first mine only after fifteen years of ceaseless and tireless work; Watt labored thirty years to bring his condensing engine to perfection; Stephenson gave twenty-five years to making his locomotive practical; laboring his hardest for ten years Peter Cooper was earning only \$9 per week; H.C. Frick fought his way up by painful steps from the farm to Fifth Avenue; F.W. Woolworth toiled and failed and failed again, and still toiled, until he put his money making chain of stores throughout the country. But all those toilsome and painful early years of drudgery and apparent failure are not to be estimated by their immediate financial returns; they form the period of preparation during which the qualities of real success are developed and strengthened. When the critical hour arrives the man who has been schooled and disciplined aright is sure to win. The man who shirks or slurs his work, because it does not pay high wages, will end by having neither work nor wages. Idleness ends in inefficiency.

Loafing does not mean absolute idleness—hours, days, or weeks in which a man does nothing at all; a man may loaf while apparently working, by doing things listlessly, sluggishly, carelessly and in a don't-care fashion. The loafer is the man who puts momentary ease in the place of definite and strenuous accomplishment; he is the man who works when he feels like it and who never has the courage and will-power to conquer his present feelings for the sake of future rewards. John Wanamaker, during the first eight years of his commercial life, did not miss one single day from business, was never late, and never allowed himself to be discouraged. When John D. Rockefeller was a boy he was working on a farm in New York State and dreaming of his future. One day he said to a farm boy about his own age: "I would like to own all the land in this valley, as far as I can see. I sometimes dream of wealth and power. Do you think we shall ever be worth one hundred thousand dollars, you and I? I hope to—some day." Soon afterwards he moved to Cleveland and found a position as office boy. "I had plenty of ambition then, and saw that, if I was to accomplish much, I would have to work very, very hard, indeed." And he did. Every spare hour was given to study; every branch of business that he touched he mastered, down to the least detail; and out of small wages, by the time he was twenty-five years old he had saved his first \$10,000.

Whenever the name of John Ericsson is mentioned men invariably exclaim, "Well, there was a born genius!" His inventions were so numerous, and so revolutionary in their nature, that no wonder super-human powers were attributed to him. The present era of naval construction began when Ericsson's turreted iron-clad "Monitor" vanquished the "Merrimac" in Hampton Roads. A few sentences from the "Life of Ericsson" will show the nature of his "super-human powers": "He was at the shipyard before any of the workmen, and was the last to leave. In the construction of so novel a craft as the Monitor difficulties of a puzzling nature came up every day. If Ericsson could not solve them on the spot he studied the matter in the quiet of the night, and was ready with his drawings in the morning."

Very few men today are working to fifty per cent of their capacity. If history teaches anything it is that those who loaf and lounge, and are lazy when they might work, are headed for poverty and obscurity. today, but never was the law of labor more. There is no case on record where opportunity has picked a young man out of a pool-room and set him in a high position; I do not know an instance where Providence has rewarded indolence. Never before was life so rich in prizes of all kinds as it is rigidly enforced in winning them. And Nature is without mercy—it never forgets or forgives when a man wastes his time, his brain or his energy. The heaviest tax in the world is that which society exacts from the loafer—it takes everything that he has and leaves him without a single satisfaction. Loafing is the costliest commodity on the market and no one can afford to buy it.—*Association Men*.

The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides.—*Amiel's Journal*.

Annual Ball a Success

SOCIAL and financial success was registered by the annual reception and entertainment of the Employees' Association held in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, Saturday evening, January 24. It is estimated that more than 3000 persons were in attendance, the box seats and all those in the auditorium being occupied.

There was a profusion of decorative material arranged in a very artistic manner. Bunting, flags and banners were skilfully employed in carrying out a very pleasing color scheme, and the names of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company and Employees' Association were carefully embodied in the same.

Shortly after 8 o'clock, the Morse Military band, under the direction of Lieut. W. S. Mygrant, the new leader rendered the opening overture preceding the vaudeville entertainment. The rendition was highly creditable to Lieut. Mygrant and every

member of the band, and the audience was not slow to accord a great volume of applause.

Vaudeville offerings were under the supervision of the private entertainment department of the B. F. Keith theatres and were well up to the Keith standard. The International Revue, embracing singing and dancing by a bevy of pretty girls and two male performers, was a dandy opening act, starting the show off with a bang. This afforded some whirling-dervish sort of terpsichore similar to that seen by Russian troupes with the larger circuses. The difficult and rapid steps were punctuated by shouts from the performers. All of this ended in one big climax of noise and action.

The Capitol Male Quartette followed with some old time melodies and some late jazz numbers and was well received. Williams and Wolfus offered a comedy classic which they had dubbed "Hark! Hark! Hark!". This was easily the laughing hit of the evening and those who hearkened to the funny

banter and the trick piano playing were in a very kindly mood to receive other acts on the bill, including Margaret Young, who scored the individual hit of the night, and the Girlies' Club, a musical tid-bit introducing several vivacious young women and three male performers.

Following the vaudeville, the floor was cleared for dancing and a grand march was led by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morse and Miss Beth Leary and D. J. Leary, followed by several hundred couples. The ladies in the march received large floral sprays. At the conclusion of the march, the participants formed in assemblage across the hall to pose for the flashlight photographic which is reproduced below.

The general committee in charge of the affair included Mortimer W. Mead, Walter K. Crawford, Frank B. Rose, Charles Halllock, Kenneth Craig, Charles G. Hall, Carlyle Stecher, was floor manager and Thomas J. Plunkett, assistant floor manager.

Other committees were: Reception—



Thomas Cavanaugh, chairman; Roger Moran, Charles F. Burke, Richard L. Boyle, Harry J. Harper, Joseph Henderson, James H. Stephens, A. Thompson, William Thompson, Harry Gardner, William Dunn, William Wiencke, Charles Pierson, Jack Sweeney, Arthur Ratzel.

Arrangements—Thomas Smith, Sr., chairman, William Burke, Otis Barene, Arthur Patten, Richard Ritchie, L. Ellis, Otto Rocholl, George Keenan, George Russell, William Reeves, Clarence Wilson.

Floor—Carlyle Stecher, floor manager, Thomas J. Plunkett, assistant floor manager, William J. Cantwell, Charles Brown, Frank Whitman, John Finneran, William Voeg, Cyrus Mac Laurin, Eugene F. Mc Mahon, Peter F. Grant, James Leslie, James W. Williams, Thomas Johnston, Edward Campion.

Advertising—William J. Daly, chairman, Frank Falconer, Charles Childs, Daniel Basil, Joseph Lowe, John Murphy, Arthur Weit, Matthew Wright, Victor Foley, John

Powell, George Rothwell, Charles Kelly, James J. Coffey, James Miller, Joseph Miskinnon, William Smith.

Crawford and McEwen "Watched"

THE annual entertainment and ball was a source of pleasure for the hundreds of persons who attended, but it held an added store of pleasure and surprise for Walter K. Crawford and "Billy" McEwen of the Hull Dept. We don't know whether or not the gentlemen went to the ball with plug hats. We do know that they came home with gold watches.

If reports from the front are authentic, Walter and Billy had fortified themselves in the event of failure to re-incarnate a departed spirit. Their fortifications were assailed by other mourners of the deceased, including most all of the Hull Dept. boys. Fearing that the demand would exceed the supply, Messrs. Crawford and McEwen sent out word that the wake was for immediate friends of the departed, the said

friends being solely, wholly and absolutely composed of Crawford and McEwen.

A door was slammed, and the besiegers heard the turning of a key and the click of a lock. In desperation, they yelled, "Open the door; we've got a gold watch for you'se."

To make a long story longer, the door was opened and the watches were presented, Charlie Hallock making the presentation speech. The timepieces are of a thin model and are fittingly inscribed. They were used to note the lapse of time between eulogies to the deceased, as the Governor of North Carolina would say to the Governor of South Carolina.

At the Association's annual ball, a performer danced, played a musical instrument and balanced a chair on his head, all at the same time. Then a fellow will tell you that he can do only one thing at a time.

Ungratefulness makes for ungreatness.



"BALL" - GRAND MARCH -
MORSE DRY DOCK EMPLOYEES ASS'N
PROSPECT HALL 1920

- PHOTO BY -
GRODESS

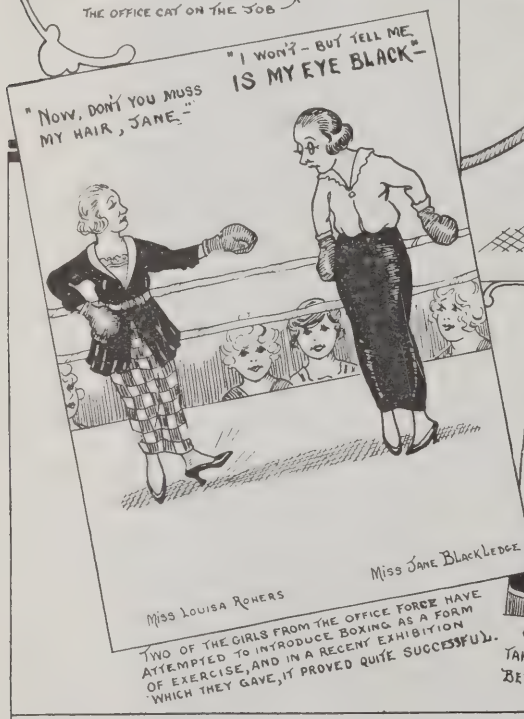


THE OFFICE CAT ON THE JOB



JIMMIE MACFARLAND TRYING ON HIS CAMPAIGN CLOTHES. HOW IS POLITICS THIS YEAR JIM?

F. DONNELLY



AL. SIMENDINGER OF THE HULL DEPT, SPEAKING TO A FRIEND IN NEED.

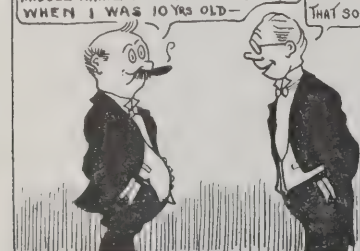


ONE OF THE BOYS FROM THE PIPE-SHOP TAKES HIS FRIEND IN FOR A BITE TO EAT BETWEEN DANCES AT THE MORSE BALL

"SET THEM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY, BOY—"



DANCE—WHY THAT'S MY MIDDLE NAME I LEARNED TO DANCE WHEN I WAS 10 YRS OLD—



PARDON ME, MISS—ER, MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE WITH YOU—



O—MY, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ON TO YOUR STEPS



"NO—ARE YOU"—!!



AFTER THE WHISTLE HAS BLOWN

Morse Beats Robins

THE Robins soccer team, aided and abetted by a band and several hundred rooters, all of whom wore a "Todd Shipyards" banner on their hats, failed to defeat the Morse eleven Sunday afternoon, January 11, in the fourth round of the American Cup competition. The Morse team won by a score of 1 to 0 and eliminated the Robins team from the semifinals of the American cup race, but Robins protested the game on a flimsy technicality and a replay was ordered. One of the largest crowds attending a soccer game in recent years entered the Morse Oval for the original contest.

As early as 1.30 o'clock, soccer fans began streaming toward the Oval, and 2.30, the time scheduled for the kick-off, saw the stands and all points of vantage occupied. The game opened under excellent weather conditions, but shortly after the second half had started, snow fell, and the last 20 minutes of play was in a blinding storm. The wind shifted and alternately favored the contestants. The spectators remained to the end, some fearful and others hopeful that the Robins would score and even the battle.

Kershaw made the single tally of the game, this in the first half after about 20 minutes of play. On a neat pass by Rorke, he booted the ball to the goal. The shot was speedy and well-placed, happening so quickly that there was little demonstration by the supporters of either side.

Both the Robins and Morse teams played excellently, offensive and defensive, but the game crystallized into a duel of goal keepers, with Whalen of the Morse team giving a shade the better of the argument. Renzelli, the Robins goal, stopped a sure ally by Morse in the first few minutes of play. Whalen made a couple of fine stops, one in the last few minutes of play, when the Robins came dangerously near scoring. Lynch played his usual heady, aggressive game, and by his fighting spirit and dash kept up the morale of the Morse team. McGreevy, Lennon, Rorke and Kershaw, the new men, played faultlessly, while Whalen, Parker, Stradan, Lindsay, Page and Bustard put up their usual consistent game, and again demonstrated that they are the old reliables.

The replay was ordered as a result of a protest lodged against Kershaw's alleged disqualification. The recent heavy snowfalls have made the ground unsuitable for the play off but as soon as the weather permits, this game will be staged on Morse Oval.

At the present time the Morse team is in second place in the National league soccer standing and has a fighting chance to head the league. The Morse players are

confident that they will again defeat the Robins as they have ever had the edge on the neighboring team in championship contests.

When the management of the Robins protested the game they fulfilled expectations. It is seldom that the Robins have failed to register protests against Morse victories. The fact that Kershaw made the single tally of the game assured the Morse fans that the Robins would come through with a complaint, but it is almost certain that they would have sought other grounds upon which to base a protest if Kershaw hadn't been chosen as the bone of contention. And they pose as "good sports" down Erie Basin way!

In protesting, the Robins alleged that Joe Kershaw had played on three or four different teams prior to coming to the Morse quintet. While this may be true, the management of the Morse team had received word in writing from an official source that Kershaw had been duly registered with the Morse team for the Robins game, and that his standing would not be questioned.

The manner in which Kershaw scored the winning goal was nothing short of spectacular and was enough to peeve the Robins. His playing was consistent but not brilliant and his presence was hardly noticed until he had extricated himself from a scrimmage, and with a kick that was as speedy as it was brilliant, he landed the ball back of the opposing goal. Renzelli, the Robins goal-tender, hardly realized that Morse had scored, so fast did the ball shoot past him.

There have been no changes in the Morse lineup during the interim and it is hoped that all of the Morse regulars will be pitted against the Robins in the coming contest, which promises to be largely attended and chuck full of interest.

The January Meeting

AT the January meeting of the Employees' Association, which was one of the most spirited held in several months, an informal report by M.W. Mead, treasurer of the association, was to the effect that the annual concert and ball was successful. The report was received and accepted as given, pending a more complete report which Mr. Mead was preparing.

A motion to appropriate a sum of money for floral and other decorations for the Morse employees who died in the year of 1919 was seconded and passed. The sum to be expended in the same will be taken up with future business.

The election of directors and members of the conference board was discussed and plans were formulated for a meeting to be held at such time as would insure full representation of all departments.

Following the formal business meeting, a general discussion as to the use of investi-



gating slips was held. This discussion was followed by the entertainment which was brought to a thrilling climax by Gene Bruce and Young Monday, who started out to wrestle, but finished with the gloves.

The grappling exhibition between Bruce and Monday became rather rough, and as wrestling rules prohibited the free use of the arms, the principals decided to unloose their roughness with each other by means of the gloves. It was an interesting set-to and highly pleasing to the spectators who noted the earnestness of the men.

Young Lustig of the Carpenter Shop and Walter Nelson, a professional, went three rounds to a draw. Young McGowan and Young Tack, Young Mickey and Young Brown furnished other interesting bouts. Professional song pluggers, Eddie Clark, juggler, and "Clancy's" jazz orchestra combined to furnish other good entertainment.

With the Pin Boys

THE game between the Pipe and Copper Shop quintets was the feature of the yard bowling tournament of Monday evening, January 5. The Pipers beat the Copper Kings by 34 pins, but the outcome of the game was in doubt until the last few frames. Charlie Rack, ex-cavalry man, pugilist, and all-round sportsman, demonstrated the fact that he is at home with the bottle pins, too. He got an excellent string of 203, a fine score considering that he got away to a poor start in the first two boxes. Hughes, with 179, was second high man in the Pipe Shop outfit.

Troy and Salmon led the Copper Shop men. The other rollers were: Wiles, Kelly and Schreiber of the Copper Shop, and O'Dea, Murphy and Harmon of the Pipe Shop.

A lead of 177 pins at the end of the strings was maintained by the Hull Dept., over the Electricians. The plate shop boys never allowed the worshippers at the shrine of Edison to endanger them, and as the game progressed the lead of the Hull rollers increased. Petry and Banks were high men for the winners, while Herman and Stagg assumed the lead for the Electricians. Other rollers were: Cavanaugh, Lester and Mitchell for the Hull, and O'Loughlin, Knipe and Stenslen for the Electricians.

A garrison finish by the Riggers resulted in the defeat of The Dial quintet, which led in the first few boxes. The Riggers made a whirlwind avalanche of strikes and spares and crawled steadily away from the publicity men and printers, the score at the end of the session giving the Riggers an advantage of 149 pins. By the way of alibi, we would like to inform the fans that we gave the Riggers a



JOE MCGUIRK,
GENIAL PRESIDENT
OF THE EMPLOYEES ASSOCIATION.



THOMAS J. PLUNKETT,
STAGE MANAGER
OF THE
EMPLOYEES
ASSOCIATION.

good lacing in a match game after the league contest. Pierson and Knudsen led the Riggers with tie scores of 167. Carlson, Nilson and C. Carlson were other Rigger sharpshooters. Osterberg and Roth led The Dial rollers as usual, the former with 135 and the latter with 120. Barnes, Murphy and Privatera were the also-rans. All three are showing improved form and threaten to reach the 140 mark at the end of the next presidential administration.

The Pipe Coverers were under cover during the evening and because they failed to show against the Main Office, the pen wielders were awarded the game by forfeit.

In the yard bowling session of Monday night, January 12, the Inside Machinists defeated the Pipe Coverers by forfeit. The interior mechanical geniuses understand all about ball bearings and the way they made the big balls bear down on the bottle pins would have made the Pipe Coverers weep with shame, even if they did roll. Lyden and Hargreave were high men with scores of 179 and 162. Ulsamer, Cassell and Ward were the other I.M. bowlers.

The Carpenters beat the Riggers by 161 pins and would have won by a handy margin only a string is confined to 10 boxes. The old saying of "Send for the riggers" was supplanted by the wail of "Send for the bookkeepers" to count the pin casualties. Anderson with 166 and Cy. MacLaurin with 159 headed the bill for the Carpenters. T. Smith, Devine and George MacLaurin were the also-rans. Carlson with 155 and Pierson with 140 starred for the Riggers. Other Rigger members of the cast were: Knudsen, Nelson and Sindby.

An interesting pin battle was waged between the Electricians and the Outside Machinists, the former quintet winning by 31 pins. Knipe with 171 and Hawkins with 168 burned bright among the disciples of Edison. Stagg, Stenson and Lansing were the dimmer incandescents of the winners. Akenstrom and Brown with scores of 166 were tied for the Outside Machinists honors. Hansen, Simmons and Hahne were others in the line-up of the exterior machine adjusters and manipulators.

The Main Office beat the Blacksmiths by forfeit. The smiths heard that they had to bowl the pen wielders, not fight them, so they didn't think the event worth attending. The pen wielders rolled anyway and Moore with 186 and Rochelle with 177 topped the nearest bidders and were awarded the honors. Rose, Versfelt and Simpson were the added starters in this derby.

Of the four games scheduled to be rolled in the yard bowling tournament Monday evening, January 19, three of them went to forfeit. This fact is very disappointing to Tom Smith and other men who have been active in formulating the league and arranging the schedule, alleys, etc. Each department represented contains men enough for several bowling teams, and why there are not substitutes for each player is beyond understanding. Tack a sign up in your department every Monday. Have it read, "Bowling Tonight." In that way the men will be reminded of the tournament and there will be forfeited games in lesser numbers.

The Dock Hands forfeited to the Main Office. Rochelle, McConnell, Versfelt and Moore rolled anyway and the two former bowlers led with scores of 144 and 134.

An unexpected surprise even to the members of the winning team came when The Dial defeated the Electricians by 88 pins. The electrical experts couldn't quite overcome an early lead by The Dial, although

for a few boxes they threatened to duplicate the stunt of the Riggers by beating The Dial in a whirlwind finish. Roth with 166 and Osterburg with 147 led for The Dial. The other rollers were Murphy, Privatera and Watson. Hawkins with 132 and Knipe with 125 set the pace for the Edisonian pupils. Ryan, Stagg and Herrman were "among those present."

The Timekeepers forfeited to the Copper Shop, but the non-appearance of Father Time's clerical force didn't prevent the Copper Shop quintet from using the alleys. Lansing rolled 148. Other rollers were Troy, Wiles, Kelly and Saladine.

By their failure to show, the Pipe Coverers forfeited to the Hull Dept., including Petry; Lester, Mitchell, Brown and Banks.

The Riggers forfeited to the Pipe Shop in the yard bowling tournament Monday evening, January 26. The Pipe Shop team, however, rolled a work-out game with the result of a total pinfall of 630. Dintruff, Hughes, Horner, Nesbitt and Murphy were the rollers; Hughes and Nesbitt being high men with respective strings of 147 and 135.

By forfeit the Electricians lost to the Inside Machinists which quintet was represented by Hargreave, Lyden, Sr., Cassell, Lyden, Jr., and Frank. Frank and Cassell topped the high scores with 158 and 148 respectively.

In a later game, the Riggers assembled four eligible rollers and defeated the Outside Machinists. Berton, Sundby, Carlson and Christeson represented the Riggers and the two former led the scoring. Sabo, Pearson and Thiel bowled for the O.M.'s.

The Copper Shop five had a walk-away with the Blacksmiths, winning by a margin of more than 150 pins. Wiles and Lansing shone for the winners with scores of 163 and 154 respectively. Other Copper Shop rollers were: Salmon, Kelly and Troy. The Blacksmiths were represented by Pearson, Gasabo, Skoog, Swenson and Fallon.

In the yard bowling sessions of Monday night, February 2, the Pipe Coverers forfeited to The Dial and by the same process the Timekeepers lost to the Main Office, whose rollers, Rose, McConnell, Versfelt and Rochelle were on deck. The Dock Hands forfeited to the Hull department and the Copper shop failed to appear against the Carpenters. This was the champion forfeit night of the tournament, due largely

to very inclement weather. Better attendance is asked of the bowlers.

On Monday night, February 9, the Copper shop beat the Outside machinists by 12 pins. This was a closely contested game and was in doubt up to the last box. Kosh and C. Lansing with the respective scores of 154 and 149 divided the honors among the Copper shop rollers. Other Copper shop rollers were J. Lansing, Ryan and Turner. Dunn and Hahne were high men for the O.M.'s, rolling 143 and 132, respectively. Akerstrom, Hansen and Hohorst were the other O.M. artists.

The Blacksmiths forfeited to the Riggers and the Electricians forfeited to the Pipe shop, composed of O'Dea, Kirby, Oderman, Loshen and Hughes.

At nine bells, the Riggers and the Inside Machinists stripped for action with the result that the Riggers were 80 pins to the good at the end of the melee. Knudsen and Carlson came through with the fat scores of 193 and 152, and Benson, Nelson and Myers were other Rigger rollers. Hargreave and Frank hogged the show for the I.M.'s getting scores of 165 and 136. They were supported by a capable cast, including Robbins, Jr., Robbins, Sr., and Lyden.

Thou Shalt Not Covet

THE following self-explanatory letter was sent to The Dial Editor by Frank J. Fox, 9452 118th Street, Richmond Hill, and is printed to inform the editor of the *Keel*, that Mr. Fox, as many others who may read the *Keel*, are quick to note misstatements:

"Dear Sir:—A paper put out by the Todd shipyard called the *Keel* or somesuch name which I saw today, contains an article in reference to the *S.S. Henry R. Mallory*. It describes the fire which broke out in the ship last month. It also states that the *Mallory* had just been overhauled by the Tietje & Lang Dry Dock Co. I was under the impression that the work was done by the Morse Dry Dock Co., and if such is the case I thought it only fair to the Morse Company to call the attention of The Dial to it.

Very truly yours,

Frank J. Fox

The greater volume of work done on the *Henry R. Mallory* was done in the Brooklyn yard of the Morse Company.



Top row (left to right) Wm. Mitchell, E. Pauzesi, Alfred Padovano, Lloyd Doubleday, M. Pellacanni, Steve de Rosa, A. Rosalia, T. Stellabotto, Joseph Catalano, P. Rosalia, S. Schwimir. Middle row (left to right) Geo. Fossing, F. Pace, D. Rosilli, Jack Bauer, Wm. Griffin, F. Stemler, and Wm. Dougherty. Bottom row (left to right) O. A. Gridanjis, A. Fossing, M. Marchitello, A. Seiferth, James A. Hall, (Standing Lieut. W. S. Mygrant, Leader), J. Guagnato, E. A. Hall, Charles Richards, M. Leonard, and J. A. Reynolds. Wm. Panasci, G. Pisano, and W. Abrams are other members of the Band who, because of illness, failed to appear in this picture.

Joe Cox in Limelight

JOE COX, who left the Hull Dept. to resume prize fighting as a means of livelihood, came in for quite a bit of publicity recently in the *New York Evening Mail* sport page story by Edward P. Duffy. After serving through the war in the transport service, Joe went to work in our yards and manifested considerable interest in the yard activities. But the little "ring worm" kept gnawing at him and he decided to forsake us to again don the mitts and fight for his weekly stipend. He might have been further inspired by the fact that Frank Moran, Fred Fulton, Battling Levinsky and other big boys are grabbing easy dough and not giving much in return.

Friend Duffy's article about Joe was interesting and we reprint it for the benefit of the boys in the yard who are interested in Joe and boxers in general. It follows:

"Cox is a Mississippi boy and the son of a cotton planter who amassed a fortune growing that famous product of the south-land.

"He was the only child and naturally his father's ambition revolved largely around the lad.

"But he was of a roving disposition and the monotony of a southern plantation was not for him. He was scarcely fourteen years old when he decided to see the world, and set out 'for the west.'

"He banged around that section of the country and drifted into boxing. He was then a big fellow for his age, and when he was only eighteen years old he had become so proficient with his fists that he was matched to meet Jess Willard. That was in October, 1912. He fought so furiously that he made Willard quit when the gong sounded for the start of the sixth round.

"In the meantime his father died and the will revealed that the roving lad had been disinherited with \$1 while a \$175,000 estate went to other relatives. He was at Jackson, Miss., not many miles from his home town at the time and was working as a boiler-maker, where he was developing his strength to a point even greater than he possessed when he forced Willard to quit.

"He has fought most of the leading heavyweights and has a good record among them. Cox has quit his job at the Morse Dry Dock plant and is training daily at the Trinity Club in Brooklyn. He is ready to meet most any of the heavyweights now before the public. He is to confer with Dave Driscoll, of the Arena, in a few days to arrange for the first bout of his "come-back." He is only twenty-five years old now, is 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs when in fighting trim, 200 pounds.

"He is very anxious to meet Bob Martin, the A.E.F. heavyweight champion, and his manager, Joe Sullivan, is going to meet Matt Hinkel, the Cleveland man, to talk over such a match as soon as Hinkel arrives here from the West in his quest of an eastern opponent for Martin."

Would Meet Joe Lynch

BATTLING LAHN, a promising bantam-weight, who is angling for a match with Joe Lynch, is working in the yard as a driller's helper, and under the guidance of Oscar Noren, the welder, the battler is gradually forcing his way to the top rung of the ladder. Lahn recently went to Manchester, N.H., and before a club in that city he won a bout with Bobby Josephs. Joe Lynch is expected to clash with Jack Sharkey for the bantam-weight title, and Lahn is hoping that he will get a chance at the winner.

TOM SMITH, dean of the Morse bowling league, suggests that departments represented by bowling teams have a "Bowling Tonight" sign posted each Monday. Men who are not listed on a team are welcome to bowl free of charge each Monday.

With the Fight Fans

By Billy Goldsmith

FRANKIE FAY, erstwhile pugilist of the yard, paid us a visit recently and gave us his personal impressions of the Moran-Fulton go. Frankie was at the ringside and declares that Moran, while made to endure considerable punishment, was the better of the two men despite the handicap he met in the matter of weight, height and reach.

Eddie Wallace, formerly of the paint shop, is gathering plenty coin of the realm in the world of pugilism. He recently went 15 rounds to a draw with Lew Edwards.

Pete Smyth, a one-time battler, is working in the yard with Matt Wright, the chipper caulker boss. Pete dons the mitts occasionally and can give a good account of himself despite the fact that he has been away from the game.

Things at the noon-day boxing meets in the Assembly Hall are shaping up quite favorably and it begins to look as though we have some championship contenders in our ranks. Frankie Mack is aiming away at light heavyweight honors and Gardino may aspire to the crown of Benny Leonard. Then there is Young White who always volunteers for our boxing shows. White's slogan is, "The bigger they come, the harder they fall."

Even the band gets scrappy at the noon-day meets. Bert Reynolds, our premier cornetist, recently boxed Murray Canary, jazz orchestra leader, and the set-to was somewhat a musical comedy. Somebody said that Reynolds would make a good drummer with those haymaking swings launched at Canary. On the other hand, there are some who think that Murray should quit the game, too, and stick to his fiddle.

Others who volunteer at the meets are Young Patsy, the Fighting Harp, Ryan, the young Fred Fulton, and wrestlers, Johnson, from the Pattern Shop, and John Schiopio of the Joiner Shop.

Joe Daly, who has appeared at many of the monthly meetings, recently knocked out Hal Cussack in Binghamton, N.Y., in nine rounds. Cussack is a fast boxer and has a draw with Marty Cross.

I wish to thank Bert Reynolds, Sam Lustig and Murray Canary for their assistance in staging the bouts, which are bound to prove of amusement and benefit. I would like to hear from others in the yard of all weights and sizes.

Members of the committee in charge of the Children's Christmas party in Prospect Hall are grateful to James Greenfield and the men of the Electrical department for the lighting effects employed in connection with the tree and decorations.

A loafer must feel funny when a holiday comes around.

Jinx Pursues St. Paul

THE steamship *St. Paul*, which capsized in the North River after she had been fitted as a government troop transport, was dry docked in our yards February 5th prior to resuming passenger service between New York and Southampton. On our big dock the vessel was scaled and painted. Like the *New York*, recently dry docked here, the steamship *St. Paul* together with the *Philadelphia* and *St. Louis* is operated by the American Line.

Escaping the hazards of actual warfare, the *St. Paul* came home to meet with a serious misfortune in port. The accident happened at the North River front of Manhattan. The ship had been taken over by the government and sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to be converted into a transport. On April 25th she was transferred to Pier 61, North River, to be fitted out for her first voyage as a transport. While being warped into the dock the ship took a considerable list, not an unusual thing in a vessel when light under similar circumstances.

Before anything could be done to prevent it the *St. Paul* settled on her port side into the mud of the dock, finally laying at an angle of only 17 degrees from perpendicular. Her stacks were crumpled and masts snapped off by striking the pier.

The damage done by this accident was beyond the comprehension of the man in the street. To right the ship taxed the ingenuity of the skilled wreckmasters put on the job by Merritt & Chapman.

The upper decks had to be dismantled, about 300 tons' weight being removed. Tons of mud were removed, for she had settled into the dock bed nearly 14 feet. Divers working in mud-clouded water in the ship's interior had to close each port and opening, about 500 in all.

Pontoons, compressed air and heavy righting chains were all skillfully employed in putting the ship on her feet, and on September 11 the *St. Paul* floated again, right side up, a sorry sight. Pursued by the jinx she came to our yard during the recent blizzard and experienced difficulty due to her altered condition in being dry docked. Wrong drawings having been furnished it was necessary to float her out of the dock and await the delivery of the correct drawings, and the return of more favorable weather conditions. She was finally docked with ease.

Capt. Roberts Joins Us

CAPT. D. J. ROBERTS has joined the Morse organization as New York representative and manager of our New York office at 17 Battery Place.

Capt. Roberts has been superintendent of the Cunard line piers for over thirteen years. During the war he was in charge of the Army piers at Hoboken.

In his time he also sailed the seas as master of sailing vessels and steamers and is a thoroughly experienced marine man.

It is expected that his prestige and acquaintance in the shipping trade will do much to strengthen the good friendship of our business friends and we wish him luck and success in his new position.

Captain Frederik C. H. Arentz has joined the New York office as the Norway, Sweden and Denmark representative of the Morse Company. He brought with him a fund of knowledge and many friends and acquaintances with whom he had done business during his lengthy career as a master of ships.

Mr. Arentz has entered into close co-operation with Captain Roberts, and as both men enjoy the confidence of the trade, the Morse Company is glad to welcome them into the Morse organization.



William Wherry, Bicyclist

Bicyclist Wherry Wins

WITH the Morse name emblazoned across his riding jersey, Bill Wherry of the Hull Dept. won a two mile handicap bicycle race over a field of nine starters in the Guarantee Trust Company's athletic meet at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, Friday evening, February 6. Bill is sporting a solid gold Waltham watch as the first prize.

Wherry won by a handy margin, despite the fact that he had one spill, running into the crowd on one of his finishing laps. The race was an exciting one, there being six spills during the course of the two miles.

Considering that he had been ill and out of training for several weeks, Wherry's performance was very creditable. Some of the best amateur riders had been entered in the event, and the time made for the two miles was as fast as that attending many professional meets.

Bill also started in the Todd meet February 12th, but by a combination of circumstances he was unable to finish better than fourth place.

The S.S. *Sarcosie* of Philadelphia, a Shipping Board steamer, flying under the Cosmopolitan Line, recently visited the yards for an outside hull inspection, scraping and painting. She is a freighter, 401 feet long, 7,500 deadweight tons, and is propelled by turbine engines. Built in Hog Island and launched May 8, 1918, the *Sarcosie* was completed in time to render war service. She carried grain and miscellaneous cargoes to Rotterdam, Dunkirk and other ports. On her last voyage, before coming here, she was 31 days on the way, encountering a severe storm, which broke after the ship left Bishop's Neck, England. Her fuel oil supply was getting low so she laid her course for the Azores. Upon arriving there, a case of small-pox developed and the ship was quarantined. She arrived in New York January 5.

The S.S. *Wabasha*, flying the English flag under the Standard Oil Company, put in here for minor repairs last month, following a voyage in which a hurricane was encountered. According to Henry Davis, chief officer and skipper, the hurricane was as severe as any he had experienced in 40 years as a seafarer. It occurred December 31, and to use the words of the skipper, "It was blowing the old year out." The *Wabasha*, a tanker, is 406 feet long and of 3,796 tons. She was torpedoed during the war, the incident occurring at the mouth of the English Channel, but she gained Plymouth safely.

A practical man is one who carries out the plans of a theorist.

It doesn't pay to bunko a woman whose only asset is a gift of gab.

IF you know anything interesting about the boats that come to our yard tell The Dial so we can tell the other fellow. Editor.

Skipper Recalls Adventure

WHEN Capt. William Tobin, a rugged seafarer, came to this yard about the last of January to enter upon his new assignment as skipper of the *Mantora*, he recalled the time about 20 years ago when he had been a member in the crew that brought the *Mantora* from Japan after she had been seized in the Russian-Japanese war for carrying contraband.

Captain Tobin was then a mate. The *Mantora* had been operated by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company when she was seized. As Captain Tobin was not a member of the *Mantora's* crew at the time of her seizure, he could not say what her cargo was that it was considered contraband. He does know that she was headed for Vladivostok, Russia, and that the Japanese delivered the ship to them in Yokohama.

One may assume from the foregoing that the *Mantora* is quite an old vessel, and she really is, having been built in 1881. But as she lay at a pier in our yard, her slim, graceful lines and racy looking bow seem to belie her age. Her record, too, shows that she is going strong, for during the war she carried coal and other vital necessities to our men and ships in French ports. She usually operated in war-time between the United States and Bordeaux, France.

British built, the *Mantora* was originally known as the *Willemmett*. She was very fast in her day, and has had an eventful career. Just now she is carrying a general cargo for Harris & Magill, and when she leaves the Morse yards, it will be with a guarantee of renewed strength and vigor, because in these yards she was generally overhauled.

Like the ship *Mantora*, her skipper, Captain Tobin, has had a long life on the sea. He was quite reticent as to discussing his experience, but we did learn that he had been a member of the crew of the *Minnesota* on the second voyage of that ship. Thus it may be seen that Captain Tobin met another old friend in our yard, as the *Minnesota* was here when Capt. Tobin came to enter upon his new duties as pilot of the *Mantora*.

We recently received the big transport, *President Grant*. To keep within the bounds of truth, we didn't receive her; we went after her. The fleet of Morse tugs, commanded jointly by Captains Kirby, Roche and O'Sullivan, got the big ship at the

Army base in South Brooklyn and towed her to our yards.

Here she was reined into the submerged sections of the big dock and was lifted in record time.

The *President Grant* is perhaps as well known as any of the war-time troop carriers. A German ship, she had been interned here, and thus entered our service.

Unlike many other ships, the *President Grant* continued her troop-carrying trips after the signing of the armistice.

Lifted in Eighteen Minutes

WHEN, about the last of January, the American liner, *New York*, poked her bow into our big 30,000-ton dock and was lifted in 18 minutes actual pumping time, shipping men recalled the time in 1899 when this same vessel was sent from New York to Newport News, Va., as the only place on the Atlantic seaboard where she could be docked. To Thomas Cavanaugh of the Hull Department and Kenneth Craig, machinist estimator, the recollection was quite personal, for they had made the trip to Newport aboard the ship.

The *New York* was sent to the Virginia dock shortly after a maiden voyage from England to become registered under the American flag of the American line. She was then one of the big boats of the time, and Americans marvelled at her size. Her arrival in Newport News, according to Mr. Craig and Mr. Cavanaugh, was attended with the same curiosity that might accompany the coming of the world's largest circus. People from all parts of that country went to Newport News to look upon the ocean giant.

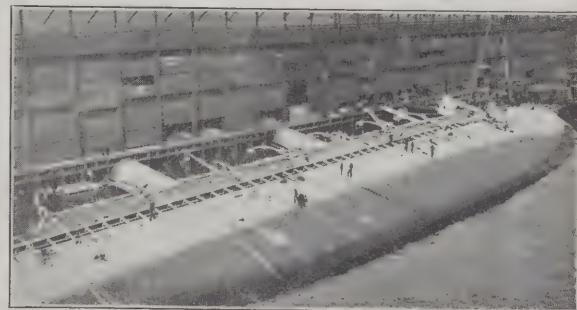
Messrs. Craig and Cavanaugh had been selected from their respective departments, machinist and hull, to accompany the ship with other tradesmen who were to work upon her. As to her docking in Newport News, there was difficulty, necessitating some special preparations. On either side of the then big dock there were very few inches of space after the *New York's* hull had entered.

The above facts tell in a very forceful way of the growth of the dry docking facilities in the port of New York, this growth being due in a substantial measure to the building and subsequent operation of the 30,000-ton dock of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. Because this dock is capable of lifting ships of 725 feet length and 30,000-tons, large foreign merchantmen are no longer turned away from the port of New York to go elsewhere for an outside hull inspection.

And the speed attending the lifting of the *New York* by the Morse dock is proof of the progress made in docking and the advantage of the floating dock over the graving dock. Here a ship is high and dry in a very few minutes, whereas with a graving dock it is a matter of hours and days.

Also on our floating dock, the entire hull of a ship is laid bare, and workmen find every part accessible, as in the case of the S.S. *Eastern Cross* which was being repaired in exactly eleven minutes after the pumps had started the lifting of dock and ship.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we might win by fearing to attempt --Shakespeare.



The Steamship, St. Paul, as she lay capsized in the North River
(Photo copyrighted and loaned by Merritt & Chapman)



North Building (Fourth Floor) Woodworking Shop Now Making Handsome Ships' Fittings

Photo by Morse Photographer

Another Wood-Working Plant

RUSH work which couldn't be handled to advantage outside, made the establishment of an annex woodworking department imperative, and since November 13 there has been in operation on the fourth floor of the new North building, adjoining The Dial, Printing and Publicity departments, a wood-turning shop that has attained remarkable results.

In this department, about 20 woodworkers labor quietly but diligently, turning out almost anything from a towel rack for a chief engineer's room to a steering wheel for a large ocean-going ship.

These craftsmen shape and join the parts by hand, and each have entirely separate operations. As parts are passed from one to another, the chair, cabinet or whatever it may be, finally rests at the end of the room, highly finished and lustrous mahogany.

Parlor suites, saloon chairs, dressers and other fittings for the more luxuriant cabins and state-rooms of modern passenger ships are turned out here. These may be made to order, as were more than 100 saloon chairs for the *S. S. Pastores*, or they may be renovated.

Either way, the process is interesting. One may visit the shop in the morning and note a pile of dull-looking furnishings. In the evening, these may be seen shining and resplendent, and a credit to the most fastidious connoisseur of things beautiful.

The department is under the personal supervision of Charles A. Herlihy, who, of course, works under the direction of Mr. Thomas Nesbitt and Fred Daddi of the general shop of the carpenters and joiners, situated on First Avenue, across from the main office building.

A Recent Visitor

THE steamship, *West Columb*, built in and hailing from Los Angeles, Cal., has put into the Brooklyn, N.Y. yards of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. following a series of mishaps which have been the vessel's lot since leaving Los Angeles.

A Shipping Board steamer, the *West Columb* was built by the Los Angeles Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company. She left on her trial trip in October, and, passing through the Panama Canal, lost a propeller blade off of Colon. Her propeller was still missing at Norfolk, Va., and later at Antwerp, Belgium, where she discharged 7,000 tons of flour in six days.

She went into repair after her cargo discharge, only to set out again for an encounter with a hurricane. She drifted for two days and again lost a propeller blade. She arrived in New York this month, "fit as a fiddle," save for minor repairs which are being made in the Morse Company's yards.

Her officers and crew are highly pleased with the ship, saying that she has been riding the heavy swells with little distress to herself or discomfort to those aboard.

When any one person or body of men seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government but what Aristotle and his followers called the abuse and corruption of one.—*Swift*.

Genius has no competitors.

Your Income Tax

M. R. BENNER of the Employment Office is endeavoring to establish an information bureau in the yard at which Morse men may learn all the intricacies of the new income tax law provisions.

He has been in communication with state and Federal officials with a view to having those departments represented in the yard bureau, and therefore afford Morse men first-hand information. There is a severe penalty for failure to make proper returns or for filing returns after March 15. As always, the stern hand of the law beckons and says that "ignorance is no excuse". So be sure to attend to your income tax.

If you intend to be happy, don't be foolish enough to wait for a just cause.



Men of North Building Woodworking Shop

Burners' Banter

DOWN on the gas house pier you'll see
A ship that soon will make for sea,
Bob Amsted pleased and filled with
glee

After working eight hours so merrily
'Til Bob went away
And Shilling came to stay
On the boilers of the old Annetta.
But Shilling was glad he had met her
Home was never like Annetta
With MacPherson on stay bolts
There sure were some bad jolts
All happening aboard the Annetta.
And with Poplar and Cooper
They were the troopers
That gave Shilling the heat,
That finished the sheet
And this happened aboard the Annetta
We should go home and try to forget her
But on the morn we again had met her
She'll soon be cruising on her way
And we'll get 13 hours a day
So good-bye, dear old Annetta.

Alex Murry sure looked like a football
on that recent Sunday watching the Morse
team sending the Robins to nest again.

Pat Devitt and Burns were hopping all
of the Robins' butts and giving them to the
Burners.

MacPherson looked like a Hoople while
watching the game.

Tom Wallace was there as usual looking
like a crepe.

Two eleven o'clocks on the dry dock and
Tom Hughes is liked for a week. Poor
Tom means well, but he is no soap hound.

Troy's Heroism Uncovered

ALTHOUGH the particulars of the af-
fair are somewhat scant, it is apparent,
according to the appended letter signed
by Josephus M. Daniels, Secretary of the
Navy, that we have still another member of
the yard working force to add to our list
of war heroes.

The lack of details is due to a quite
praiseworthy reticence on the part of Paul
Troy, plumber foreman, who prior to com-
ing to the Morse yard saw service as a chief
carpenter aboard the *U.S.S. Rijndam*, a ship
well remembered by many men in our yard,
for on her we did a large repair job.

While aboard the *Rijndam* on April 20,
1918 a serious fire broke out in one of her
holds. Troy's timely and heroic work pre-
vented a serious outcome and he has
received the following letter of commenda-
tion:

May 2, 1918.

The Commander-in-Chief, United States
Atlantic Fleet, and the Commander Cruiser
and Transport Force have forwarded to the
Navy Department with the endorsement and
approval, a letter from the Commanding
Officer of the *U.S.S. Rijndam* setting forth
the circumstances of the fire which occurred
on board the *Rijndam* on the morning of
April 20th and expressing in the highest
terms his appreciation of the heroic man-
ner in which you acted in this emergency,
thus demonstrating the spirit that is to be
expected of officers and men in the Navy
and its branches.

The Department hereby commends you
for your assistance in rescuing the men who
were overcome by the flames and for your
help in extinguishing the fire.

(Signed) Josephus M. Daniels.

Once A Morse Man Always
A Morse Man

Dear Sir:—(Editor)

I would like you to please send us your
Dry Dock Dial. There are a lot of old
timers working up here who would like
to see what's going on. I heard two men
last night say, "We are going to quit." I
asked them, "Where you heading for?"
"Back to Morse's, of course." That's what
they all say. Just happened to pick up one
of your Dials of May, 1918, with the Lib-
erty Loan parade, in which we took part.
I am sending you our *Shipbuilder*. Well,
I hope to hear from you.

I remain,

Yours very truly,
Mr. Julius Wulff.

In a letter to the Employees' Association,
and directed in care of President Joseph
McGuirk, Miss Kirtsen Jensen of the yard
hospital staff sent many thanks for a beau-
tiful bouquet of flowers she received during
her illness. In her letter Miss Jensen
added: "They are in full bloom and are as
fresh as on the first day I received them."
Miss Jensen has been seriously ill in the
Norwegian Hospital where she underwent
two operations. Her many friends in the
yard wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Frank Barwick extends her thanks to
the men of the Hull Dept. for their very
material assistance in her recent bereave-
ment and especially thanks to Billy
McEwen, Jimmy Miller and Joe McGuirk.

A Dream

By Mrs. Helen McDonald

Oh! those dreary pain filled hours,
And with my many losses,
The fool I was to quit my job.
This world is full of crosses.

I feel a sense of Guilty,
When I work around the yard,
To think I was a Bolshevik
A Bolshevik "Hard."

Aghast I gazed and wandered
When I heard the news that day,
Of my getting back to Morse's
With the same old usual pay.

It brought a sickness over me;
It was something like a dope;
I woke. The door bell was ringing,
They were calling me for "soap!"

The *S.S. Tuscan Prince* of the Prince line,
returning from a trip to South Africa and
Madagascar, from which places she brought
a cargo of beans, put into our yards about
the last of January. The *Tuscan Prince*
rendered valuable aid as a troop transport
during the war, and was once the victim of
a German torpedo. The explosion occurred
in the English channel and as a result two
members of the ship's crew were lost.
While the ship was here, her skipper, Cap-
tain William Gill, of England, died in an
American hospital.

The English freighter, *Glenochy*, of Fur-
ness & Withy's Rio Cape Line, came to our
yards after discharging a cargo of coffee
and cocoa from Brazil. The ship encoun-
tered heavy seas after passing Trinidad, but
she weathered well, and her arrival here
was in line of general up-keep. The
Glenochy is 414 feet overall, and of 4,735
gross tons. First Mate J.H. Cusens of the
Glenochy was acting in that capacity on the
Glenlee when she was torpedoed during the
war. The *Glenlee's* crew of 70 escaped fol-
lowing the ship's destruction.

Farm Facts and Fiction

By Otis E. Barene

A BUNCH of carpenters came to the
Farm from the main yard and were
greatly disappointed when they
learned that there was no soap here.

Charles Richardson sighted a box which
he believed contained whiskey. Putting a
boat overboard, he rescued the object and
found—nothing.

Albert Esbjornson caught an eel three
inches long close to shore. This is no fish
story. If it were, we would have made the
eel longer.

Arthur Nugent, electrician, was locked in
the power house on three different occa-
sions. These accounts should have a sep-
arate heading—"Current News."

Jean Bruce and John Kuhlberger, rival
wrestlers, recently visited the farm for a
load of wood for Billie Burke.

The *Utica* has been hauled ashore and is
being rebuilt. The "*Why Not*" was also
shored. The Farm boys are otherwise busy
repairing scows and the Dredge No. 2.

Take Note of the Date

UNDER the auspices of the National
Marine League, a national exposition
to arouse the entire country to a vot-
ing and investing interest in the American
Merchant Marine, is to be held throughout
the nation. It is to be designated as
National Marine Week, and will be held
during the week of April 12-17. A grand
collection of house flags, maritime relics,
historical objects, ship models, etc. will be
exhibited at the Grand Central Palace in
New York City, and there will be programs
of technical and popular interest. The pro-
spective celebration has the approval of
government officials, naval commanders and
prominent shipping men of the country, and
the Morse Company will participate in the
enterprise.

THE *S.S. Yarmouth*, of the Black Star
Line Corporation, owned and manned
entirely by Negroes, was one of the
first vessels to test the lifting power of all
six sections of our big, 30,000-ton floating
dry dock, and for that reason men of the
yard may be interested to know that she
was in distress recently when carrying
\$2,000,000 worth of liquor to Havana.

About 40 miles off Cape May, N.J., she
encountered trouble during a heavy mist and
sent out radio calls for assistance. The
Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* left New York
to go to the *Yarmouth's* assistance.

When the *Yarmouth* was here, she was
placed on the big dock with the *Lake Far-
iston*, a Shipping Board steamer, and thus
the dock held simultaneously two modern
steamships. This was a notable docking
achievement and obviously demonstrated
the advantage of the sectional features of
our dock, proving that parts of the dock
would hold a ship while other parts were
submerged to receive a second vessel.

The U.S. Shipping Board steamer *Acco-
mac*, built in and hailing from Los Angeles,
Cal., has put into the Brooklyn, N.Y. yards
of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company
following a collision in the English channel
with a troop transport. The bow of the
Accomac was damaged. She is of 5,580
gross tons and 420 feet in length.

OVER the BACK YARD FENCE



Edited by Joan C. Sharp

Solid Dreams

DREAMS are bubbles, but they can be turned into stuff more stable than granite. Many castles in Spain are based on the clouds, but they can be put upon a rock-bottom foundation.

Only the dreams of the idle are idle dreams. The dreams of the industrious and thrifty; the dreams that are dreamed in our waking hours and cherished in our thoughts, are promises for the future. They are the stern and solid stuff that life is made of.

But you can not make dreams come true by just dreaming them. That bungalow in the suburbs, that college education for growing son, that automobile, that new piano, can be materialized out of the ephemeral vapor of dreams and brought down to the more satisfactory basis of cold reality, but it requires effort that is far from dreaming.

In some measure money is required to make every dream come true. You must have money to take that long dreamed of trip through the Yosemite Valley, to build that home among the trees. Everything worth while in life must be paid for. If you can't pay now, wait—and save—until you can. Patience and the ability to see that it is better to go without something today in order to have something better tomorrow will make those dreams come true.

Thrift is the thing that will make solid every day contentment and enjoyment out of the real dreams of life.—W.S.S.

What Appeals To You?

LIFE today is becoming so complex and events follow each other in such quick succession, that we scarcely have time to consider many questions which come up. Of course there are the general subjects that everyone is interested in to a certain extent. Then there are those that are of most interest to men, others to boys and girls, but those that we want to consider are the subjects that are of special interest to women.

We can't all be interested in everything, but each one of us picks out the things that appeal to us individually. What is it that appeals to YOU? What is the trend of the conversation when you chat with Mrs. Neighbor over a friendly cup of tea? Is it the popularity of blondes as compared with brunettes, is it the question of using cosmetics or the propriety of the fairer sex joining with their stronger brothers in the after dinner smoke, or is it politics, motion pictures or styles?

Just write to the editor of this page and tell her what it is you would like your sister readers of The Dial to discuss with you. She will give each letter her individual attention and in the following issues of The Dial you must watch to see what others are thinking, as well as what others think of your pet subject. This is for everyone. Send us your ideas.—Marjorie H. Davis.

Odd Facts About Clothes

IT is surprising how much of the past still remains, more especially in regard to the clothes we wear.

On the backs of most gloves will be found three thin strips. These marks correspond to these fourchette pieces between the fingers. In earlier times gloves were not made so neatly as they are today, and the stitching of the fingers was carried down part of the way on to the back of the glove, braid being used to conceal the seams.

To a practically similar reason does the clock on a sock owe its origin. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks are now displayed, the decoration being utilized to hide the seams.

The little bow which will invariably be found in the leather band inside of a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it, and drawing it together with a piece of string.

Handkerchiefs were not always square. At one time they were shaped to the user's fancy. It chanced that this irregularity displeased Queen Marie Antoinette, who suggested one winter evening at Versailles that a uniform shape would be an indication of good taste. The result was a decree by Louis XVI, issued in the early days of 1785, enacting that all pocket handkerchiefs should have right-angled edges henceforward.

Kitchen Kinks

To mend furniture after the broken pieces have been glued (and the glue has dried), cover the mended part with shellac. This will not only prevent the glue from loosening, but will also make the joint less conspicuous.

Remove raisins, dates, currants, etc., from their package, wash in warm water, dry in oven and place in glass jars. When they are needed in a hurry it will be found a great help to have this done in advance.

Three Of A Kind

Washington, Lincoln and Wilson.

Their names shall be enfretered
Across the gap of years;
They could not be defeated
They knew no bond or fears.

They numbered with the bravest
Of those who dare and do;
Unselfish and undaunted
Patriots through and through.

Their deeds shall live forever
On the lips of those who tell,
Who were our honored statesmen
Who served their country well.

By Ella K. Livermore,

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

The Bluebirds Return

By Ella K. Livermore.

Winter will soon draw in his claws;
And Spring set forth on cushioned paws.
The trees will bud and blossom soon;
All the world will be in tune.
The Bluebirds will return to sing,
With merriment the lad will ring.
We'll soon forget the frost and snow
This winter which has brought much woe.
The flowers and the sun's warm rays
Will cheer sad hearts through Spring's bright days.

The Bluebird is one of our favorite wild birds. They are among the first to return in Spring. Their sweet song may be heard all through the season. They belong to the thrush family and are of a most lovable nature. They have a bright, blue back, reddish throat and breast, and white underparts. Their beauty is appreciated in all kinds of ware as Bluebird porcelain, curtaining and this Spring even Bluebird batiste is being sold for undergarments and little tots' apparel.

Talk

Talk is the small change of the devil and he favors unlimited coinage.—Purinton

How many homes have been broken up just through talk? How many have committed suicide—just through talk? How many innocent lives have been wrecked just through talk? When an evil thought regarding another enters your mind, do not grant it homage. Drive it out lest it infect your whole system. If you suspect one of your fellowmen of wrong doing, do not impart your suspicions to another for talk travels fast. If you are not sure of what you suspect, never give your thought voice. You do not know what harm it may do. Do not slander your employer or any of his associates even though you may suspect them of wrong doing. You have no right whatever to judge them and nine chances out of ten it is your own evil mind which makes you think evil of your fellow associates. If you can't say something good about a person, don't say anything at all.

E. K. L.

Do You Know?

A complaining, cranky woman
Is harder to digest than a poorly cooked meal.

Both cause indigestion.
Indigestion causes blunders,
Blunders cause heated words,
Heated words cause blows,
Blows cause misery,
And who wants misery?

Do you know?
It is within every woman's power
To make a happy home?
Show me a happy man
And you show me a healthy man.
If a man's healthy
His work will be well done;
If his work is well done
Everything will prosper.
So will you.
Good things gravitate toward health.
Ill health is a stagnation.

Do you know?
No matter if you cannot read or write
You can cultivate happiness.
You have the power to send out
A cheerful, happy father and husband.
A good cooked meal, a snowy table cloth
And a smile, are the things that do it.
They all lead to the
Healthy, successful, prosperous road,
The road to freedom, joy and love.

Estelle Barene



"Powell's Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Riveter's Romance

Lives of great men oft remind us
To be ever in the right,
So that rivets left behind us,
Found, when tested, nearly tight.

CHAPTER ONE.

Slightly Loose, our hero, when but a child, was well named by a fond and indulgent father who died at an early age, trying to invent a machine to open oysters by steam. That is, I mean, the father died when Slight, as he was known, was but a young, fair-haired brunette. As his education had been neglected, his mother one day heard him say, "Twelve and five is thirty," so she got him his first position with the Union Gas Company reading meters. Thus you see he practically started at the bottom, that is, in the cellar, but higher ambition seized the lad, the only thing that ever seized him. The lure of ships and water beckoned to our hero. This was not strange, since it was in the family, for had not a sister's brother-in-law been boatswain on the Gowanus canal?

CHAPTER TWO.

Lives of great men oft remind us,
Opportunities we miss,
But we ask, do not spellbind us,
What has Gowanus to do with this?

Two years have elapsed since the preceding chapter, and I feel you will be anxious to know what has become of our young hero, though he's Slightly older than he was when we first met him. Well, gentle reader, the lure of the sea called him and strange to say, he answered, as previously noted, the call for meals was the only thing he ever answered before. He is now working for the Terra Cotta Ship Building Corporation as a rivet passer. He passed so many he should not have passed, in other words, he walked by them, that eventually or sooner than that, he became a riveter, and now the plot thickens.

CHAPTER THREE.

Out of rhyme the present finds us,
As this story through we drag,
Lives of great men don't remind us,
So we'll cut out this old gag.

Two friends, strangers to one another, are leaning idly against section eight of the dry dock, discussing prohibition in the plant of the Terra Cotta Ship Building Company, when one of them remarked, "It's an awful day, Jack," and such it was. The sea was lashing with fury and even worse than that, and strange to say, the clouds were hanging overhead and the rain was coming down as far as it could, then stopped. The odor wafted by the hurricane showed by its oily smell that it came from Constable Hook. Not a soul could be seen, but Ah! and Ah! again the faint noise of a hammer is heard and those who looked up saw on the hurricane deck of the mighty greyhound, *Say Yes*, the form of our hero, Slightly Loose, driving three-eighth rivets with a ten pound hammer. None other except Slightly Loose could do it. Chilled to the bone, he drove his last rivet, drew a long breath, drew off his overalls,

drew his pay and left for the south to get warm.

Lives of great men oft remind us

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\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

All that glitters is not gold!

Five years, no longer than any other five years, have passed since the last chapter, and the same amount of time has passed since the Terra Cotta Ship Building Company repaired a ship, but on the day that this chapter opened they had been awarded a contract for a big speaking tube job on a stone barge. Things took on a busy aspect and the company took on three men, but who is that man standing at the gate with a hangdog look, woe begone in face, clothes tattered and torn. 'Tis he, Slightly Loose, married, with a grown up family, seeking work in the place he learned his trade. He had made one mistake. Only a few minutes before he had washed his face and none knew him. When he tried to tell them he was Slightly Loose, all they would say is "We know it," and then turn their backs on him. After being refused work for the tenth time, he was about to become discouraged, when by a lucky chance a passing motor truck splashed two pounds of mud in his face, and then he was recognized and placed to work. As time went on, one day the same ocean greyhound *Say Yes* came in. Slightly was told to do a job on her hurricane deck, and in three hours exactly after he was told, he was promptly on the job. As he reached the old familiar spot where years before he drew off his overalls, his breath, and his pay, he gave a terrible shriek and fell the awful distance of two feet. Kindly hands raised our hero's unconscious form, and laid him in a warm spot on that chilly July day, on top of the boiler. Doctors rushed to the scene, and worked for hours but could not fathom the cause of his downfall, and not until four days after was the secret known, when Slightly in a delirious dream, screamed, "To think I drove a rivet five years ago and it isn't even Slightly Loose!"

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,
In moderate doses 'tis lovely, we know,
But when it comes down so we can't move about,

We're willing, I think, to leave beautiful out.
With traffic tied up, not a street car in sight
You trudge to your work, as you curse
your sad plight.

You read for the first time of coal there's a lot,

But they can't move the trains, so it's hard to be got.

And milk must be raised up a few cents,
you know,

For Jersey is full of the beautiful snow.

The man who could write such an ode was a peach,

I'll bet that he spent all his life in Palm Beach.

You may travel this old wide world over
To Italy, Greece and to France
In the search of true art be a rover

And know a Rembrandt at a glance,
You may gaze on a Raphael with rapture
And criticize Rosa Bonheur
And the onlookers' envy to capture,
You remark that it's quite good for her.
When millionaires cross the Atlantic
At the news that a Ruben's for sale,
And the bidding of earth drives one frantic,
The price that they pay turns one pale.
Ah! if they but knew in this city
Since desirous of money to part,
That right in our midst, what a pity
Is Robbin's collection of art.,
The masterpiece, "Mother Eve's daughter,"
Called "The Bath," which to hear Bill
explain,

When you question the absence of water,
He says she is waiting for rain.
A man saw it once and with pity
From reading Armenian woes,
Thought the Red Cross had canvassed the city
And sent Bill a basket of clothes.
The other, for art you can't beat it,
I think that he called it just "Hope,"
It took night and day to complete it
In color and oil and with soap.
So if since the Booze has been missing
You're lonesome for snakes that would dart
And scare you to death with their hissing,
See Robbin's collection of art.

Who said Prohibition was in force? At the plumbers' supper February 7th, Frank Dintruff sang a song entitled, "Roll on, sweet, silvery moon." He was thinking of the sugar for the Pipe shop coffee. Jim Coffey also made a speech in which he said, "If any personal trouble should brew, and the milk of human kindness should sour, they should settle on their own grounds." Ar-buckle that stuff.

At the Beefsteak Supper given by the Plumbers, February 7th, Joe McGuirk cut his hand with a tea-bone, just as Mr. Crawford was singing, "Scots wha hee when Wallace bled."

The elevator in the North Building during the recent snow storm reminded one of a Prohibition tow. You couldn't use the front door you had to go around to the back.

If G. Drew of the Plate shop does all he says he'll do as a member of the Conference Board, said shop will be Elysium Field. Cavanaugh, King Dodo and McGibney, Valet de Chambre. Instead of Plate, they'll call it China shop.

Jimmy Weldon and Ed. Buckener will move to another department in the near future. They are a pair of live wires and they have instituted a system that is one hundred per cent. Every one will miss them, and let's hope that's all they'll miss.

No, Clarice, a Dry Doc, the way you spell it means an M.D. out of *Spirits of Ferment*, while the other Dry Dock-well, what's the use, that has something to do with schooners too.

While giving out the Morse Bulletins at the gate an Italian approached and said, "Whatsa dat?" We answered, "Bull-et-in." He hollered, "Whatsa de mat, somebody shot?"

Traffic was completely tied up by the snow recently, even to Bill Swartz' bicycle. The *S.S. Avalon* took one look at the snow and applied for sailing orders to Los Angeles.

Those who assume the most know the least.



Mr. McCauley of the Cost department, isn't worrying about the flu. He knows a beautiful nurse.

One day recently Mr. Glynn of the Cost department displayed a book of views from Miami, Florida. Shortly after he was away two weeks from the office, but he claims it was a case of Grippe.

Miss Sullivan, of the Disbursement department, is spending her lunch hours trying to master the Swedish language.

The noon hour sewing circle has changed its headquarters from Room 111 to our new rest room and the art squares, center pieces, et cetera, are increasing. The faster the work is completed, the nearer looms the life sentences of a score or more promising young men.

Mildred Berg of the Pay Roll department has left our employ. It is reported that she is to travel to Chile. We all wish her a safe voyage and success.

Mr. Goldsmith of the Cost department thinks he would be qualified to be a guide in Alaska after finding paths in the snow these mornings. Why go to Alaska, Joe, isn't the Bronx wild enough?

Wanted, a snow shovel and a pair of boots by Mr. Cornell of the Cost department. It takes so many hours to pick the path through the rows of Woodhaven these days that he figures he may as well get fifty dollars an hour for it—Attention D.S.C.

A regular movie mystery: "Who borrowed Mrs. Waterman's Victrola?"

Why are sideboards? Ask Treasurer Mead.

Clancy is now a restaurateur. On the job at the Magnet every day.

George Keenan, now a man about the Yard, was assigned to the Hospital during Frank Falconer's illness.

Jimmy Weldon is now a proud daddy. An eight-pound girl has been presented to him.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Reeves, an eight-pound boy.

Charlie Bailey, the Dial photographer, couldn't understand a joke Frank Brennan of the Tabulating department pulled on him. Brennan, failing to learn why Bailey couldn't see the jest, concluded that he (Bailey) was spending too much time in the dark room.

Horace E. Wilson of the Employment office has left the Company to become a South American representative for a large exporting concern. Some of the boys are envious of Horace because there's no prohibition in South America.

Dr. Wynn of the Yard hospital has been kept very busy attending to those who slipped on the icy streets.

Frank Sheedy, boss of the Sheet Iron Workers, wants to know where the foremen fit in the Conference Board line-up and who is their director.

Chief Deylin wanted to sell a safety razor to Tom Plunkett but Tom refused to buy it, thinking it was no good because the Chief said he used it on his beard which is removed every Saturday night with the assistance of an anaesthetic, and one of the family holding down each foot.

Our new fire alarm system is getting to be a regular hourly gong system. With the trying out of the bells you can tell time by the number of gongs.

Mr. McQuaid, the new Insurance Clerk, is having his hands full writing out checks for the boys who had the "flu." He also has a big job on his hands trying to help Paul Troy recover the insurance on his car stolen a few months ago.

Lieutenant Mygrant sings for the boys in the Employment Office whenever a new selection arrives from the publishers. Anderson, "the Norwegian mocking bird," in that way learns all the latest songs which he sings to the girls he takes out on Thursday nights.

Clancy calls Wilson of the Employment Office "Conversation clerk."

John Costello is still wearing the army coat that he wore in the famous battle of "What's the Use."

The impromptu meetings held in the employment office after lunch each day are particularly noted by the boys who inhale the fragrant aroma of "Que Placers." These meetings have it on the Board of Director functions at which "Ricos" are supplied.

Red Hot got an invitation to a wedding. Ah, well, 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Miss Virginia Giff of the Tabulating department entertained the girls of the office forces at the noon-hour meeting Tuesday, February 17, with a costume presentation of her "kid" song and dance number. Singing "I'll be Dog-gone Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine," and other numbers, Miss Giff punctuated them with her nimble dance steps.

Some one said a year ago that a new skylight had been put in the employment office to blond John Costello's hair. If he keeps on eating at the yard restaurant, they'll have to build a new office.

A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend can never be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.—Samuel Johnson.

Why We Like Them

Joe Henderson—Because he's always pleasant.

Leon Lundmark—Because he is always polite.

Mary Travers—Because she's a Regular Girl.

Marion Hayes—Because of her girlish ligh-ter.

Frank Whitman—Because he's punctual.

Miss Jensen—Because she cures our ills.

Bill Daly—Because he hands out cigars.

Mortimer W. Mead—Because he gives us a ride.

Arthur Day—Because he's considerate.

Tom Plunkett—Because he gives us work.

Mrs. Tillotson—Because she's all for the girls.

Jimmy Donovan—Because he lends a hand.

The Tabulators Donated Too

Mr. Frank A. Brennan, chief of the Tabulating department, has called The Dial's attention to the fact that the last issue failed to include the ladies of that department in its mention about the donations for the Babies' Fund. We thank Mr. Brennan for the reminder as we do not wish to slight the ladies in connection with such noble work.

Arrivals

Sideboards on M. W. Mead.

Mr. Waterman's phonograph.

Jimmy MacFarlane's kilties.

Oscar Kruger's new sweater.

Joe McGuirk's hat in the ring.

Tom Smith and his ticket.

Joe Lowe's political aspirations.

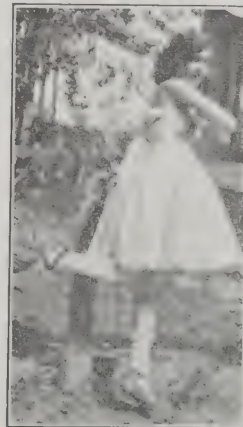
There was a man
And all his life
He worked in a shipyard
And he had a baby
And it was going to be christened
And for a week
He couldn't sleep nights
Because he was worried
For fear the minister
Would hurt the baby
When he hit it with the bottle.

Bill Dougherty—"Hey, Clancy, where's Fish Hook, L.I."

Clancy—"It's near Clothes Post."

Dougherty—"Where's that?"

Clancy—"At the end of the line."



Miss Virginia Giff of the Tabulating Dept., a youthful dancer who has spurned professional offers, but is never averse to dancing for Morse employees.



CHRIS MUNCH the Adonis of the Hull Dept., has purchased a can for coffee, thereby leading some to believe that a certain blonde has turned him down. He has also been locking the main gate quite early in the morning. Tom Cavanaugh can answer this one.

Did you ever see the scramble in the Hull Dept. office when the whistle blows at five minutes to one? Johnny Nallon gets wings on his feet when Billy McEwen "darkens the hole."

George Seifert is fast becoming a steeple-jack under Tom Cavanaugh's watchful eye. Every time Cavanaugh has a flag-raising, George has got to do the movie stunts a la pole.

Whalen has been wearing a clean, white collar every day since—well, ask Litman. By the way, if you have anything to raffle off, see Whalen.

Jack Warren came in the other day wearing a piece of ice on his finger. Tom Cavanaugh called it a *soap* bubble, and Jack nearly burst.

Some gamesters among the snappers in the Hull Dept. "Blackie" Ellis was brought up with the African golf balls, but all he could throw for the turkey was eight. Fred LeMair had something up his sleeve.

Tom Cavanaugh a few days prior to the Annual Ball offered Capt. Kirby the use of his dress suit for the occasion. It is not known whether Capt. Kirby accepted the offer of the "soup and fish" clothes, but he did tell Tom that he could hire a tent any place, so "thank you, just the same."

Charles (Sax) Randolph of the Pipe shop is inserting ads in the newspapers in an endeavor to find a hound dog answering to the name of "Soap."

James Gilchrist and Dick Grady make a fine pair of colts, hitched to a sleigh, pulling a man down from the subway. Who sent Grady the sealed note?

By the look of the steam that was coming from the machine shop office on the afternoon of February 5th, they must have been fumigating. Anyway, the language we heard would indicate as much.

Jimmy Powers of the Machine shop gallery, certainly uses good judgment. He waits until Thursday night to go to the Star Theatre so he can see the wrestling thrown in.

Let's see, Albany is a suburb of Troy, isn't it? Coombs, the Shipping Board man, says it is.

Kussmaul, of the Machine shop gallery, says *H-u-r-o-n* doesn't spell soap, but reversed, and a couple of words more, would spell "No hurry."

The Babbit Smelting department wants representation on the Conference board.

J. Ryan of the Pipe shop offers a marvelous foot remedy. One shovelful of magnesia poured into a pair of rubber boots, makes you hot under the collar. He has quit smoking "Old Honest" and is now using "Old Hair Felt."

Otto Schomberg makes an ideal acting receiving clerk. You notice we use the word, acting.

To Bay Ridge wilds poor Munsen's moved. We miss him with a sigh. We'd like to show the house to you, but now the snow's too high.

Talk about the Arkansas traveller, Jimmy Gatlun went all the way there to get a good cook. Well, he always was good with a wheel job.

On the afternoon of February 16th, James MacFarlane passed by the North building, and the wind blew his hat off. In the excitement he dropped a letter he was reading, the hat went one way and the letter another, and it took Mac about five minutes to decide which to follow.

Can you imagine a man living in Jersey City going to Coney Island every Saturday night to bowl. As we've often said before, it shows how *Ritchie* is.

Preston of the machine shop tried to talk to Franzee last week, but he had a high collar on, and he couldn't look up.

Get this line of famous names coming from the Carpenter shop—George Washington, Adams, Grant, Shakespear, and Alexander.

Speaking of Damon and Pythias, they had nothing on Ike Harris and Oscar Kruger.

Nagyarorszag, No this is not a man with the influenza trying to say "Nag—you're a horse-ag." They had an awful time to get this name on the Dry Dock.

Captain Kirby says that if the ice gets much thicker in the channel, he is going to put the *Say Yes* on runners, or runners on the *Say Yes*.

Did you say you wanted singers? Where's Weldon's quartette? No more launching, no more quartette.

Harry Watson, of the Printing department, wanted to borrow a ladder and he picked on "Mac" MacLellan, the North building carpenter, who was passing with one. "How long are you gonna use the ladder?" he asked "Mac," whereupon "Mac" replied, "Oh, about twelve feet." Twelve feet happens to be the length of the ladder.

Harry Gardner, Joe Quinn, Bob Gardner, Charlie Jennings, George Seifert and John Kerrigan were among those present at the annual ball, their presence being confined to one corner of the hall, from which mirth and laughter were heard between the rounds. They got it out of a mysterious black bag.

They tell us that one of the Outside machinists has a new-fangled "whiskey sling" which ties around the neck and shoulders with a rope. But what happens when the rope breaks?

It is said that some of the boys of Ed. Olson's gang were found at the end of one of the piers in the yard deliberating as to whether or not they would jump overboard and swim after an Italian vessel for a last, long, lingering tribute to the late John Barleycorn.

Bill Bresnan of the Garage is said to be a connoisseur of things good to eat and as a result can direct any of the boys to restaurants. Bill is also blowing bubbles about the different candidates for election.

They say that Charlie (Klondike) Winkler of the Pipe shop has a patent on a Superheated hot air appliance.

Willie Filbert, Corporal of Tank 48, says that she's a regular snow climber; that is, you know, with the assistance of the B. R. T. at 59th Street and Second Avenue.

Number 1932 says he doesn't care about losing the election for Conference Board member as the position of Deputy Chief Fireman takes up most of his time. Get the hook, and ladder.

What makes the payroll clerk in the Pipe shop wear such high collars? In other words, how high is the tide in the ocean?

Charley Harvey of the Pipe shop since reading that the swell hotels and clubs are allowed a certain amount of liquor for culinary purposes, says he always was a good cook.

If Young Lustig was as good with the gloves as he is a helper in Number Two Joiner shop, we'd be paying ten dollars to see him.

Billy Burke, Chester Fiske, and Ed. Buckner plan to hold a pink tea.

A man who was trying to get something out of another's eye, said, "Gee, I wish I had a toothpick." The other replied, "Wait a minute, here comes Frank Whitman."

Fred Wiles says if the beefsteak supper had been held at the same hour in the day as it was at night, they could have called it dinner.

Philip Van Geldern and Mayor Hylan might double up and sing, "The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow."

Scotty Menzis says the Canadian capitol derived its name from the only Prohibition Scotchman, who when asked to take a drink said, "Hoot-a-wa, where in the h - - does the H come in."

The Welders would like to know when Matty Wright is going to get a new hat. All right, we'll answer for him—when he buys one.

DEDICATED BY THE EMPLOYEES' ASSOCIATION OF MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.

1914 1918

IN COMMEMORATION OF THOSE WHO LEFT

THIS CARD TO TAKE PART IN THE

WORLD WAR

TO FIGHT IN FRANCE THAT THE WORLD

MIGHT BE FREE FROM

TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION

The MORSE DIAL

APRIL, 1920

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

APR 1 1920

1920

BLACK ARROW
NEW YORK

MORSE
DRY DOCK

National Marine Exposition Issue

FRED J
HOERTZ

America's National Marine Exposition

Grand Central Palace - New York City

April 12-17, 1920

Auspices of National Marine League

TO those attending this exposition, this souvenir magazine will describe and illustrate a place of interest which you may be unable to visit because of limited time in New York and vicinity.

The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., maintains a ship repair yard bordering the New York waterfront from 54th to 57th Streets, Brooklyn, in which the repair and dry docking of vessels aids materially the sea traffic in the port of New York, the world's greatest commercial gateway.

Here commercial vessels are converted, reconditioned, and in frequent cases actually recreated. Because of its rapid lifting, the 30,000 ton floating dry dock raises large ocean-going ships in shorter time than any other dry dock in the world.

While this publication is issued primarily for distribution among the employees of the Morse Company we entertain the opinion that it will interest those attending this exposition and convince you who take the trouble to read it through that the Morse Company has a loyal, efficient and contented body of workers.

In these days of labor unrest it is a relief to find a plant where contentment and efficiency are so strikingly marked. Because this magazine portrays that fact and indicates the true spirit which prevails in our yard we have had printed an additional number for distribution at this national event.

Take the book home and go through it in your leisure and you will discover some of the reasons why the Morse Company can be depended upon to handle ship repair work in a satisfactory manner. Morse mechanics are the best in the world.

Send for further details of Morse Service

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

April, 1920

No. 4

In Time of Emergency

By Joe L. Murphy

FROM a small office on Pier 3 in the yards of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company there are directed the movements of tugboats, derrick lighters, scows and dredges, and through this floating equipment, the efficient arm of Morse service is extended for many miles along the Atlantic seaboard.

Of equal importance, a sizable fleet of motor vehicles, including passenger cars, trucks, ambulances and electric yard "jitneys" is directed from another point within our gates. These motorized couriers of commerce cover routes in New York and New Jersey, and, like the towing fleet, they contribute to the activity in the offices and yards of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company.

Emergencies—ever to be expected emergencies—come and go. Their goings are due mostly to the assistance given by either land or sea fleets. The motor

truck may be dispatched for a small part without which larger mechanical appliances may refuse to respond to steam or electricity. Tugs may be sent to a distressed ship, to tow her to our dry docks for necessary repair work.

Routine and schedule mark the work of land and sea fleets just as they affect the man in office or yard. The speed of one of our motor cars is regulated to conform with traffic laws, and it is further regulated to do a certain amount of work in a given time. Chauffeurs and cars work with clock-like precision and the routine is interrupted only by the emergencies which are bound to occur in a busy ship repair yard where contracts involve in addition to a

tremendous amount of money, a large volume of work.

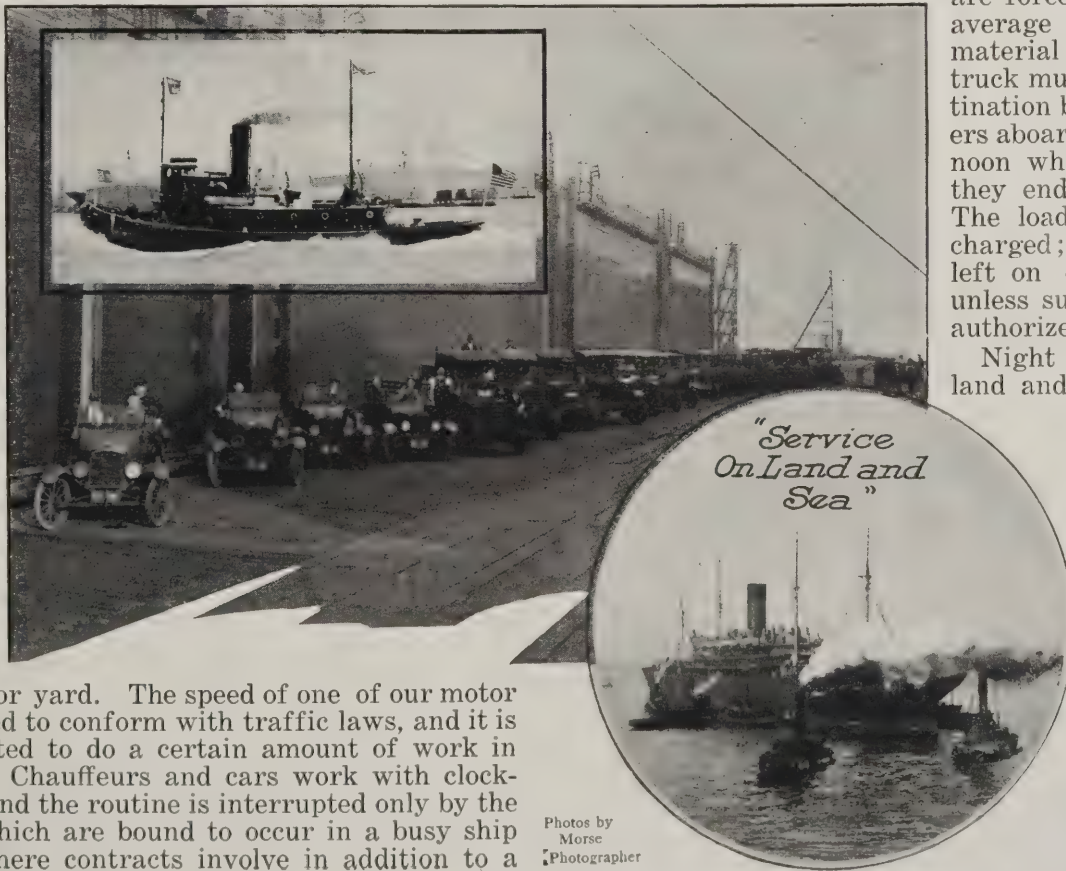
The conduct of our transportation fleets is no less important than that of a street or steam railway. We require traffic managers, starters and the like. We have regular routes, regular stops, and are required to pick up and discharge "baggage," this "baggage" being material for a ship laying at our pier or for a shop within our gates.

Like the locomotives hauling steam trains, the Morse motor vehicles are numbered. They are checked in and out, as is the material they convey, and under such a system they adhere to strict time schedule. There are, of course, times when routine and schedule are knocked as far as the famous cocked hat, but only when emergencies arise or when the weather is extremely unfavorable.

Oft' times, the pilots of these wheeled messengers

are forced to exceed the average speed. Carrying material for a ship, the truck must reach its destination before the workers aboard respond to the noon whistle or before they end the day's toil. The loads must be discharged; they cannot be left on docks or piers unless such procedure is authorized.

Night and day, these land and sea fleets are available. A night garage shift in any condition a machine for its next day's run, to Constable Hook, to the North or East River, to the Bush Docks, or to whatever points it must cover. Tugs doze at their piers, await-



Photos by
Morse
Photographer

ing the word to go to a stricken vessel. Always they respond almost on the instant, for men as well as autos and boats are available.

During the rush for war material which occurred in the winter and summer of 1918, the Morse Company, which at that time was purchasing acetylene from an outside concern, found it continually uncertain as to whether or not the required amount of acetylene could be had from day to day. But the trucks solved the problem. Daily they went to Bayonne, N. J., getting a supply of gas and hurrying back to the yard, enabling war work to go on with the rush which typified American industry of the period.

Only recently two noteworthy instances of Morse efficiency and reliability in time of need occurred. Both land and sea forces of the Morse Company served in the emergency. These instances serve better than columns of advertising in exploiting the modernness of Morse methods.

The American-Hawaiian steamer *Panaman* wireless to her agents to have one of the Morse dry docks available on her arrival in New York harbor. One hour after the steamer had reached quarantine, Morse tugs were towing her into drydock for the purpose of repair-



Equipped from tug to dredge; run-about to truck.

Photos by Morse Photographer

ing a leak sustained while at sea.

Loaded and ready for sea, the steamship *Santerrano* was in sore need of a winch and

whistle pipes. Morse tug were pressed into service and the pipes were obtained and installed in record time despite the fact that the full Morse organization was not a work, as it was Washington's birthday.

Tugs and autos worked in unison. While the auto whizzed for supplies and the Morse emergency men waited at the pier to take both men and material to the *Santerrano*. Consequently that steamer was saved about 24 hours time and a good sum of money. Morse land and sea fleets had combined to render the "first aid treatment for which they are becoming well known."

The *Powhatan*, now being rebuilt in the Morse yards after sinking three years ago in Chesapeake Bay, and being submerged for six months, was towed to Brooklyn, N. Y. by Morse tugs. These "horses of the sea" have grappled with many a distressed vessel, and tugged at man a derelict to save them from Davy Jones' locker. In this phase of their work they have been aided and encouraged by the land forces in the form of motor trucks, and the "emergency army" of Morse men has been mobilized to defeat more than

one impending disaster. Seafaring men and landmen have united to serve in emergencies.

Autobiography of a Rivet

M. A. Navillus

Suggested by Jack McGrath

A SHORT time before America entered the great world war, a lot of my pals and I lay cased up and intermingled with the various elements that make up iron ore. I had no hopes of ever seeing the daylight, and the hustle and bustle of the world were unknown to me. One day, however, I seemed to hear a buzzing sound. It was a drill, but I did not know nor comprehend what it was all about, for we rivets were still shapeless rock. Suddenly the drilling stopped, there was a sound of hushed voices which was followed by a tense stillness, and then a deafening report was heard and some invisible force seemed to tear us asunder, and I, though still encased in a piece of rock ore, rolled free.

In a few minutes the miners were shoveling the pulverized ore into large buckets and as each one was filled it was hoisted by an unseen hand to the top of the shaft, seven or eight hundred feet above, and for the first time in my immeasurable existence, I stood blinking in the sun.



We rode along for a few hundred feet on a miniature craneway, and suddenly stopped over what seemed to be a row of boxes, but what later proved to be a railroad train with a string of dump cars. Without warning the bucket upset and we tumbled into the cars under us. When the car was full a rattle was heard along the line, we lurched forward and proceeded slowly down the mountain side. The countryside and the valley below were spotted with a number of rows of little houses, and here and there farther down the slope were a number of farms. Ahead of us I could see the railroad track, which wended its way down the mountainside with snakelike curves.

In the centre of the town was a large number of big black buildings with several ugly smokestacks reaching high into the air, emitting long streams of black, sooty smoke or vomiting flame at intervals. I suddenly perceived to my horror that we were headed toward that very spot, and I shuddered with an unknown fear. Yes, we were going there all right, for the engine was slowly nosing her way through a maze of tracks into the yard. Then, one by one, the cars were dumped into the yawning mouth of the kiln, and for several days we lay in the stifling and gassy heat of the kiln furnace where the first portion of the impure qualities of our make-up was driven off in gas through

a huge stack. The coating of the ore as it came from the oven was dull red, and we were quite surprised at the change in hue. Once more we were dumped back into the little cars that brought us there, and we proceeded to the great blast furnace, where the ore is reduced to pig iron. The rough handling we got was quite a strain, and the dumping about certainly wore on my nerves, but somehow, I began to feel as though I had a mission in life and I was willing to put up with it in order to work out my destiny.

I was now at the bottom of the furnace with all my friends from the mine, but I also noticed that there were a great many other ingredients that go into the making of first-class iron, but I refrained from asking questions. I had imagined that the kiln was a hot place, but it wasn't a peanut on a pumpkin when compared with the inferno of that furnace, and very soon we all merged into a molten, bubbling mass. For some time



his heat was applied with a terrible intensity, and I longed to get out.

It wasn't long, however, that I had to wait, for soon in a whirling eddy of the molten mass I suddenly slid out on a long trough which fed the ducts of several hundred molds. The brilliant glare and terrific heat did not seem to affect the men who were waiting to block the ducts as the molds filled up, for they worked quickly and under no particular stress. The crusty slag, composed of the impurities of the ore, being lighter than the pure iron, was run off first and sent to the dumps in a waiting car. When this slag, now fiery red, was poured down the big cinder banks it lighted up the country-side for miles and miles.

After fifteen minutes or so the metal gradually cooled, while a stream of water played on it continually, sending huge clouds of vapor to the high roof. Several hours later I, encased in a large bar of pig iron, was picked up and thrown into a car, and sent to the rolling mill. Here was a great plant with thousands of men swarming about like busy bees, stripped to the waist and covered with grease and sweat. Suddenly I found myself in a wheel-barrow, the heavy piece of pig iron being broken in several sections. A husky looking foreigner wheeled us before another furnace, where the puddler and his helper braved the hot breath and the awful glare of the Hades before us. I soon realized that we were going into that furnace, but somehow, I was becoming so used to that sort of treatment that I did not mind it, and for an hour or more we were subjected to a terrific application of heat, and once more I was subject matter of a molten mass. The floor of the furnace was soon opened and the puddler and his helper with long iron rods worked the glowing matter into a huge ball, which, slightly cooled, was placed into the strange looking little wagon called the boggy. A young lad pushed the wagon and its red hot cargo to the rollers. After being pushed in every conceivable manner, I realized that I was a small section of a long rod.

We were then shipped by rail quite a long distance and it was while traveling to another mill that I heard this country was at war with Germany, and as I listened to the stories of the cruelties of our enemies to the Belgians, and to the destruction of the ships at sea with helpless women and children on board, I longed to do my bit.

The new factory at which we arrived was full of strange machines, through which the rods were fed, and before I knew what happened I was cut from the bar and became myself, a rivet, and somehow I felt happy, with a conviction that I had a future full of promise.

As the boys were shoveling us into cars I overheard one say that we were going to a great shipyard on the Atlantic Coast, and I could hardly refrain from yelling out loud with delight. I was to play a part in the feverish rush for ships to defeat the efforts of the murdering submarines, and the journey to the shipyard seemed immeasurably long because of my anxiety to get to the yard.

After rumbling along through cities and towns, mountains and valleys for several days, I was suddenly aroused by the exclamation of the new brakeman, who said, "My, but this is some shipyard," and with that we were all attention, straining our necks to see what the place looked like. Everything was built with uniformity, and the buildings and

ways were laid out with exquisite precision, but the thing that impressed me most was the number of crane booms on the lofty towers, which swung slowly about the gigantic giraffes in circus formation, and also the huge, but systematic piles of steel available when needed for the ways.

There was but little delay here, for the atmosphere teemed with hustle and bustle, and an hour or so after we arrived at the Classification Yards, our car was switched off and sent down to the ways. Thousands and thousands of rivets like myself were quickly transferred from the car to the rivet bins by means of a large electro-magnet which picked us up by an invisible power and dropped us into the mouth of the bin.



It was several weeks, I would judge, that I lay in the bin until I was taken up in a small can, and placed in the forge to become red hot. While the noise of the rivet guns and the throb of the air compressor made it difficult to hear I caught some snatches of the conversation of the riveting gang before me.

"These holes," says Jack, the riveter, "are reamed too large, but that's not my funeral, and I'm going to use these small rivets."

"That's right," says Jim, the holder-on, "but you must remember that this shell plate must be water-tight, as it's on the water-line, and you know that a bad rivet is liable to cause a lot of damage."

"I don't give a continental," says the riveter as the heater picked me, glowing hot, from the forge and tossed me to Jim, the holder-on, who shoved me into the hole in the two plates. A second later the die of the rivet gun was placed against me and a multitude of rapid blows flattened my soft nose flush against the plate.

"That was a bum one, all right," the riveter mumbled, "but I guess I can get away with it." And sure enough he did. A careless tester passed me and the inspector never noticed me. In due time the ship was launched and fitted up for service in the cause of Democracy, and delivered to the Government. But I was bitter and dissatisfied, and though the plate held tight I was conscious that it was the weakest spot in the ship, as most of the other rivets in the plate were bad like myself.

For several years during the war and the trying times after the war, the ship plied between America and Europe, carrying food and supplies without interruption or accident, but as the years wore on I became weaker and weaker and how long I would stand the stress before snapping was only a question of the first heavy sea that we would encounter, and the other rivets of the plate were in the same condition as I.

Following the declaration of peace, Jack, the riveter, with his holder-on, with the savings of their earnings in the shipyards, went into business, and became in the course of a few years immensely wealthy, and one summer decided to take their families to Europe to tour the scenes of the battles of the great world war. They sailed from New York on the very ship they helped to build in the days of feverish haste in the shipyards, and they were proudly aware of this fact.

The first few days at sea were calm, but one night following a very pleasant day, the wind blew up a very choppy sea, and black clouds soon blotted out the pink glow of the setting sun on the horizon. The gale gradually increased, and the waves were

soon lashing furiously against the vessel's side, and the spray swept over the bow and washed the decks. It was truly a bad night, and the sailors knew they had run into a bad storm. They hurried here and there silently as the boat keeled from side to side, with the propellor racing as the vessel tossed like a cork on the top of a breaker with her stern out of water.

I truly felt that the end was nigh, for the other poor rivets in the plate and I knew that we could not stand the awful stress. For several hours we held up, but then, as the storm became more and more violent, one after another the rivets snapped in two, and I am sad to relate that I was the first. The water leaked through and the lashing waves worked the plate looser each minute, until finally the remaining rivets snapped off and the plate slipped into the sea. The water poured in at a terrific rate, and before any preventative measures could be taken, the cargo holds were flooded and the heavy boxes shifted about, making it impossible for the crew to block the gaping hole in the side. The ship listed to the starboard, and the crew and the passengers knew it was only a question of seconds when the boat would go down. They were also aware



that under the conditions it would be impossible to float a lifeboat. All were doomed, and as Jack, the riveter, and his partner, Jim, the holder-on, stood half dressed in the midst of hysterical women and children they felt branded upon their souls the stigma of murder. Down they went on their knees to pray, but the vessel heeled over and went down, down, down.

MORAL: He who carelessly makes the broth may some day have to drink it.

Speed-Up.

Plate Shop's New Equipment

WITH a bull-riveter and an electric rivet heater added to the equipment in the Plate shop, Morse service has taken another step forward. This company prides itself on being one of the most complete ship repair yards in America or elsewhere; yet it is not content to rest on its reputation. The riveter and heater are modern appliances and we are one of the first plants to approve and operate them.

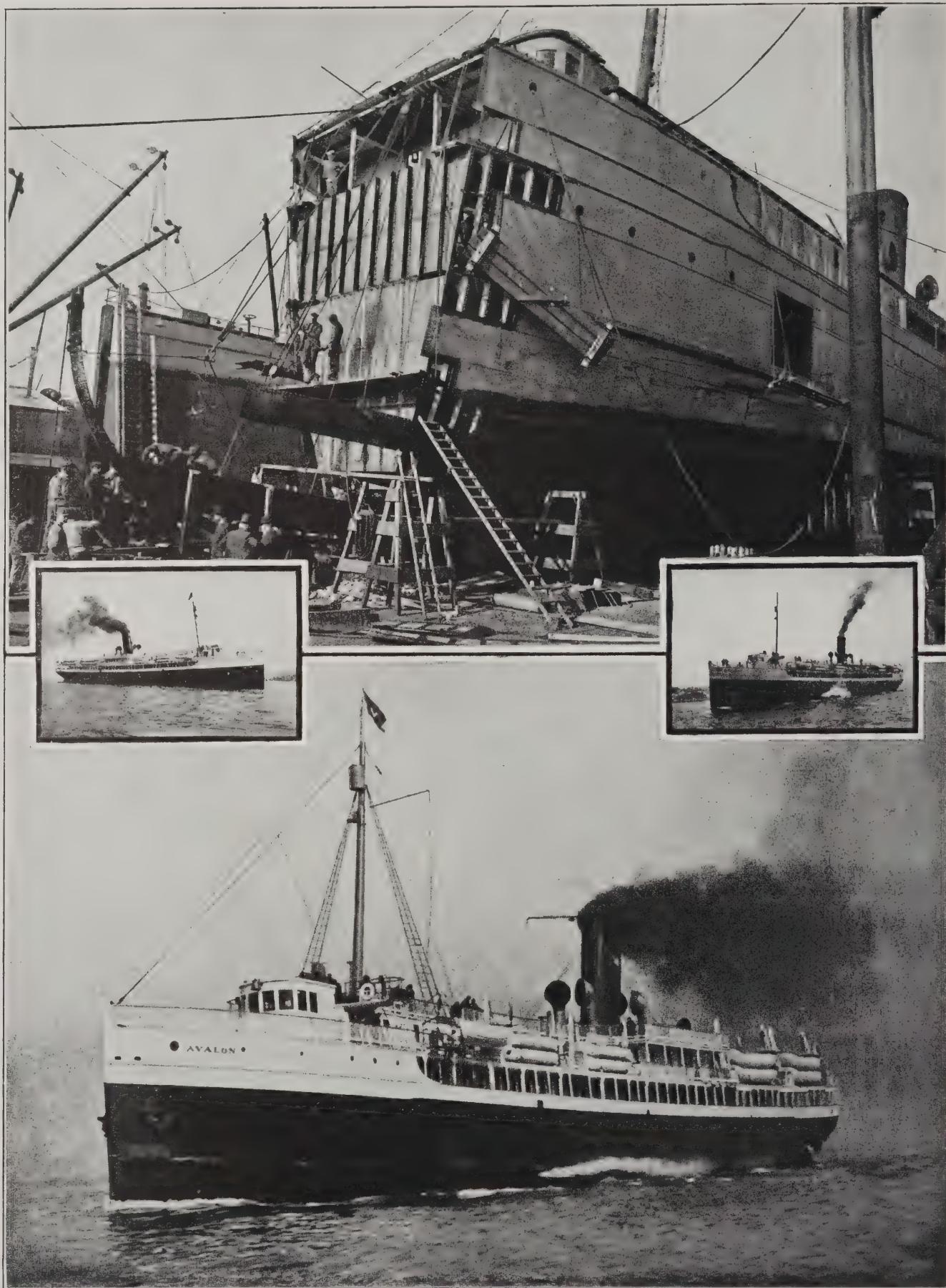
The heater will heat at the rate of 200 rivets an hour and does away with the practice of throwing rivets into a forge or furnace and running the danger of improper heating, burning and scaling. The electric heater heats rivets hotter, faster and cleaner and at a reduced cost.

As to the bull-riveter, it is technically known as a yoke riveter. It is driven by compressed air used in the yard for driving the ordinary rivet guns. It will drive any size rivet from an inch and one-eighth hot rivet to a half-inch cold rivet. A pressure of 65 to 70 tons is used and the work is absolutely tight.

Incidentally, there has been adopted by the Plate shop a new device for the bottom of the rivet forges, and as a result a considerable volume of air is conserved, and the possibility of scorching and burning the forge is greatly eliminated.

Women are hard to please. One will kick because her husband is jealous of her, and another because he is not.

Morse Repairers Re-create S. S. Avalon to Floating Palace



Views of Avalon in process of rebuilding and after completion.

Photos by Morse Photographer

Avalon's Luxuriousness is for California's Pleasure Seekers

REHABILITATED from a vessel minus bow and stern to a veritable floating palace, the steamship *Avalon*, owned by William Wrigley and associates, left our yards about the first of March to pass through the Panama Canal and thence to the waters of the Pacific. Plying between San Pedro and the Santa Catalina Islands, this ship will aid in the development of the city of Avalon and the Santa Catalina Islands upon which Mr. Wrigley and associates have

developed and sold more than a million dollars worth of property.

Bespeaking the wonderful skill of Morse ship surgeons, the *Avalon* with her nose and tail grafted to their natural places, has been transformed from a battle-scarred appearance to a thing of beauty, with two dance halls, de luxe cabins with woodwork costly and resplendent and so arranged as to obscure all inside piping and wiring. Since the signing of the armistice when the United

States government halted work on her, this vessel has acquired, in addition to her wonderful appointments, her normal length, which had been reduced by 40 feet in the process of amputating her bow and stern.

Once in the process of conversion as a United States troop transport, to be known as the *Blue Ridge*, plying in the submarine infested waters between Calais, France, and Dover, England, the *Avalon* will now carry California visitors and excursionists between

San Pedro and the City of Avalon, and though ultra-fashionable in dress, she will be quite democratic in spirit, carrying anything from a milliner's hat box to a player-piano for a Santa Catalina bungalow.

She was towed from Boston to our yards, where her rehabilitation, even to a fuel oil burning system, has been made complete. Interior appointments of the *Avalon* were conceived and designed here by J. A. Kelly. The *Avalon* has a passenger-carrying capacity of 2,000 and makes speed of 22 knots an hour.



Avalon's beautiful appointments designed by Morse marine architects and carried to completion in the Morse yard.

ARTICLES WORTH READING

The Engineering Development of a Ship

By J. E. P. Grant, Chief Engineer

IN a great organization there are but a very few who come into intimate contact with the problems that confront the designer in the development of a modern steamship. Consequently, it is hoped that a few words on this subject will prove of interest.

The ship owner generally has a well-defined idea of the kind of a ship he wants to meet his necessities, and the modern tendency is towards ships designed and built for a certain trade and a certain route.

So to start with, we will say that the owner, in preliminary negotiations, requests a design for a ship of certain type, certain carrying capacity, and speed, and with this data in hand the first step is to find out the dimensions of the ship that will fulfill these conditions, i. e.; the length; the breadth; the depth; the draft and the form of ship. Having arrived at these dimensions by a process of calculations and comparison with existing vessels, the next step is to determine the power.

Power, of course, is governed by speed and the amount of room allowed for machinery and fuel, which is always minimum, because no cargo can be carried in the space allotted to machinery, and the cargo carrying space is what determines the revenue. There are several methods of obtaining power, but the most satisfactory and reliable is to compare with a similar ship. In the event of not having the particulars of a similar ship, a model is made of wood similar to the boat to be designed, and this is towed in water at the correct draft at various speeds and by measuring the pull on the tow rope at the different speeds the exact power required is easily determined.

There are in this country two principal places, viz.: University of Michigan, and in Washington at the Naval Experimental station, where there are large in-door basins maintained for experiments on ship models and propellers.

Having determined the power required to drive the ship, it is necessary next to settle definitely on the type of propulsion machinery. Reciprocating engine, geared turbines or internal combustion engines; each of these has its advantages over the other two, depending a good deal on the trade the ship is going into.

From the above mentioned types, a type is selected. I will not go into relative merits here as the subject is too big for an article of this kind. The next thing is to determine the correct number of revolutions for the propeller, and that is obtained by a process of trial and error. Usually the slower running wheel is the more efficient, but necessitates heavier and more costly shafting; the higher speed of turbine, the greater the efficiency of the turbine, so we have to compromise between the best combined speeds. The diameter of the wheel is also controlled by the draft of the vessel. Usually a wheel is designed for most efficiency under the deep load condition, but some consideration has to be given to the light load conditions and the wheel selected to best satisfy both conditions.

Having determined the size and type of main engines we know the number of pounds

of steam per horse power required for the main engine, add to this the amount required for the auxiliaries, viz.: pumps, lighting set, refrigerating set heating system, gives us the total steam required; the total amount of heating surface is determined by establishing the amount of steam that can be evaporated from one square foot of heating surface, usually five pounds steam for natural draft governed by type of boiler used, the air pressure in the ash-pit, and the amount of oil necessary. By practice we know how many pounds of water one pound of oil will evaporate under the selected condition so from that, is obtained the total amount of oil required, from which we determine the amount of air for perfect combustion. The volume of combustion space, that is, the combustion chamber, and furnace volume is proportional to the amount of oil to be burned, so that now we have the required combustion space, and heating surface. From a safety point of view the boiler is designed to meet the requirements of the Classification Societies as regards the thickness of shell, furnace plates, stays, etc.

The size of the main feed pump is determined by the amount of water required, a good margin being allowed above the pump manufacturer's guarantee. Bilge pumps must meet the Classification Society requirements. Size of ballast pump is governed by the size of the ballast tanks and the time required for filling or pumping out.

The duty of the condenser is to give a vacuum which is equivalent to having higher boiler pressure. There are two controlling factors; one, the cooling surface and the other the amount of water passing through the condenser tubes.

The amount of cooling surface required is that surface necessary to transmit the total amount of heat, contained in the steam entering the condenser, to the circulating water passing through the tubes. This is done by establishing the amount of heat that can be transferred per square foot under the prevailing conditions, this multiplied by the total to be transferred gives the total surface. In ascertaining the other controlling factor, viz.: the amount of circulating water, it is first decided what the temperature rise will be between water entering the condenser and leaving the condenser. This temperature rise multiplied by the number of pounds of water should equal the number of pounds of steam condensed multiplied by the difference in temperature of the steam before and after condensation, plus the latent heat of steam.

In designing the dynamos; first, the number of lamps and their power be determined upon for which the amount of electricity in kilowatts is determined, and from that the horse power of the steam engine to drive the dynamo.

Refrigerating machinery is governed by the number of the crew and the distance between ports. These two factors control the amount of room required for meat and vegetable storage, usually the meat room is kept at 20 degrees and the vegetable room at 40 degrees, and on the basis that a one-ton machine will take care of about seven hundred and fifty cubic feet of refrigerating space, the size of the machine is obtained.

In designing pipe arrangements, there are several controlling factors to be complied with. Whether it is steam or water piping, the quantity to be carried determines the diameter of the pipe; the pressure inside the pipe governs the thickness, the service for which the pipe is to be used governs the material, and the shape of the pipe is governed by the interferences, and allowances for expansion.

IF

IF the Company demanded that you run at full speed, crowding and shoving from one part of the shop to another, while engaged in your usual employment, what would you say?

If you were asked to risk torn clothing or possibly a broken limb to save one cent a day for the Company, would you do it?

If it were suggested by your foreman that you could save two minutes a day for the Company by hurrying along a crowded sidewalk, shoving and pushing your way into the works, what would you think of him?

If a fire broke out in your shop, what would you do? Would it be a case of "the devil take the hindmost," or would you give and receive a square deal by leaving in an orderly manner?

Your everyday conduct is an answer to the above. If you rush and crowd and push and haul when you leave the shop, you are in a fair way to tear your clothes, break your limbs, or suffer a severe fall on the stairs, lose your self-respect, and in time of danger, inflict suffering or even death on your fellow employees, or stand an excellent chance of being the victim yourself.

Do you desire the respect of others? How can you when you refuse yourself?

It costs but a couple of minutes a day to leave the shop as men. Deposit these minutes in the Bank of Good Manners and draw interest in the form of Safety. Think it over!

If anyone should ask you whether you would rather have your life, or your sight, or all the compensation the world could give you, you would at once set him down as a candidate for the insane asylum.

One good leg is worth a whole wood-pile of crutches.

Yet there are many concerns in this country realizing large returns from a business which is nothing more or less than providing artificial eyes and limbs.

Two-thirds of all industrial accidents can be prevented by co-operation in the safety movement. Three-quarters of all accidents are due to carelessness or thoughtlessness.

When an accident occurs who loses the employee, the employer or the public?

Schenectady Works News.

Most anybody can do business fairly well. Many men can do business very well. A few can do business superbly well. But the man who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to all and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory—writing, speaking, modeling, painting.

Elbert Hubbard.

SCISSOR



THEFTS

First Things in America

PINS were first made here in 1832.
The first daily was the *Penny Packet*, 1781.
The first bible was printed in German-town, by Dr. Saur, in 1743.
The first lightning rods were put up in 1752.
The first public lighting by electricity was in 1878.
The first theatre was built in Williamsburg, Virginia, 1752.
The first sleeping car was seen in 1858, and the first vestibule train in 1886.
The first ferry, operated by steam was between New York and Brooklyn, 1824.
The first printing press was put up at Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Daye, in 1639.
Until 1772, umbrellas were unknown in North America. In this year they were imported from India.
The first apartment house in America was erected in 1869, at 142 East 18th Street, New York.
The first telescope used in this country for astronomical purposes was set up at Yale College in 1830.
The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in the autumn of 1621. The second was in July, 1623.
The first fire company, called the "Union," a volunteer company, was established at Philadelphia, 1736. The fire engine was sent from England.
The first stove was invented and made by Benjamin Franklin, in 1741.
The first glass for windows was used in Virginia, 1615. Massachusetts was the next state where it was introduced, twenty-four years later.

First Aid

THE following instructions have been carefully prepared by the eminent medical authority, *Doctor A.K. Re-liever*.

Stage Fright

If the patient is *unconscious* hang him, *face up*, over a convenient fence. See if he is breathing *through his ears*. Take off his *shoes* and *throw them away*. If he is still unconscious, go *through his pockets*. That will bring him to.

Paralysis

Search patient for *bottle* and test *quality* of contents. If *bottle is empty*, hold to ear and listen for *death rattle*. Rub patient's back, beginning at the *front* and vice versa. Ask him *where* he got it, writing reply on back of your *collar*. Pull out patient's tongue a few inches, letting it fly back. Continue this operation until the *wagon* comes.

Toothache

Wrap *blanket* around tooth, and secure with rubber cement to roof of mouth. Lay your ear to *soles* of patient's *feet* and see if you can detect heart-beats. If his *pump* is working, ask him to count up to *ten* slowly, holding his *breath*. A fly-paper poultice in back of the *knees* will help in severe cases.

Homesickness

If patient is *unconscious*, wind his watch, returning it carefully to your pocket. See if there are indications of *rust marks* on the *back teeth*. When patient is able to take nourishment, feed him a hot *goulash* through a *straw*.

A Poet's Prediction

(The following poem, reprinted in the Toronto "*Mail and Empire*," was written by the well known Scottish poet, Charles Mackay in 1871 at the time when William I was proclaimed German Emperor. The fulfillment of its prophecy has been long delayed, but is now strikingly complete).

The Kaiser's Crown
(Versailles, January 18, 1871)

The wind on the Thames blew icy breath,
The wind on the Seine flew fiery death,
The snow lay thick on tower and tree,
The streams ran black through wold and lea;
As I sat alone in London town
And dreamed a dream of the Kaiser's crown.
Holy William, that conqueror dread,
Placed it himself on his hoary head,
And sat on his throne with his nobles about,
And his captains raising the wild war-shout;
And asked himself, 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"Was ever a Kaiser so great as I?"
From every jewel, from every gem,
In that imperial diadem
There came a voice and a whisper clear—
I heard it, and I still can hear—
Which said, "O Kaiser great and strong,
God's sword is double-edged and long!"
"Aye," said the emeralds, flashing green—
"The fruit shall be what the seed has been—
His realm shall reap what his hosts have sown,
Debt and misery, tear and groan,
Pang and sob, and grief and shame,
And rapine and consuming flame!"
"Aye," said the rubies, glowing red—
"There comes new life from life-blood shed;
And though the Goth o'erride the Gaul,
Eternal justice rides o'er all!
Might may be Right for its own short day,
"But Right is Might forever and aye!"
"Aye," said the diamonds, tongued with fire;
"Grief tracks the pathways of desire.
Our Kaiser, on whose head we glow,
Takes little heed of his people's woe,
Or the deep, deep thoughts in the people's brain
"That burn and throb like healing pain."
"Thinks not that Germany, joyous now,
Cares naught for the crown upon his brow,
But much for the Freedom—wooded, not won—
That must be hers ere all is done,—
That gleams, and floats and shines afar,
A glorious and approaching star!"
"Aye!" said they all, with one accord,
"He is the Kaiser, King and Lord;
But kings are small, the people great;
And Freedom cometh, sure, though late—
A stronger than he shall cast him down!"
This was my dream of the Kaiser's crown.

A Grain of Salt

Of all wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay at home
And knit and darn, and let 'im roam.
Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest berth,
For in his cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

Wallace Irwin

Again!
(America's Revival of the Merchant Marine)
By Olin Lyman.

OUT from the rock-ribbed headlands,
When the lusty land was young,
Sailed white-winged ships, and the glory
Of the Stars and Stripes were flung
To the drifting winds that ruffled
The spume of the Seven Seas,
And the soul of a nation whispered
In the ear of the coursing breeze.
Then strands of a steel-webbed fabric
Fast girdled the waking land,
O'er mountain and smiling valley
And wind-blown desert sand;
The iron horse plunged a-neighing,
And the ships that sailed of yore
Moored fast where the breakers calling
Lured them to life no more.
But now, through the menace creeping
Through the brine of the writhing deep,
The soul of the past is waking
As a dreamer wakes from sleep,
And the clang of the hammers ringing
In the glow of the splendid dawn
Portends a mightier glory
Than the glory that is gone.
Again shall the Flag of Freedom
To the four strong winds unfurled,
Float o'er the curling waters
That lave all the teaming world;
Again shall the prowess of commerce
Surge out where the sea gulls fly,
And the voice of the winds applauding
Skirl a song that shall not die!

Wells-Fargo Messenger.

Good Morning!

THERE is a gateman in a factory that I go to once in a while. He says "Good Morning" as I go through the gate. That is not strange, no—but the noticeable thing about it is the way that man says "Good Morning! It doesn't make any difference whether it's rain or shine, or cloudy, or what may have happened, that man says "Good Morning" just as if he really meant it. You can hear him say it and you can feel that he radiates the good of the morning hours that is going to last with him all through the day.
And so I just wondered whether each one of us, as we greet our fellow workers in the morning, realizes the possibility of influence that a pleasant, cordial, meaningful greeting can have. If we were to realize it and act upon it, giving a greeting from our heart, meaning the greeting that we give, it would influence for good those who receive the greeting. There is another thought—it would influence for good him or her who gives the greeting, if he realized the meaning of the words that he was saying and tried to make that realization fact.—*Nesco News*

The Good Ship Fellowship

Of all the ships that sail the seas,
The rivers, lakes or brine,
The grandest ship of all of these,
The dearest ship of mine,
Bears in its hold the hearts of men,
A love-load every trip—
So here's three cheers, and three again,
To good old Fellowship.
The sea of life will have its gales,
The sky will have its blasts;
But there's a ship that never fails
To bring you home at last.
So leave the land of selfishness,
Aboard her throw your grip,
And joy, my boy, will make you bless
The good ship Fellowship!

Trumbull Cheer.

Throwing the Bright Light

A GROWTH as rapid as that which might attend a mushroom in the cellar has been experienced by the advertising, publicity, photographic, printing and binding departments of the company. In connection with this growth, The Dial is being printed on the fourth floor of the North building. There is also being printed from day to day a volume of company and association work.

The same talent which contributes to the producing of advertisements, special articles and photographic illustrations of the Morse

Company for outside publications, conceives and executes the idea embodied in The Dial, company calendars, booklets, folders and other advertising features which exploit the company and its employees.

Therefore, as they throw the bright light of publicity on company and association activities, let us now turn the rays on them. Rather we will use the X-Ray, that we may know and understand them better, "through and through" as one might say.

BERT E. BARNES, Editor-in-Chief of The Dial and Advertising Manager, is here shown gazing intently at the hands on The Dial. He also gazes at the hands in the printing, binding and photo departments, and, in addition to keeping the hands moving, he finds time to write publicity and feature stories of Morse activities. Furthermore we know that he takes plenty of correspondence and art work home in the evening, and we find suggestions and revises on our desks the very next morning. His pet hobby is new advertising ideas.



EDITOR BERT E. BARNES
KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE DIAL
ALLRIGHT AND KEEPS THINGS
GOING SMOOTHLY

MISS JOAN C. SHARP is depicted holding the key to Editor Barnes' private desk, but she holds also the keys to the hearts of her co-workers, who have become rather dependent on her. Miss Sharp pauses long enough in the midst of a mass of correspondence to write *Over the Back Yard Fence* page of The Dial and the women folk of the big Morse family can testify to the aid Miss Sharp gives them with her contributions ranging from what kind of seed to feed the canary to the better way of doing the day's wash.



JOAN SHARP
POSSESSES
THE KEY
TO THE
PRIVATE
DESK.
SECRETS
ARE SAFE
WITH HER.

JOHAN POWELL—oh, what's the use? Everybody knows the "Dry Dock Poet." We don't know why he is called the "Dry Dock Poet" unless it is because he has such dry wit. He can jumble and juggle words, and make a solemn subject sound like a vaudeville dialogue. John doesn't have to resort to Joe Miller's joke book. He can walk through the yard at noon, and pick up enough funny stuff for a whole show. We'd like to give John more space, but too much laughing makes one fat, and clothes cost too much money. He is now writing in his spare time shipyard novels featuring "Slightly Loose" and other heroes.



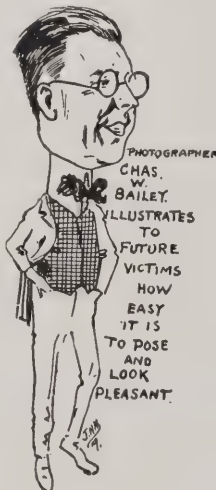
JOHN POWELL
DRY DOCK POET
DOES NOT WORRY
ABOUT HIS LOOKS.

WILLARD B. PRINCE, advertising man. He doesn't like to be called "artist." Prince, by his forceful sketches of ships, tells the trade just how we do things in the Morse yard. Take any marine magazine, and you'll find one of his ads. He sketches a big ship, then hooks on one of our tow boats, or two or three of them, and he tells the trade that they are bound for the Morse yards in Brooklyn, New York, "where Morse tugs receive a ship, the largest floating dry dock in the world lifts it, and master workmen repair it." With catchy advertising phrases and new ideas, he keeps the Morse plant in the public eye.



WILLARD B.
PRINCE ART
EDITOR ON
A BUSY
DAY

BILL BAILEY (Charles Wesley Bailey, to be exact) is the official Company photographer. His pictures of our big dock, the ships coming to the yard, and other illustrations of the work going on here may be found in almost any magazine outside the realms of fiction. "Bill's" trusty camera livens up the pages of The Dial, too. When he carries his outfit down through the yard (sometimes it's movies) you can gamble that the Morse Company is breaking into print again. As his picture is rather flattering, and as the writer and "Bill" had a tiff just now, I wish to notify the girls of the Main Office that he's married.



PHOTOGRAPHER
CHAS.
W. BAILEY
ILLUSTRATES
TO FUTURE
VICTIMS
HOW
EASY
IT IS
TO POSE
AND
LOOK
PLEASANT.

KELSEY GREGORY, weighing 240 pounds in the shade, is the heavy-weight champion of The Dial photographic department, having defeated his director, Bailey, in a long distance contest. Bailey photographed the moon, but Gregory once shot three stars. They were on a bottle and were known as the Hennessey firmament. Captain Kirby refuses to let Gregory use a tug to photograph some of the ships in the yard. The tug always lists for days after, owing to a shifting of her cargo.



GREGORY
OUR LITTLE
CLIPPER OF
THE PHOTO DEPT.

JOE MURPHY might be regarded as the Company and Association press agent. Besides being engaged in assisting Editor Barnes in writing and editing The Dial, he may be found marching around the yard or offices, in quest of something he can use to get the Morse name in the news and trade papers. Like Editor Barnes, he is a former newspaper reporter, and knows the way of press and public. "Murph" says: "It is easy to write the stuff after you get it, but getting it is different."



J. L. MURPHY, ASST. EDITOR
CHASES AND WRITES
PUBLICITY FOR THE COMPANY
AND THE ASSOCIATION.

MISS MARJORIE DAVIS (H. is the middle initial) can be officially designated as a filing clerk, but she has other varied duties. Besides filing and indexing correspondence relative to the different departments coming under the head of advertising, Miss Davis supervises mailing lists and keeps The Dial going to your home address each month. Also she compiles, checks and revises lists of shipping men and firms receiving our publications, calendars, etc. Between the rounds she finds time to read proofs, engage in politics, and was recently elected a member of the Conference Board of the Association, a tribute to her capability and affability.



MARJORIE
DAVIS
SEES
TO IT
THAT EVERYBODY
GETS HIS PAPER
ON TIME.

EDWIN E. DONNELLY, Dial cartoonist and general utility man (good at anything) is responsible for the comical pictures of "soap hounds," bowlers, prize fighters and dancing girls you sometimes see on The Dial's cartoon page. Ed knows how to chronicle life in our yard true to its form, for he once worked in the yard and knows many of the boys. Most of them will remember him when he worked in the Burners' department, and was hurt in an explosion. Now he explodes funny ideas with his pen and The Dial readers explode with laughter.



E. E. DONNELLY HELPS
TO MAKE THE DIAL'S
PAGES LOOK
ATTRACTIVE.

MISS YOLANDA BIANCHI, stenographer and typist, if you please. Miss Bianchi's nimble fingers caress the typewriter with startling speed as she types anything from a letter to an address which will bear one of our calendars to a shipping man in Norway, Sweden or Yokohama, Japan. During the noon hour she brews a fine cup of coffee, and for that reason she is very--oh, very--popular with the boys. A capable stenographer and office worker, Miss Bianchi is also enthusiastic over the noon-day dances in the Assembly Hall.



Morse Company Aids Hospitals

UNDER the auspices of this Company, and for the benefit of the Bay Ridge and Norwegian hospitals, a musicale was given Saturday evening, February 28, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, attaining social and financial success for the hospitals which had been made beneficiaries of the occasion.

The activity of Mr. Benner, our superintendent of service, who received the co-operation of Morse workers and others, was instrumental in making the event as successful as it proved. Mr. Benner received hearty co-operation from Mrs. Earl F. Whitaker, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Bay Ridge Hospital, Miss Nellie Berns, the chairman in charge of the distribution of tickets for that institution, and Messrs. Leonard H. Smith and Stephen Guardino. Pastor Petersen, ably assisted by Mr. Olson of the Norwegian Hospital, also worked in union with the Morse Company and contributed to the success of the affair.

Splendid co-operation in the sale of tickets came from the following departments, and the Morse spirit was amply exemplified by their response to a worthy cause: Electricians, Riggers, Office Girls, Farm, Wood Caulkers, Timekeepers, Hull Department, Pipe Shop, Burners, Carpenters, Copper Shop, Plumbing department, Pattern Shop, Inside Machinists, Boiler Makers, Pipe Coverers, Labor department, Truck Garage, Boat Crews, Sheet Metal Shop, Paint Shop, Outside Machinists and Yard Hospital.

The program, supervised by Lieutenant V. S. Mygrant, our band leader, was executed with the success that marked other phases of this event. It was opened by a fanfare of trumpets, and was followed by remarks from Harry A. Hanbury, who touched upon the humane work of the hospitals and afforded his hearers an idea as to the good treatment he had received when it became necessary for him to use one.

He was followed by the Rev. Lauritz Larsen, D.D., president of the Norwegian Hospital Association, who told of the work that institution was carrying on for the people of the Bay Ridge section. He emphasized the hospital's slogan, "Service," at all times, no matter where.

David C. Bennett, Jr., of the Bay Ridge Hospital outlined briefly the work of that organization and declared that it would extend its work under the name of the Victory Memorial Hospital, in honor of the Victory Memorial Association, which society had contributed \$30,000 to help the Bay Ridge Hospital occupy its new building.

Both representatives expressed sincere

gratitude to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company and the men of its organization.

Excellent renditions by the Morse band of Handel's prelude, *Largo*, and the overture, *Phedre*, were given, following which Miss Mary Jordan, the contralto of the evening, and the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morse, Sr., sang a celebrated operatic selection and obligingly answered encores with a popular love song, *Long, Long Ago*. Miss Stella Barnard was the piano accompanist.

Announcing that M. Pasquale Amato's physician had forbidden his appearance, Mr. Hanbury then introduced Guiseppe De Luca, an eminent baritone whose vocal offerings from *Pagliacci* and other scores were most favorably received and roundly applauded.

The Morse Quartet, composed of John J. Finneran, first tenor, Charles H. Brass, second tenor, John Finlay Bowe, baritone, and Alfred W. Roberts, bass, harmonized on several numbers and were accorded much merited applause.

Miss Jordan again sang some wonderful pieces entitled, *The Cry of Rachel, I Passed by Your Window*, and *Norwegian Love Song*, and for an encore rendered *Hard Trials*, another number which attested to the singers versatility and intelligent interpretation of song-lore.

The band played the *Grand Fantasia* from the second act of *Aida*, followed by Mr. DeLuca with songs from *Barbieredda Livigliu* and *Carmen*. For a grand finale, the Morse band filled the Academy from pit to dome with Scotch folk-song numbers, and closed with the *Star Spangled Banner*.

The Monthly Meeting

By Thomas J. Plunkett.

EVERYBODY enjoys a good show, and, believe me, there was some turnout on Wednesday evening, February 25th. There wasn't a vacant seat or a space in the Association Rooms.

After the Yard Bowling Tournament had been reported, the show began. Charlie Jennings, the shipfitter, thought the program so good that he advocated two a month instead of one. Good suggestion, but more work for the Entertainment Committee and believe me, it is no cinch to dig up new acts and boxing artists every month.

Frank Hennessy, an old Coney Island favorite, started off with some real singing. Frank as usual made a big hit. Then came "Iron Jaw Claw-Hammer" Billy Clayton, Champion 122-pound teeth, neck and grip lifter, in novel feats of strength. For a little fellow he did tricks that the heavy-weight strong arm kings have not attempted.

After Billy's performance the "Foley Boys," late of Primrose Minstrels, gave about twenty minutes of minstrelsy. They sang, joked and danced themselves right into the hearts of the audience. They did step about the ring and are the first dancers to attempt dancing on a canvas-covered prize ring floor. They stepped around so lightly and gracefully that the audience would hardly know that it was difficult to "hoof" on such a surface.

We then had another dancing treat, Miss Beatrice King, one of the *Follies'* girls. Her specialty was a ballet dance seldom seen at the average shows arranged for men.

Following, the newly organized Morse quartette sang a few selected numbers. Our new singers handled *The Americans Come* and *Secrets* superbly and were exceptionally well received. We expect to hear some great harmony from these boys at coming meetings.

After the vaudeville we had a lively

bout between David Bono of the Drillers and Young Richter, who were on the cards to settle an old grudge. From the appearance of both boys at the end of the affray, the grudge seemed to be still unsettled. Dave and his opponent will fight it out again at one of our next meetings.

We had a battle royal between five dusky gladiators who pummeled each other for five rounds until there was but one left to continue. Also, Johnny Levein and Johnny Best, "Scotland's Boy," put up a slashing four-rounder. Young Gilchrist and Kid Snell, Young Tack and Knockout Hogan also donned the gloves in four-rounders.

Following the boxing came the return wrestling match between Jean Bruce and John Kuhlberger. Unfortunately the Yard Championship is still unsettled due to Kuhlberger injuring his leg after twenty-five minutes of grappling. From the way these fellows tried each other out it looked to everyone present that the wrestling gem of the year had arrived. However, do not feel disappointed, for these two exponents of the famous sport of the ancients will demonstrate at our next meeting. Be on hand early for there are not enough seats to go around and from the looks of things we'll soon need larger quarters for the staging of these wonderful affairs.

Pete Johnson, carpenter on the farm, was on the meadows of Hoboken looking for game. He walked around a half day and finding nothing he started for home, meeting a cow which he shot at and missed. It was his last shot, so Pete was out of luck when he met a bear, which chased him a half mile to a friendly oak tree. The bear and Pete circled the tree until both were becoming exhausted. Then Pete grabbed the bear's paws and held them around the tree until the bear died of starvation. They had bear meat at the farm, and the skin of Bruno adorns the farm gates. Note—The recent storm prevented us from verifying this item. We hope it is true.—*The Editor*.

A "Get Together" session was held by the boys of the Plumbing shop Saturday evening, February 14, at Stauch's restaurant, Coney Island, and, according to reports, the boys waded through a stack of eats from soup to nuts. Following the repast, Van and Schenk, Sophie Tucker, the Palmero Three and other well known performers contributed to the mirth of the occasion. Among the guests were: Paul Troy, A. Schubert, Walter Crawford, J. Jacobson, Frank Dintruff, "Billy" McEwen and Joe McGuirk.

The *Slavic Prince* of the Prince Line was in our yards about the first of March, following a trip around the world, the second complete circle of the globe during the ship's life of eighteen months. The ship carries a general cargo, and on her last voyage she carried 11,000 tons for discharge and took on the same amount for her return. She may be known as the "around the world ship" as she has been attended by good fortune and profit on her two voyages and members of her crew think that these will be continued. She is about 450 feet long, with a beam of 57 feet, and about 14,000 (measurement) tonnage.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is awake—teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows is wise—follow him. *Exchange.*

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the
Welfare of the Employees' Associ-
ation of the Morse Dry Dock
& Repair Company, and to
the interests of the
Company

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Office.

All communications should be addressed to B. E.
Barnes, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,
foot of Fifty-Sixth Street, Brooklyn.

VOL. 3

APRIL, 1920

No. 4

*"We judge ourselves by what we are capable
of doing, while others judge us by what we have
already done."*
Longfellow.

Insurance

OF the number of men employed by this company, all members of the Employees' Association, there are many who have not as yet taken advantage of the insurance features of the Association. This fact constitutes a serious mistake, serious on the part of the men who have not availed themselves of insurance. It is a mistake which affects not only the uninsured man, but his wife and children or any others whom he might desire to protect.

During the latest "Flu" epidemic, the claims on the insurance treasury reached about 100 a month. On the other hand, there were men aided by subscriptions and collections who perhaps would not have needed such aid if they had held a yard insurance policy. Surely, for twenty cents a week, a man doesn't want to countenance charitable donations in time of need when a little thought and foresight will prevent it.

Insurance companies generally regard the ship repair men as more than an ordinary risk. Burners, riggers, welders, blacksmiths and

many other trades in connection with ship repair work are, in the opinion of the insurance companies, engaged in hazardous work. This is true in a comparative way. As a result, the same men can't insure with other companies as cheaply as they can with their own Association.

Health insurance is the more expensive form of insurance, but the Association policy covers that despite the fact that your occupation is hazardous. Any insurance company will insure the men here if they can be assured of getting a certain number of them, but individually, the ship repair man can't be insured with another company except at an advanced rate.

Further, the Association waives all rights to restrict men because of age and physical condition. With the Association, as Jit-Nee recently told us in his *Nickel A Week* dope, "a Morse man can take out an Association policy just a few hours before his heirs start dividing the cased goods in the cellar."

Considering that the ordinary insurance company assumes the ship repair man to be "hazardous," just think how they'd yell if you asked them to take you in without regard for age or physical condition.

Seven dollars a week for accident, the same for sickness and \$100 death benefit is not to be sneered at for twenty cents a week, especially when you consider that a company outside of the Association would hesitate to take you even at a higher rate.

There is no bother, no red tape about the Association insurance feature. Go to the employment office and ask for the insurance clerk. Once you are insured, your twenty cents is deducted from your envelope and you are protected. So is your family, and that's the main idea. It's never too late to start a good thing.

* * *

Size of the Job

DETERMINATION, enthusiasm, education, are but empty words unless these essentials are directed in the right course. Plans without a definite, reliable purpose are motions with nowhere to go but on their way.

Our suggestion is that you adopt some practical, persistent method for making more of yourself. And as you rise individually, your job will get bigger.

So many men get the size of the job in their head and forget about their own dimensions.

Slipping it over

DO you make a living, or are you earning a living? Would you hire yourself?

Do you ever think that the boss may find you are not making good? Are you trying to slip it over on the boss?

These are the questions for you to answer in all candor and in all confidence.

If you are fair to yourself, fair to the boss, these questions will come up in your mind, and depending largely on the attitude of your mind, your individual success hinges.

You may not think so, but this is where you are slipping it over on yourself.

* * *

Think of the Co-Worker

IN its advertising matter, the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company informs its prospective patrons that it is "a self-contained ship repair yard." It means that it houses in its yard all departments contributing to ship repair work. From woodworking to structural steel, ship parts and fittings are produced here.

One department is necessary to the other. The same thing applies to the men of these departments. John of the Hull department and Tom of the Welding branch are on common ground. One may help the other in the successful accomplishment of a general task.

Rivalry between departments, if it is friendly, is beneficial to men and organization, but when it reaches the point where co-operation is lost, then there is a house divided.

If "in union there is strength," the unity of departments, insofar as carrying on the company work, is absolutely necessary. If a blacksmith were to forge rivets and riveters were not available to drive them into a ship's plates, he would soon be forced to quench his fires and seek other work. The riveter without rivets would hold a gun as useless as a flintlock rifle in modern warfare.

So be courteous and helpful to your co-worker in the yard. Forget that he is not of your department. Think that he is of your organization, of the Employees' Association, of your neighborhood, of the same general trade. Help him if it is within your power, and you'll find that he may also be of service to you. Departmental prejudice is a small thing for, as Bobby Burns says, "A man's a man for a' that."

Reasons For Slack Spells

SHIPBUILDERS and repairers, from the rivet heater and passer to general superintendents, can do as much, if not more, than any other body of men in helping New York to maintain its prestige as America's greatest commercial gateway. The port of New York may be busy or idle as they will it. Work may be plentiful or scarce, also as they will it.

If you, as a shipbuilding or repair yard mechanic, have had a slack period, have been laid off, or, if you haven't been getting much "soap" lately, there is a reason. You may have directly or indirectly established that reason. It may be well to analyze conditions as they affect you or you affect them.

Shipping today is conducted along modern lines.

With shipping agents and representatives dotting the entire globe, and with wireless to communicate with ships, though they be on the high seas, an owner or operator is never out of touch with his ship.

If you in the port of New York are in the throes of labor difficulties and cannot serve a ship, the vessel may lay its course toward another port, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk or any other along the Atlantic seaboard.

The labor situation is one which seriously affects shipping. A loss of time means a loss of money, and as a result a ship owner or operator cannot let his vessel lay at a dock or pier awaiting the settlement of labor disputes. There are other ports and other workmen.

So, if you would keep ships coming and going through New York harbor; if you would have steady work, day in and day out; if you would have more "soap" and prospects for a big week's envelope for months instead of weeks, do your part in making these things material.

The head of a big shipbuilding or ship repair concern may refuse your demands for increased wages or shorter hours. He may say, "I can't concede to those demands; the business doesn't warrant it. There are no ships coming to the yard."

Don't think, when he tells you these things, that he

is insincere. Don't believe that business is slack because he wants it to be slack, that he may teach you a lesson. Economic conditions would not permit him to do that if he wished to. He is stating facts, but not all of them. Should he state all of them, you, perhaps, would be offended, and the situation would be aggravated.

He could say, and with all truthfulness, these words: "Bill, we haven't got business in the port of New York because you fellows are driving it away. There is plenty of business; times are good, but the business is not coming here. It's going to other ports where there is little or no labor trouble. You believe me responsible for this dull, slack period, but I am as helpless

as you. We're in the same boat. The shipowner is sending his vessel elsewhere because you and I can't agree, and he prefers to send it to a place where men work together."

The Longshoremen's strike, and every little labor trouble affecting shipping in the port of New York is affecting the interests of workmen of the shipping industry. Everybody loses, from the owner to the humblest worker.

If you are working steady at fair wages, keep at it and insure plenty of work for the future. If you are an agitator, or if you lend a ready ear to one, you are turning business away from the place in which you work, and eventually you will turn yourself out of a job.

Study the picture which accompanies this article. Notice the uncertainty in Joe's ability to give a ready answer. Joe was, perhaps, averse to going out. He may have thought of his wife and children, but was bullied or cajoled into joining in the walk-out. Joe is drawing from his account, while his thrifty friend is depositing. Joe does not know, but he is also drawing himself farther and farther away from the prospects of a better job because this one single act may condemn him as disloyal. By a disloyal act, a man jeopardizes not only his own interests but those of his family and his employer. Think clearly and cleanly and the chances of error become more and more remote.



From Judge

Fat One--"Hello, Joe, see y'are out on strike."

The Soap Dust Twins

By Tom Furlong

AMONG the many bonus winners at the February meeting were the "Soap Dust Twins," Joe ("Scoots") Pennington and Joe Deniger of the Shipfitters.

When "Scoots" was called to the platform he was somewhat embarrassed, but 15 bucks meant new shoes for the baby. When he returned to his seat he was approached by a self-appointed Dial reporter, who greeted him thusly:

"Would you grant me an interview so that I may ascertain if the awarding of a financial bonus will act as a stimulus to our artisans towards accelerating their efforts in increasing production?"

"You tell him, Joey, I stutter," said Scoot, turning to Young Deniger.

"Well," said the Cub, "will the financial remuneration act as an incentive towards gaining the premier award on the next occasion, or is the monetary recompense a secondary consideration; will you condescend to further your efforts, cognizant of the ability of your fellow shipfitters or shall you acquiesce to their probable superiority and retire to a state of innocuous dessuetude as regards further competition with your co-workers?"

"Scoots" had the 15 bucks in his right mitt; his partner had hold of his left. So, helpless, "Scoot" turned to the Scribe:

"I don't quite getcha, Kid, but 'sallrite. Now, let me spill ya an earful. See if ya get my drift. Me and my Buddie here cobs the 15 bucks, see? We got third prize, but listen, Bo, let me breeze it to yu. I won't contradict a word yu said, but next time it's gonna be first prize. Get me?"

"We're a peach of a pair, feller, and while 15 bucks is 15 bucks, we did our bit before we had bonuses, but now that they're comin' across with the gravy, me and Joey here is goin' to get it while the gettin' is good.

"And before yu beat it, Kid," said "Scoots," "let me put ya hep that this little team always does our bit. No efficiency guy ever had anything on us and we can even look Whitman in the eye with a clear conscience and say, 'Hello, there.'"

"Scoots" has been working in the yard for about twelve years, and his partner, Joey Deniger, has been here since his return from France with the 105th Infantry, whose commander cited Joe for bravery in action during which he was seriously wounded, and subsequently captured by the Germans, spending four months in a German hospital.

Millwright Potter's Invention

CHARLES H. POTTER, millwright on the fourth floor of the North building, has had patented a marine wrench which promises to be a boon to mechanics engaged in ship repairs in ships' engine rooms or to others who have occasion to use a wrench in cramped quarters. Because it can be effectively manipulated by short turns and in awkward places, the wrench has a large field of usefulness. It acts both as ratchet and wrench and can be used on any size nuts and on hexagon as well as square nuts. It will not slip, which feature is also a distinctive advantage.

To be perfectly frank about it, fellows, the chap who doesn't put punch in his work should have a punch in the jaw.

Little Things

He rang in a little sooner
Than the fellows in his shop;
And he stayed a little longer
When the whistle ordered "Stop."
He worked a little harder
And he talked a little less;
He seemed but little hurried
And he showed but little stress,
For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
Thus his envelope grew just
A little thicker than the rest.

He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways;
He banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.
A little "working model"
Took his little "leisure" time;
He wrought each little part of it
With patience most sublime.
Now it's very little wonder
That he murmurs with a smile,
As he clips his little coupons:
"Are the little things worth while?"
—Spokes of the Rotary Club.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

THE Morse workers outnumber the inhabitants of many a small town, and in our Employees' Association we have a representative industrial and social government. One should be interested in his or her government. You have ideas by which we all may benefit. Send them to the Dial, the social organ of your "government." The Dial is interesting to you. Your contributions to its pages will make it the more interesting.

Morse Tugs Re-Christened

THE Morse tugs, *DeWitt C. Ivins*, *Anson M. Bangs*, and *Arthur Kill*, are no more, having been replaced by the *Ada Morse*, *Eileen Morse* and the *Jessie Morse*. The *Utica* may be supplanted by the *Beatrice Morse*.

We don't mean that the *Ivins*, *Bangs*, *Kill* and *Utica* are relegated to the scrap heap. Oh, no! They are far too valuable for that. They have simply been rechristened, to bear and advertise the Morse name.

The names of *Ivins*, *Bangs*, etc., are honored ones, but to the shipping man who didn't know, they could not readily be identified with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company. Mr. Morse might have had sentimental reasons for re-naming the boats, for they are named after some members of his family. However, we are of the belief that advertising value prompted the change.

Now, with the *E. P. Morse*, *Jessie Morse*, *Ada Morse*, *Beatrice Morse* and *Eileen Morse*, our towing fleet in its work around New York harbor will consistently advertise the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company.

EDWARD L. TRAYNOR'S presence of mind and coolness saved a young helper at work on the *S. S. Ulysses* probable injury some few days ago when he prevented the youth from entering, with a naked light, a certain compartment of the ship. Some gas had been escaping in the compartment and an effort was being made to check the flow when, unknown to his co-workers, the helper blundered on the scene. His curiosity was extinguished with his light.

Dare Devil Devlin With Us!

WORKING here in the Morse organization, a member of the crew of the *Jessie Morse*, is Peter Paul Devlin, parachute jumper, and dare-devil airman, whose name the New York papers carried recently when he volunteered to be the first passenger to the planet *Mars*—to be shot there via Professor Goddard's super-rocket.

Devlin is not much over 20 years of age, a modest, unassuming chap, and a favorite among the other boys of the *Jessie Morse*. He may be found aboard that craft, wearing a rakish looking cap, army trousers and puttees. He lives at 591 Prospect Place, Brooklyn.

Unlike others who have volunteered to make the trip to *Mars*, Devlin offered himself without restrictions. He did not stipulate that a rocket reach *Mars* first before he undertakes the trip. He may yet be the pioneer passenger of the "first interplanetary flight of earth."

Before Devlin entered the British Royal Flying Corps he had made balloon ascensions and parachute jumps in this country, and with Rodman Law, he was one of the first men to attempt a parachute drop from an aeroplane.

He dropped from a Curtis sea-plane at Flodden Field, Marion, Ohio, at a celebration in that place, and because his parachute did not open for several hundred feet past the point where he had expected it would be inflated by air, the descent was all but fatal. He was picked up bleeding and with little heart action, but was soon revived.

On another occasion he made a drop of 4,800 feet. He has made flights in Mineola, L. I., and other places, but his more numerous thrills came during his service in the British Corps.

In this branch of the service he had tested parachutes to be used in connection with observation balloons. The object of the tests was to reduce the number of accidents occurring in the service.

Painters, Plumbers and Cashier

CASH prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 went to the Painting and Plumbing departments and to Miss Mae E. Brady of the Cashier's office Thursday noon, March 4. The prizes were for the lucky ticket numbers in connection with the Morse concert held to benefit the Norwegian and Bay Ridge hospitals.

Between selections of a band concert in the yard, Miss Jane Blackledge of the Tabulating department pulled the numbers. Miss Blackledge was introduced as the "champion ticket seller," she having led all the girl workers in the sale of tickets for the concert.

On the suggestion of Foreman Mullaly of the Paint department, the \$50 prize to that department was re-drawn for in \$10 prizes, and the following painters won: J. Batinsey, D. Keohane, E. Thurman, Toby Hansen and K. Nelson.

A division of the \$30 prize was followed out in the Plumbing department with the following winners of \$5 prizes: Joe Herzog, J. Danlinson, Edward Ralit, E. Currey, Edward Megher and Al Bermas.

A jack of all trades is generally a fellow who can produce anything but results.

Pessimists are seldom as tired of the world as the world is of them.

Steamship President Worked Here

CAPTAIN GEORGE HICKMAN, president of the Pan Union Steamship Corporation, which booked the space for 30,000 cases of whiskey carried to Havana on the *S. S. Yarmouth*, is a former employee of the Morse Company, having worked here a night superintendent. He was also a licensed officer on a British vessel and has been engaged in shipping in different branches for about thirty years. The Pan Union Company was advised recently that the *Yarmouth* reached Havana safely. This vessel, of the Black Star Line Corporation, will be remembered by the men in the yard as having occupied the big dry dock with the Shipping Board steamer, like *Fariston*.

Couldn't Pass our Gates

WHILE the steamship *Lake George* lay in our yards for repair, the ship's captain, George J. A. Linnander, encountered, according to the Brooklyn papers, a thief in the person of a colored man who, using a revolver, made Captain Linnander give up some money. But Captain Linnander didn't let the crook get away with it. With the assistance of some Morse men, the captain nailed the colored man at the gate, and arrested him. The court the money was not found until the negro's jaws started to twitch suspiciously. The money was concealed in the negro's mouth, and was recovered, although the colored man protested. The negro said he had been a ship's cook.

The *S. S. Arna*, hailing from Bergen, Norway, put into our yards about the middle of March and occupied the old dry dock. This vessel compared in size with the larger ocean-going ships and the writer was surprised to see her on the old dock, which does not have the capacity of the new dock, although its method of operation is the same. The newer dock can lift a vessel of 30,000 tons, but the old dock didn't experience the least difficulty in lifting the *Arna*, which is a ship of no mean size. She carries a general cargo and is operated by Kuhnle & Son.

The *S. S. Lake Freeborn*, a Shipping Board steamer which operates between New York and a point about 100 miles south of Tampa, Florida, carrying phosphate rock on its return trip, put into the yards March 16. The *Lake Freeborn* was built in 1918, too late to engage in the transport service, but she has given fine service in her trade voyages. She makes the trip in about six days, going empty and returning with her cargo of phosphate rock which is used for fertilizer and other things.

The *Tordenskjold*, a vessel upon which Morse repairers did extensive work, hails from Tonsberg, Norway and is owned by Mr. Wilh. Wilhelmsen. The *Tordenskjold* had been previously mentioned in *The Dial* as being an Argentine vessel. We are very glad to have the mistake called to our attention and make this correction.

The United Fruit steamship, *Verona*, a fine craft of graceful lines and speedy appearance, came into our yards recently and with her was Captain Ener Oxholf, who has served on the *Verona* since she was built seventeen years ago. The boat plies between Jamaica and New York, but occasionally her schedule is interrupted for a trip to Central America. She is of 1,221 gross tons.

The Last Veteran

E. S. McKie, in *The Home Sector*.

Shoes at fourteen dollars,
Suits at sixty flat;
Quarter each for collars,
Seven bucks a hat.
Overcoats a hundred,
Milk two dimes a bowl,
Swiftly are we sundered
From our banking roll.
Highballs—swallowed stealthily—
Half a bone a nip;
Golf is for the wealthy,
So's the railroad trip.
Soda's gone to double,
Tax on movie shows,
Figuring's no trouble
Where the money goes.
Rents up aviating,
Smokes a nickel rise,
Carfares extra rating,
Added jits for pies;
Wartime scales are noble,
Sherman rang the bell—
When do we demobil-
ize the H. C. L.?

Exchange.

Electricity's Newer Uses

THERE has been an extraordinary development of the use of electric power in ship repairing establishments during recent years. The publicity which has been given to what is being done is bringing about an extension of this practice. An account of what is being done admirably illustrates the trend of modern practice. The employment of electricity for driving large gas engine units which form the prime movers in an electrical generation plant, has yielded excellent results, as, after cleaning, the waste gases have provided an almost unlimited source of cheap fuel—unlimited, that is to say, as far as the demands of the company are concerned. A gas plant includes a battery of horizontal, low speed engines, which are used in connection with the air blowers and another installation of engines for driving the alternators. There is no need to deal here with the details of the electrical equipment; the object is rather to indicate in general lines the excellent use which has been made of waste gases for which in past years no use could have been found, or which at least could only have been used in a very inefficient manner under boilers for raising steam.

Acknowledgements

In a letter from Harry Cox of the Hull department, he expresses his thanks to the boys for the assistance given him recently. Mr. Cox's address is 556 West 132nd Street, New York City.

The following letter was sent to the men of the Hull department from Mrs. Pauline Hall, 177 Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn: "I am writing these few lines to thank you all for your kindness and generosity. I cannot very well express my feelings for such a kindness as you have shown towards myself and little family in our dark hour. May I sincerely hope that no man of you will ever be in need."

To get on become friends with your work. Look upon it as the lever by which you can rise in the world. Look upon it as the most important job in the world and fill it with as great vim and nerve and care as if the fate of the whole nation depends upon whether you do it well or poorly.

Docks Combine in Record

DURING the months of January and February when New York and Brooklyn experienced one of the heaviest snowfalls in years, paralyzing traffic for several days, our big floating dry docks kept steadily at work, lifting in the space of two months about a quarter of a million tons of shipping.

The 30,000-ton giant lifting apparatus worked every day of the two months, raising on some days about 2,000 tons of ice in addition to the ship scheduled for docking. Save for the periods during which it held the same vessel for more than a day, the dock operated almost every 24 hours, and in the two months it lifted almost as many vessels as there are calendar days in two months.

All sizes and types of ships combined with the ice and zero weather to wrest from the big dock an admission of defeat, but to no avail. Even the giant cargo ship, *Minnesota*, weighing 20,718 tons, did not make the dock groan under its weight. It was lifted in 25 minutes. The *Vesnorge*, 1,200 tons, was the smallest of the vessels lifted in the two months, and if the occasion demanded, it could have shared the dock with one or two other small ships.

Ideal Place to Work

THE following letter to Tom Plunkett of the Employment Office is another testimonial of the loyalty and goodwill of the Morse men, many of whom have worked in other plants and know whereof they speak:

"Dear Sir:—Last Saturday when turning in my checks and button, I spoke to you about a reference and for which I have sent this letter. A word or two permitted me, I will state that during my six years of steady work at Morse's, I can positively say that at no time was there a more contented man than myself, and at all times. I will always have cause to look back at those six years with fond remembrances and should I seek work again, I will think of no one but Morse's first. With my good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Harry Levy (2242)"

THE American liner, *Kroonland*, of the International Mercantile Marine Company came to our yards about March 10 for dry docking and outside hull inspection, and was lifted by our big dock with usual speed.

A sister ship of the *Finland*, the *Kroonland* is 560 feet long and of 12,241 gross tons. She was built in Philadelphia in 1902 and is one of the most finely appointed and modern ocean-going vessels. She has steamed under several flags, including the Belgian flag, in her sailings from Philadelphia to Antwerp. Now she is back under the American flag and is helping to make the American Merchant Marine the trade power of the sea.

THE Hull department flag, first raised on the occasion of the completion of the big 30,000-ton floating dry dock, was raised again on Washington's birthday after it had accidentally suffered some mutilation by being caught in the big derrick boom in front of the Hull department. The flag was severely torn and frayed, and the Hull department boys regretted the accident. They had learned that \$40 would repair it. Mr. Morse learned the amount about the same time, and he beat the Hull department boys to paying the bill.

THIS ONE AND THAT

By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



OUR PAY-ROLL CLERK OF THE CARPENTER SHOP DOING HIS BIT, WITH HIS NEW EDITION.



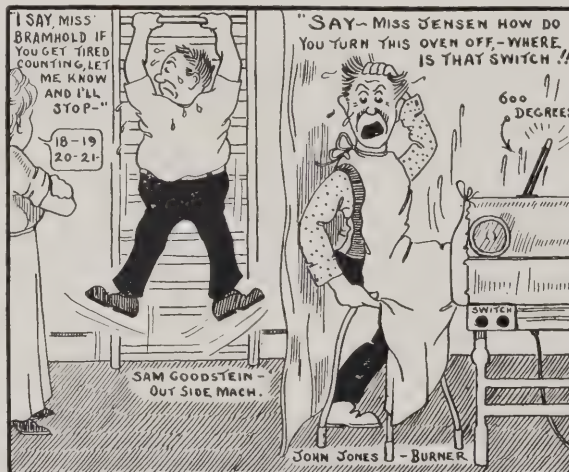
JIM GAYLIN OF THE OUTSIDE MACH. IS PRESENTED WITH A GENUINE LEATHER D.S.C. FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION - (OVERTIME).



LUFT AND BORCHERING OF THE ELECTRICAL DEPT. ON THE JOB-AND WHEN THAT 4 P.M. WHISTLE BLEW,-THEN THE FUN BEGAN !!



JAKE JACOBSON SAYING A FEW WORDS TO THE BOYS AT THE GET-TO-GETHER DINNER OF THE PLUMBERS AT CONEY ISL.



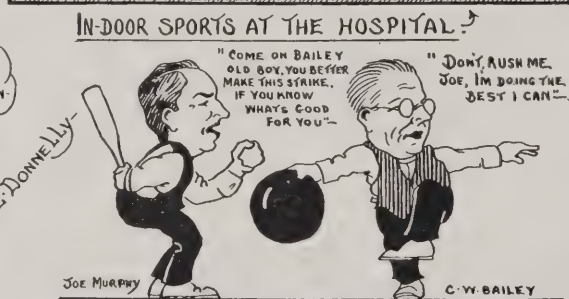
IN-DOOR SPORTS AT THE HOSPITAL.



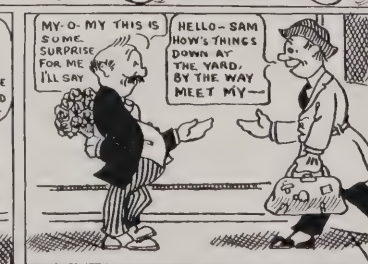
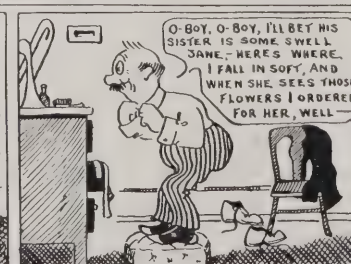
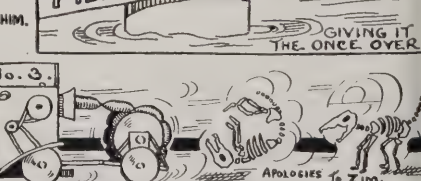
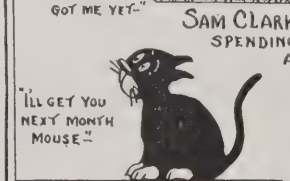
CHAS. RANDOLPH OF THE PIPE SHOP LOOKING FOR HIS DOG.

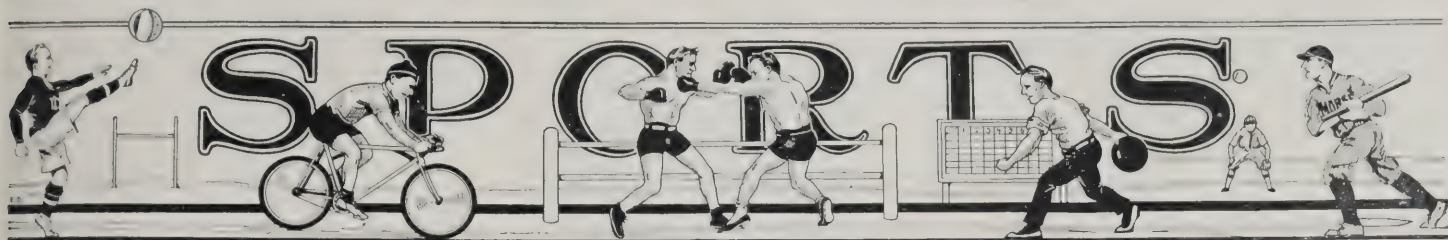


SAM CLARK-PLUMBER SPENDING ONE OF HIS NIGHTS AT HOME.



C.W. BAILEY OF THE DIAL TEAM ROLLS THE BEST GAME OF HIS LIFE, BEATING THE DOCK-HANDS - THE REASON, MURPHY THREATENS TO CROWN HIM.





With the Pin Boys

THE Dock Hands and The Dial contested in the bowling tournament Monday evening, February 16, with two men on each side, Frank and Alber representing the former and Bailey and Murphy the latter. The latter won by 15 pins.

The Carpenters won over the Main office by 164 pins in a game that was interesting up to the last few boxes when the Carpenters made an onslaught on the pins that was nothing short of merciless. Cy McLaurin with 202 and Anderson with 187 were the high rollers for the winners while Moore and Rose topped the Main office bowlers. Other starters in the meet were: Smith, Jr., White and George McLaurin for the Carpenters and Doremus, Versfelt and McConnell for the Main office.

By forfeit the Pipe Coverers lost to the Pipe shop, represented by O'Dea, Lavin, Dowd, Oderman and Kirby. The Pipe Coverers sent the following into the arena: Banks, Brown, Cavanaugh, Crist and Petry.

The Timekeepers also forfeited to the Hull department team, composed of Cavanaugh, Brown, Kistenmacher, Banks and Petry.

The Timekeepers and The Dial bowling teams were tied in the yard tournament Monday evening, March 1, both teams failing to show up at the alleys. Each forfeited, and Tom Smith wrote on the score books—*'Til They Meet Again.*

By 74 pins the Main Office team lost to the Inside Machinists. The pen pushers couldn't win even with the mighty Rochelle and the speed midget, Rose. The former rolled 164 and the latter 150 and were the high men of their outfit, which included Doremus, Versfelt and Moore. Cassel and Lavoy were the main springs of the interior mechanical unit with respective scores of 162 and 153. Conte, Hargreave and Frank completed the I. M. ball and pin squadron.

The Dock Hands forfeited to the Pipe shop, but a game was rolled just the same, ending with a score of 642 to 717 in favor of the Pipers. Lavin and O'Dea with the respective scores of 162 and 156 were the pacemakers of the winners, with Kirby, Murphy and Hughes trailing close to the bandwagon and trying for a place. Lutz, Bersen, Young, Hohorst and Kelley were the pin executioners assembled under the Dock Hands' emblem.

The Carpenters, champions of the Yard Bowling League, added another to their string of victories when they defeated the Pipe Shop quintet in the session Monday evening, March 15. The Woodworkers had a lead of 148 pins at the end of ten boxes. This healthy margin was acquired despite the fact that the Carpenters failed to roll at top form, the highest score being 171 by Tom Smith, Jr. Anderson and George McLaurin were tied for second with 168. Cullen and Cy McLaurin were the other rollers.

The Pipe Shop was represented by O'Dea, Oderman, Crist, Lavin, Murphy and Hughes. O'Dea and Hughes led the scoring with 170 and 141 respectively.

AS stated in another place on these pages, this season has been the worst that soccer has had in eight years. Unfavorable weather conditions entirely disrupted the playing schedule. A stretch of unusually bad weather served to affect bowling also, and, as a result, The Dial's quantity of sport gossip was lessened.

An interesting bout was staged between the Hull department and the Inside Machinists and it took an entire game to decide the winner, which happened to be the Hull department by 36 pins. Brown and Banks (sounds like a vaudeville team) were the prize babies of the Hull rollers, the former getting 164 and the latter 161. Mitchell, Shanahan and Petry had small parts in the cast. Frank and Hargreave, with scores of 179 and 155, led the interior mechanicians, the remainder of the team being composed of Leeden, Gustafson and Cassell.

The Blacksmiths forfeited to the Dock Hands and The Dial forfeited to the Outside Machinists. Ludy, Lansing, Hansen, Hohorst and Kelly represented the Dock Hands, while Dunn, Hahne, Lansing, Barney and Mack rolled for the O. M.'s.

The Inside Machinists took The Dial into camp in the yard bowling tournament Monday evening, March 22. Two Dial regulars appeared in the line-up, and some war-horses in the persons of Captain Kirby, Tom Cavanaugh and "Bennie" Leonard were pressed into service and a match game was on. Captain Kirby, once a 300 bowler, tried to tow The Dial forces to victory, but he failed to reach his old time form. A little over the 100 mark was the best the elongated captain could show for 10 boxes. Cavanaugh and Murphy led for The Dial, and other Dial rollers were Barnes, Kirby and Leonard.

Luden and Cassell got out in front of the field in the Inside Machinists' lineup, their scores being 165 and 156 respectively. Hargreave, Gustafson and Frank were also-rans on the I. M. quintet.

The unbeatable Carpenters won over the Blacksmiths. The Smiths (Sr. and Jr.—not the cough drop men) and the MacLaurins (Cy and George) were there with the usual steady onslaught on the big pins and they were ably assisted by Cullen, the old Reliable. Dunn, Monsenes, Benson, Cavanaugh and Kirby rolled for the Smiths.

In the race between the Inside Machinists and the Pipe Shop, the former quintet just nosed its way to a win. The margin was by four pins. Frank and Cassell led for the winners. Gustafson, Luden and Hargreave were the other rollers. Rohner was the high man for the Pipe Shop. Other rollers were Lavin, O'Dea, Lohsen and Hughes.

The Outside Machinists beat the Pipe Shop. The actors were Dunn, Monsen, Ak-erstrom, Hahne and Hansen for the O. M.'s, and O'Dea, Rohner, Lavin, Crist and Hughes for the Pipe Shop.

Bad Season For Soccer

ACCORDING to those who know, this season has witnessed the greatest setback soccer football has had in eight years, and it is very doubtful if some of the league schedules can be completed. All the cup tie games have been called off indefinitely despite the fact that efforts were made for getting the playing fields in condition.

The postponement of important games included the replay between Morse and Robins, ordered because of the Robins protest against the Morse victory on our Oval of a score of 1 to 0.

Many fans look forward to the Fall River Rovers vs. Robins game and expect to see an individual duel between two of the fastest centre forwards, Ratican of the Robins, and Tommy Swords of the Rovers. Ratican, formerly of the Bethlehems, has for three seasons led the country in goal scoring and Swords captained the first American international team in its conquests in Sweden and Norway in 1916. He was then rated by the Scandinavian football experts as the smartest centre forward ever to visit Scandinavia.

Connie Lynch of the Morse team ranks with Ratican and Swords for individual brilliancy of play. Lynch scored this season many points for the Morse team, and in one game in which Morse won by a score of 3 to 0, Lynch scored all three points. His very able support permitted Lynch to show to good advantage, as all of the Morse players have served to keep our team in the lime-light.

The Tyrconnell Celtics were defeated by the Morse soccer team by a score of 8 to 0 Sunday afternoon, March 13, on the Morse Oval. The visitors were a Metropolitan league eleven and were hardly a match for the veterans of National league championship soccer.

The Paterson, N. J. soccer eleven defeated the Morse team by a score of 2 to 1 in a game on the Morse Oval, Sunday afternoon, March 21. Rorke of the Morse team was the only player who connected with a goal. His successful effort came during a scrimmage and constituted a brilliant play. Connie Lynch was absent from the Morse line-up and several new faces were seen wearing the Morse colors. Kershaw, whose goal against Robins defeated that team in an important game, is still with the team and played a heady game. About 200 fans witnessed the contest. The Morse lineup was as follows: Whalen, goal; Lindsay, right back; Page, left back; Sinclair, right half; Parker, centre half; McCann, left half; Kershaw, outside right; Reid, inside right; Rorke, centre forward; Lennon, inside left; Neate, outside left.

The club stands second in the National League, has won the fourth round in the American Cup competition, and has reached the semi-final of the State Cup,—a record to be proud of,—with more victories in sight. Everybody attend the games and boost your winning team. With the main part of the soccer season still before us, many thrilling games will be played.

And Its Good Today, Too

TEN years ago this month, Captain Kirby of the Towing Office on Pier 3 reached that goal for which all bowlers strive—the 300 mark. He was feted and dined and got as much attention as did Georges Carpentier, the French boxing champ, when he put the K. O. over on Joe Beckett. He was no mean bowler, Captain Kirby, and there are few men today who reach the three centuries of bowling tallies.

Step into any old alley, and the boys are topling 'em over to the tune of 160 and 180. It's a good roller that makes 200 or over. So the genial Captain must have been a stepper in his day, or in those days, for he doesn't put up a bad string now.

Hark to what one of the Brooklyn papers said about the feat the day after it was performed. Here it goes:

"Last week was the biggest of the present 'Two Men Tournament' at the Sunset Park Bowling Alleys, Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-first Street, and every alley owner and individual bowler in this city is taking his hat off to Captain William F. Kirby.

"For quite some time the Captain has been hovering around the perfection score of 300. In many open games he has gone as far as to get eight and even nine strikes in a row, but each time he has fallen down just at the critical moment. But last Wednesday night just at the time when it would do him the most good, Kirby, while rolling his regular tournament games, went from the beginning to the end of a game without the least sign of a break and when he had finished he had gained that point for which every bowler reaches, but few attain—the perfection score of 300.

"He was, of course, given a merited reception, toasted and cheered enough to make the hardest-hearted man jump, but the real benefit comes when it is realized what he did with that one score in the way of tournament prizes.

"First of all the team takes the lead for first prize of \$35, then high team average brings \$5; high team score \$3, and high individual average \$5, a total of \$48. It is pretty certain that all these will go to the Ebonite team and to Captain Kirby. It has been a hard effort for the genial Captain and he is surely entitled to all that will be his reward at the finish."

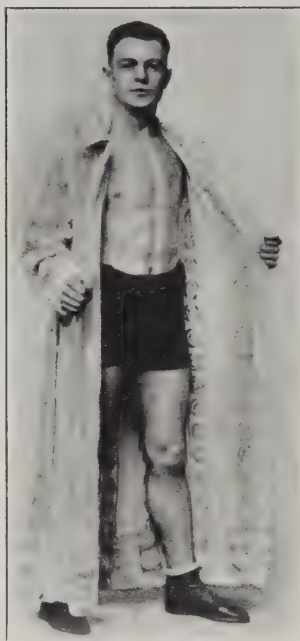
Bruce Wins Victory

JEAN BRUCE, whose wrestling prowess entertains the Morse workers at the regular monthly meetings, won a victory over Henry Gerick of the Belgian Army recently in a match at the Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. Young Monday was also on the bill, winning from "Roughhouse" Myers. Stanislaus Zbyszko, the giant Polish grappler, appeared in the main bout against a Bohemian champion whom he defeated. Mike O'Dowd, the fighter, refereed the matches.

Gene Bruce and Young Monday, who perform in the wrestling exhibitions staged at the Association's monthly meetings, were the principals in a preliminary wrestling bout at the Forty-seventh Regiment Armory in Brooklyn, Wednesday evening. Young Monday won with a body hold after twenty-four minutes of grappling.

Cyclist Wherry Wins Again

BILL WHERRY, winner of the cycle event in the Guarantee Trust Company's athletic meet, captured another first prize in a bike event staged at the Thirtieth Armory, February 23, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Sea Gate Marathon Association. Wherry won the five mile event from



Eddie Fitzimmons
A coming lightweight fighter, son of Charlie Fitzimmons of the Pipe Shop.

the scratch position from a field of eleven starters. He scored three firsts and two seconds, giving him 21 points. His nearest competitor scored 16 points.

Recently Bill's list of trophies was swelled by two silver medals. He captured two seconds, one in a five-mile and the other in a two-mile event, Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 15 and 16, in the National Championship races at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, New York City.

With Fight Fans

By Billy Goldsmith.

UNDER the supervision of H. G. Hoover, Al. Simendinger, Billy Burke, Billy Goldsmith, Young Tack, Charles Goldman and Fred Woods, a boxing tournament is to be held in which yard pugilists of four classes will participate. Suitable prizes, four in number, are to be awarded the winners. The men will be matched fairly and the bouts will be held each day at noon, in the Assembly hall. Three three-minute rounds will govern the contests, and it is expected that a good mitt carnival will be under way when the entries close.

Fast bouts between Sid Kauffman and Young Petro of the Hull department, and Frankie Fay and Young Happy furnished a noon-day boxing show in the Assembly Hall, March 12, which is said to be one of the best events ever staged among the yard fight fans. Both were characterized as "grudge" mills and the way the participants went at it seemed to bear out the title given to the mill. Yard foremen and department heads occupied ringside seats and every point of vantage in the Assembly Hall was occupied. There was much rooting for the different "pugs" and the interest bordered on excitement in several of the rounds, which were of three minutes each. Billie Burke and Young Tack were the referees and Billy Goldsmith was timer.

It takes no more time to boost a man than it does to knock him—and think how much pleasanter for everybody.

On Dundee's Trail Now

EDDIE FITZIMMONS, son of Charlie Fitzimmons, helper in the Pipe Shop, is fast coming to the front in the arena of boxing. He fought Eddie Darcy in Jersey City, Saturday evening, March 19, for the benefit of eight American Legion posts of North Hudson, N. J. He is getting to be a top-notch in his class and the accompanying picture of him was recently carried in the *Illustrated Daily News*.

Under the wing of Dan Morgan, one of the best known fight managers, Eddie ought to forge to the front. Dan is known as a shrewd manager and one who knows good material. He has put many boys on the road to success.

In Eddie's behalf, Morgan recently challenged the whole wide world. The *New York World* of March 15th had the following to say:

"Dan Morgan, on behalf of Eddie Fitzimmons, issued what he termed a 'sweeping challenge' to all lightweights yesterday afternoon. It appears that Fitzimmons has been engaged to box the best lightweight available at the all-star boxing show of the American Legion Posts of North Hudson, Hudson County, N. J., in the Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City, on next Friday night. After the matchmaker had signed Fitzimmons, he cast about to secure an adversary for him.

"Will he fight Dundee?" asked the official.

"WILL he?" exploded Morgan, "Say, that kid of mine will fight ANYBODY. It isn't a question of whom he will fight, it's a question of who will fight him. You go and grab Lew Tendler, Joe Welling, Willie Jackson, Dundee, Tuohy, any of them, and Fitz will be glad to battle 'em. You can't get Leonard, because he's out on the Coast, but we hereby challenge any and all of the others."

"Tom Cassidy, who is assisting in the promoting of the show, endeavored to get Lew Tendler or Jackson to meet Fitzimmons, but both declined, on the ground that they are matched to meet each other at the same club on April 5, and did not care to take a chance with such a dangerous fellow as Fitzimmons so shortly before their own match.

Dundee will be unable to box Fitzimmons because he already is slated to meet Willie Kohler on the same programme. However, an opponent will be engaged for Fitzimmons in due time.

Many prizefighters are like The Dial photographer, Kelsey Gregory. He weighs more—oh, much more—than 200 pounds. One day John Powell saw him working on films. Somebody said, "Big man, John," whereupon Powell said, "Not so very big, but developin'." Give him the money!

Bowling League Standing

Bowling Scores

The Yard Bowling League standing up to Monday evening, March 22:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Carpenters	10	0	1000
Hull Department	10	1	909
Main Office	9	2	818
Pipe Fitters	8	3	727
Inside Machinists	6	3	667
Copper Shop	7	4	636
Sheet Metal	5	7	417
Pipe Coverers	4	7	364
Dial	4	8	333
Electricians	3	8	273
Dock Hands	3	9	250
Outside Machinists	2	7	222
Timekeepers	2	10	167
Blacksmiths	0	8	000

Politics in Full Swing

THE yard political campaign is now in full swing, nominations having been made at the March meeting of the Employees' Association, but too late to permit a complete report in this issue of The Dial. At the time this article is being written it is planned to publish a daily paper to keep the men in the yard informed of the progress of the election, as was done with such gratifying results last year when 95 per cent. of the voters in the yard cast ballots. In this daily paper will appear complete reports of all the election activities. In the May issue of The Dial, the campaign will be reported mostly by pictures, which are bound to interest every man in the plant, so be sure to get your copy. To do that see that your name is on the mailing list in The Dial office.

In the pre-election period there were many interesting developments.

A rumor to the effect that Joe Lowe had withdrawn as a candidate for Treasurer was circulated shortly after his candidacy was announced and there was much speculation as to who was to succeed him as a candidate on Tom Smith's ticket.

The rumor happened to be very weakly founded, for The Dial communicated with Joe and asked him for the "inside" on the report. He did not hesitate to say that he had never announced his withdrawal, although his political opponents had.

"I am still in the race," he said, "and any reports to the contrary are false. My withdrawal, which is not likely to occur now, had been announced because I had been elected to membership on the Conference Board."

One political leader is trying to make the campaign an issue between the iron and steel workers versus the woodworkers, but the more conservative leaders have sought to discourage this policy as both steel and wood workers are represented on each of the tickets, and such an issue would split the tickets unmercifully.

Another development transpired Wednesday morning, March 10, when a flaring red and black sign announcing Tom Smith's ticket greeted Morse men from the exterior of the Inside Machine Shop. The sign was large enough to emulate in size a circus poster and was plainly visible to men entering the Main gate.

The fact that the names of the candidates, Tom Smith, Sr., "Bill" Ritchie, "Billie" Burke and Joe Lowe, respective candidates for president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, were printed in red letters inspired a little adverse propaganda on the part of a rival campaign manager. He immediately started a slogan, "Get Rid of the Reds."

Al. Simendinger, McGuirk's campaign manager, is said to be responsible for Jimmy MacFarlane's withdrawal as a presidential campaigner. It was further said that a representative of the Smith ticket had sought MacFarlane to be a third candidate for president and thereby obtain votes that were generally conceded to McGuirk.

While MacFarlane declares that he will not be a candidate and that he is satisfied to be an ex-president of the Association, he is, however, actively engaged in the campaign. Some credit him with being M. W. Mead's campaign manager.

In the Department elections for the election of new members to the Board of Directors and the Conference Board the results were as follows:

Riggers and Dock Hands—Director, Edward Kelley; Conference Board, Eugene Callahan and Harry Carlson.

Blacksmiths — Director, Arthur Fallon; Conference Board, Adolph Rentel and Robert MacQueen.

Inside Machinists—Director, John Sweeney; Conference Board, Charles Gustafson and Frank Ulsmer.

Carpenters—Director, Pete Bresnan; Conference Board, Patrick O'Mahoney and Harry Anderson.

Main Store Room — Director, William O'Donnell; Conference Board, J. Finneran and W. Jerrell (timekeeper).

Inspectors, Draughtsmen and Pattern Makers—Director, James Donovan; Conference Board, Lawrence Wallace and Thomas C. Rathbone.

Outside Machinists—Director, Jack Lowis; Conference Board, Charles Pierson and Al. Cummings.

Welding Department New Bosses

HOWARD CANNING and James Davitt have succeeded Joe O'Neill, resigned, as heads of the Welding department. The former is in charge of the acetylene welders and the latter supervises the electric welding operations. Both have been employed by the Morse Company for about three years. Much of the war-time rush work of the Welding department was carried to successful termination through the co-operation of Mr. Canning and Mr. Davitt. As expert workmen themselves, they enjoy the confidence and esteem of their fellows in the Welding department.

Soccer League Standing

The official standings in soccer competition up to March 25 follow:—
National League

	F	W	D	L	For	Ag't	P.
Robins Dry Dock	8	7	1	0	30	12	15
Morse Dry Dock	11	5	2	4	25	17	12
New York	12	4	4	4	19	18	12
Erie	8	5	1	2	20	13	11
Paterson	11	5	1	5	14	20	11
Federal Ship	10	3	2	5	18	24	8
Disstons	8	3	2	3	16	11	8
Beth. Steel Co. ..	5	3	0	2	10	6	6
Merchants Ship	10	1	3	6	14	13	5
I. R. T.	5	0	0	5	4	19	0

Pipe Shop Honors St. Patrick

By Patrick J. Durkin.

INCIDENTAL to the unfurling of a large green and gold flag, with the harp and Erin-Go-Bragh adornments, a Saint Patrick's Day celebration was held under the auspices of the Pipe shop on Wednesday noon, March 17, in front of the Pipe shop building. While the Irish emblem was flung to the breeze with the American flag, the Morse band struck up some of our national airs and mingled with them some Irish folk-song and dance music.

The inspiring music attracted men from other departments of the yard and in a short time a lively program was under way. Joe Burns, shipfitter, and John McHugh, pipefitter, jigged and reeled to the strains of a "square dance" melody.

John Murphy, pipe shop foreman, and his assistants, Joe Martin and Frank Dintruff, headed a committee composed of Michael O'Dea, Joe Lowe and Charlie Davis. Joe Lowe presided over the occasion, which was attended by a number of prominent persons, including William A. Daly, Bill Robbins, Tom Smith, Sr., Bill Ritchie, Joe McGuirk, Lloyd A. Noble, J. J. Coffee, J. M. Donovan, D. Maltman, F. B. Russell, W. Anderson, and last, but not least, Tom Cavanaugh, guest of honor, representing Eamon de Valera, president of the Irish Republic.

Bloom in England

PHIL BLOOM, who, during the war, worked in the Morse yard as a driller and later with the carpenters and painters, is abroad holding his own with European pugilists, and the following account of his latest fight was gleaned from the sporting pages of a metropolitan newspaper:

"Phil Bloom, the Brooklyn lightweight, beat Jim Davie, a Scotch boxer, at the Holborn Stadium, London. The latest edition of the *London Times* to reach this country has the following to say of the bout, which was fought on February 12th:

"Phil Bloom (America) beat Jim Davie (Scotland) in the last round of a 15-round contest at the Holborn Stadium last night. Davie's seconds gave in for him.

"This contest was watched with considerable interest. Bloom had an excellent record as a lightweight and is credited with a draw against Kid Lewis. Bloom boxes more in the English style than do most Americans, and he quite outclassed his opponent last night. Davie is said never to have been knocked down; he is a 'worrying' boxer but clumsy and with no real weight to his punches. The Scotsman was aggressive all the time but could not hurt his opponent, even when he hit him. It was a disappointing fight, of which the spectators got very tired. In the 11th round, for the first time, the fight became more interesting. It was evident that Davie, who was nearly a stone heavier than the American, had worn the latter's strength down, and Bloom took a lot of punishment. By the 12th round both men were very tired; there was no comparison between the boxers, but the heavier man looked as though he might win through his opponent's weakness.

"During these later rounds Davie had been scoring a lot of points. In the 14th round Bloom had Davie tottering through weakness, but the Scotsman's extraordinary toughness enabled him to keep on his legs. In the last round Davie was quite helpless and, to save him from unnecessary punishment, his seconds gave in for him. It was an equitable result. Skill had triumphed over strength and weight."

All Former Morse Men

FORMER Morse ball players are making good in league baseball, and this season should see a couple more up in the big show where Charles "Chad" See and Paddy Martin have landed.

"Chad" left the Morse team and went to Rochester, from which team he was sold to the Cincinnati Reds and participated in the World's Series of 1919. He is now training in the Southland and expects to land a regular berth with Pat Moran's outfit.

In the Morse Company, he was both a driller and assistant painting foreman. With the Morse baseball team, he attracted attention as a pitcher and pinch hitter.

Paddy Martin, the star southpaw of the Binghamton International League, who was sold to the Philadelphia Athletics, was a member of the Morse baseball club of 1919.

Paddy was Paul Troy's right hand bower on the *Kaiser Augustine* and *Victoria* jobs last summer. He is making good in the big league and under that shrewd manager, Connie Mack, is sure to learn a lot of inside baseball.

Other Morse men from whom we expect to hear good reports are Gene Sheridan, now with Joplin, Missouri, William Buckley with Rochester, and Bobby Emerich and George Brown with the Bridgeport Eastern League Club.

Some of Our Old Timers

DO you know an old-timer in the Morse service? If you are an old-timer yourself, send your story to *The Dial* before the series of personality sketches of the Morse veterans is brought to a close. Have you been with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company for or about twenty years?

Blowing Boilers, Not Bubbles

JAMES MILLER—in moving pictures he once appeared as “Jimmy Miller, the Grand Old Man of the Hull department”—is known, in the vernacular of the shipyard, as a quartermaster.

For the benefit of those who do not know what a quartermaster is, we will say that he's a boss. As they would say in military circles, he “outranks” a snapper, also a boss.

And Jimmy Miller, for 46 years around a shipyard, and about 20 years with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company, has been a boss for many years. Some men achieve bossdom; others have bossing thrust upon them, but “Jimmy” was born to boss. He served his apprenticeship as a boilermaker and a riveter, but his forte is bossing.

When Billy McEwen can't devote all of his time to one particular phase of his work, “Jimmy” Miller may be found on the ground answering necessary questions and directing necessary operations. On the floor of the Plate shop, he visits different work and workers, and his keen eye is quick to detect needless labor in handling a certain job. He is just as quick to point out a better and speedier way.

“Jimmy” says that the men think he's a “slave driver,” but the men say that “Jimmy,” in thinking so, is doing them a great injustice. They understand that he got that way in the “olden” days when he used to break records for the Morse Company with his crew of men engaged in the work of “blowing” boilers, taking the dents out of the crowns and giving the boilers more lung power.

Again, they might get that impression from the fact that “Jimmy,” during the war, worked a gang of riveters (four shifts) night and day, an hour at a time, and in the meanest of weather, riveting a ship which later performed good service as a troop and cargo transport. The work was done in Hoboken. “Jimmy” was bundled up good and warm, with lots of clothes, but the men, to work fast, couldn't wear as much as he, and for that reason he inaugurated the hourly shifts. Doesn't sound much like a slave driver, does it?

In the Morse organization, “Jimmy” enjoys a reputation for loyalty and honesty. To use his own words, he was “with the Company when it was small and fighting and when it had one horse and wagon for transportation uses.”



James Miller

Now “Jimmy” thinks of the big fleet of automobiles, the bull-riveter for driving rivets, the electric heater which heats four rivets at a sitting, and he concludes that an old-timer has something on the younger fellows who fail to appreciate the easy ways now compared with olden days.

Somebody's Got His Goat

RICHARD J. “Dick” BURKE, a veteran of Morse employ, who was with Mr. Morse at the Twenty-sixth Street plant, has tasted of the bitter and sweet of life's nectar, but he can remember only the sweet. He furnished the writer much information and more amusement in a recent interview, during which we learned that “Dick” is 60 years old, and has known Mr. Morse for 35 years. Many of those years he passed in the employ of Mr. Morse.

Mr. Burke informed us that he started at the Twenty-sixth Street plant as a watchman. He was also a watchman at this plant. As a tradesman, however, he is a driller. Just now he is assisting in the Salvage department of the Company, with headquarters adjoining the rivet room.

As the wheat is separated from the chaff, Mr. Burke and his men separate the workable, useful rivets and parts from the discards. Needless to say, this work is important, saving the company thousands of dollars in a year's time.

We found Mr. Burke bending over a keg of rivets and peering intently into the depths of the keg. “Hello,” was the salute, and he and the keg came to upright positions. “I am from *The Dial*,” I further informed him, and before I could make known my mission, he had asked if I was in quest of another alligator story.

In justice to Mr. Burke (we'll soon be calling him Dick) it may be said that he did not feed the alligator red-hot rivets, but happened to know the circumstances and for that reason was unjustly implicated in the death of one of the finest alligators that ever furnished a pocketbook for the female of the species.

And speaking of alligators, it seems that “Dick” has always had a fondness for animals. Once he owned the finest goat that ever ate a tin can. When “Dick” was a watchman in the early days of this company, the goat hung around the gate at First Avenue, and as the gentle breezes caressed its coat, an overpowering scent wafted in the air and fell upon the yard, telling the boys that a breeze was stirring and that a storm might be expected before night.

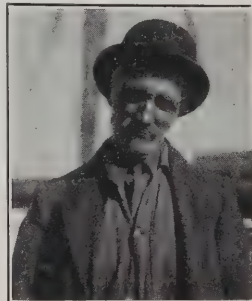
“Dick” lost that goat to no less a nobleman than Lord Dunraven, an English sportsman. He also lost, as he claims, \$50 which Lord Dunraven promised him for the goat.

“Bally fine goat, that,” said Lord Dunraven one day as he passed on his way to visit his yacht, the *Valkyrie*, which was beaten by the American yacht, *Vigilant*, or some other.

“Yes, my Lord, the finest that ever wet his whiskers in a goblet of ale,” answered Dick.

“How much, my man?” asked his Lordship. “Fifty dollars,” replied Dick.

A deal was made and Dick delivered the



Dick Burke

goat to the peer's yacht. He claims he is still waiting for the \$50. Furthermore, he claims that on a recent visit to Tipperary Ireland, he saw the picture of his goat or hundreds of advertisements for an Irish bock beer.

“Dick” was equally unlucky with other animals he owned. When he came to this country on the good ship *Constellation*, he brought aboard his pet crane, and that long-legged, long-necked heron-like bird commanded all kinds of attention from the passengers. The ship's captain expressed his admiration for the bird whereupon “Dick” made him a present of it. When they were four days out, the crane yearned to fly, and it was loosed. Taking wing, the bird was never seen again. Because cranes do not have web feet, “Dick” thinks that “the finest crane that ever craned its neck” was lost at sea.

The olden, golden, palmy and picturesque days of yore were recounted by Mr. Burke and we were carried to Fort Hamilton to the yacht races. They were different in those days, according to “Dick” for one could see the race from a point of vantage without paying \$5.00 or more for a seat on a steamer.

Despite his 60 milestones, Mr. Burke is active and wiry, and keeps the traffic of his department at maximum. He resides at 258 56th Street and has four sons and the same number of daughters. All of his sons were in the nation's service during the war. Three of the boys were commissioned officers, one a major, another captain and the third a first lieutenant. The fourth son was a sergeant.

Carlson Rescues Fellow Rigger

SIGURD CARLSON (9200) a rigger, performed an act of heroism on Tuesday morning, March 2, which his modesty cannot withhold from print. By his rescue of a fellow rigger who was injured and perhaps drowning, Sigurd Carlson was generally admired by the men of the yard who had heard of the incident. The *Dial* received many telephone calls telling of the heroic act. Therefore we can't very well suppress the news even though “Sig” Carlson didn't tell us and didn't want to pose for a picture.

When his fellow rigger accidentally fell from a ship at one of our yard piers, Carlson was quick to note that he was injured and likely to drown.

While a number saw the accident, Carlson did not hesitate, but dived through space between two vessels and into the water by the side of his injured fellow.

He came up with his man and a rope was thrown to them. Both landed on the dock, Carlson refused a reward, telling those about him to look after the other fellow who was hurt. Wet clothes and wintry weather failed to remove his concern for his brother worker.



Sigurd Carlson

Our Family Poets

*Sociable Game of Cards at Joe's Home
between Joe, Harry, Doc, John,
George and Fred. The results.*

Once upon a midnight dreary,
I was feeling very weary,
Sitting in that chair,
For all night long and every night,
While the others showed some fight,
I could only sit and stare.
Kings and queens and little aces,
I tried hard to fill the spaces;
Never even drew a pair.
At the game of bluff and call 'em
Most of us sometimes have fallen;
I am one of them.
Once I held three nice new kings
In which I'd stake my ham and beans
In a game of chance.
I drew two and to my pleasure
Got two ladies for good measure;
What a lovely hand!
Two dropped out and four stayed in,
Quite a pot for one to win;
Who was it to be?
Quite soon the betting did wax hot,
Two more dropped from that tempting pot,
Leaving Mr. Doc and me.
Bet five and he five better;
Ten more then I raised him;
Five more, ten more, even higher,
Till I never phased him;
Well then with quite a careless fling
Unwound the B. R. string,
Smiled and placed "It" on the table.
Then with a look that turned me livid
And a voice that never quivered
Doc began to call;
Showed down my full-house royal,
Oh, how my head began to twirl
When I saw his hand.
Four little sixes in a row
Took all the yeast out of my dough,
Even lost my fare.
So, my stocks all fallen low
To the cleaners I did go
In that awful game;
When someone mentions Poker now,
With a frown upon my brow,
I play—CHECKERS—
Thank You

Joe

The Story of Ten Riveters

Ten husky riveters standing in a line,
One laid off and then there were nine.
Nine husky riveters trying to be late,
One really was and then there were eight.
Eight husky riveters playing come eleven,
One got pinched and then there were seven.
Seven husky riveters playing husky tricks,
One sprained his ankle and then there were six.
Six husky riveters trying a high dive,
One broke his neck, then there were five.
Five husky riveters asking for more,
One didn't get it and then there were four.
Four husky riveters took a trip to sea,
One fell overboard, then there were three.
Three husky riveters with nothing to do,
One got fired, then there were two.
Two husky riveters fooling with a gun,
One shot the other, then there was one.
One husky riveter working all alone,
He got married, then there were none.—
Exchange.

Men of Iron

The poets all write of different things
About this happy land,
But few are the scribes who sing the praise
Of the honest working man.

Do you ever stop to think, my friends,
Of the wonders and the might,
The force and energy let loose
In labor's building fight?

They build and plow and toil and pull,
These trojans of the world,
Their hearts are free from bondage
'Cause God gave them health instead of
pearls.

The marvels of the railroads
These mighty men turn out,
The wonders of our buildings,
We could not do without.

Then our mighty shipyard workers
With their voices gay,
The foundry men and miners
Who help to make things pay.

All our mechanics each and
Everyone a shining star,
In this universe of wonders,
They make things just what they are.

Working, tugging, straining, striving.
Human creatures these,
Giving the best that's in them,
Always trying hard to please.

These iron men are all uplifters
Of a free-born land,
And like Greek gods they are
Symbolic of our labor plans.
So let this Nation which we love
And for which we all would die
Show these Men of Iron
That their efforts all outvie.
Now give a rousing cheer
For the mighty laboring man,
And may this Nation love him
And help him all it can.

May Evelyn Foy.

He Who Does His Best
We cannot all be geniuses,
Or conquer wealth and fame;
We cannot all do wondrous things
To make ourselves a name;
We cannot all feel confident
Of meeting every test,
But when we have our work to do
We all can do our best.

Our best may not be wonderful,
Judged from a standard high,
But we can all do something well,
If we will only try.
And if we try our level best,
Performing every task,
With all our might why, that is all
That any one can ask.

We cannot all be famous—if we are
'Twould cheapen fame,
We cannot all be rich enough
To give ourselves a name.
We cannot all expect to be
Distinguished from the rest,
But some reward is certain
For the man who does his best.

Submitted by Mrs. E. Gilleland.
219-51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All-Wood Ship Comes Here

SINCE iron and steel have superseded
wood in the ship-building and ship re-
pairing industry, wooden ships are not
a common sight and we were therefore
honored recently when the all-wood ship,
Maple, paid a visit to our yards.

Built in Slidel, Louisiana, about three
years ago, the *Maple* is of a type similar to
the *Flirt*, which burned at sea. She is a
two-decker of 1,099 gross tons and 613 net
tons, 174 feet long with a 34-foot beam.
She makes a speed of eight knots an hour.

Her captain, W. L. Pinder, of Mobile,
Alabama, passed much time in the yards
during the ship's stay here, which was ac-
companied by warm, spring-like weather,
mighty pleasing to the genial captain.

Captain Pinder is a seafaring man who
is old in the service and more than 30 years
ago he piloted a sailing ship between New
York and the Florida islands. His vessel
was engaged in carrying pineapples for
cargo and on one trip she carried more
than 7,000 dozen. The trip one way used to
be of five days duration, with favorable
weather conditions.



Photo by Morse Photographer

In this age of steel, we receive the all-wood ship, Maple.



"Powell's Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Pipefitters Perilous Plunge

Chapter I.

"ROBIN RENCH," for such is our hero's name, was a sandy-haired and hazel-eyed youth, and with the exception of a slight cast in one of his eyes, he was handsome. One could hardly tell "witch" hazel eye was affected, and on account of his hair, which resembled in color the hull of the *Powhatan*, and hung over his manly two-inch forehead like a corn field after it had met with a cyclone, he was called by his playmates, "Rusty Rench."

At an early age, or maybe even previous to that, his father, who was the inventor of seamless concrete, failed in business, which left the family stone broke, and not having the sand to meet the mortgage on their little home, 'twas then he (I mean the father) took to drink, or I should say had it brought to him, for as early as six o'clock in the morning he would wake little Rusty up and tell him to go to Mike Coils' on the corner and get him some steam and return, which was our hero's first intimation of his future calling.

It was on one of these trips that Rusty conceived the clever idea that if kerosene will start a fire in five minutes, gasoline would do it in less time. So, after giving his father steam to heat his system he then went to the family cook stove and fed it two quarts of gasoline to heat the house.

When the father came out of the hospital he found the mortgage removed from the house and the house removed from its former site and from his sight also. Strange to say, the old man was peeved and when he saw Rusty he exclaimed, "Out of my sight forever; you are no longer a son of mine." He would have said, "Out of my house forever," but he couldn't real estate this as he had none, since like all things the property had gone up.

So with a heavy heart and two dollars his father had overlooked in the ruins, Rusty left his native land and old friends to seek fame and fortune in a strange land and among strangers.

Chapter II.

'Tis twelve o'clock noon on a beautiful day, the sun is shining, strange as this may seem in July, the quietude is appalling in the beautiful, picturesque city, situated as it is between a row of slaughter houses and the Commission wharves on the water front. It reminds one of great works of art done in Standard Oil. On the west can be seen the bright glow of tinware as the sun shines on "Garbage Hill." The strange language one hears, quaint in its dialect, reminded one of the sweet music of the Tom-Tom. But unlike the Zulus, the natives were polite to all foreigners and were ever ready when they could make themselves understood, to show the weary traveler where to get two-seventy-five and would do it without a kick.

It was to this strange city of Hoboken that Rusty arrived after a perilous trip on

the Lackawanna transport No. 12. Luck was with him the first day, for being a foreigner whom none could understand, he got a position calling out zone stops and collecting fares on the street railway. All went well until his strength gave out, when one day he went to the manager of the road and said, "Sir, I can't hold out any longer." When he was informed he'd been holding out long enough, he left the company and, being honest, he left the car he was running to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Chapter III.

Two years have elapsed in Hoboken since the last chapter, though to our hero and anyone else from any other town it would seem like twenty. It is eight o'clock in the morning and Rusty is reading the Want column of *The Morning Moonbeam* and as he reads—"Wanted, Pipefitters, Plumbers and Riveters. Apply Submarine Shipyard"—he soliloquizes, "I don't like the name of that firm, they might go under, but a Pipefitter I will be."

So with a quart of liquor and a pint of ambition he set sail on the good ship *Derelict* for Pork Island, Philadelphia, where in the short time of ten years we find him a full-fledged fitter, in fact in two years he could tell a three-inch forty-five from a one-inch tee. Rusty was a good worker and was well thought of by his foreman who took an interest in him and prophesied that with ten hours practical experience every day for ten years he would be able to know a scupper from a hot water system, and Crane C. Ment sometimes knew what he was talking about.

With the exception of his helper, Kit O'Tool, our hero kept to himself and never asked questions; that's how he knew so much. But still he was lonesome until one night the Steamfitters had a blowout and it was there that Rusty met his affinity in the person of Laura Litharge, a beautiful girl who had a good position in a candy factory putting overcoats on caramels.

It was love at first sight; Laura at her work would think of nothing but her Rusty and would so far forget herself that half the caramels went naked while the other half would have three overcoats on. And Rusty would hook up the main feed to the windlass, and so things went on and on and will until the

Next Chapter.

All is hustle and confusion in the Pork Island Shipyard; a large ship is coming in for repairs and on account of her name they have a hard time getting her in the dock. She is a Shipping Board ship, the *Chinamanseasick*. They throw out a line the length of her name and make her fast. The work to be done on her calls for overtime; as the captain is not on speaking terms with the engineer they have to put in a speaking tube in two days and the pipes from the deep tanks have to be renewed, as some careless engineer filled them with Schuylkill River water, so our hero is assigned to that job. As soon as he heard the word, "Soap," he sends a messenger to Laura Litharge and arranges their wedding three months ahead of time. Little did Rusty dream that

this ship would make him the hero of the yard, but such it did, of which I'm glad as well as you'll be—to hear that it's the last chapter.

Last Chapter.

'Tis Saturday night on the good ship *Chinamanseasick*, still every man is at work although they have been paid off as every man's pocket is bulging with a week's pay. Our hero, Rusty, has worked for days and four nights and every time he stoops to make up a pipe he has to remove his pay envelope from his pocket although he doesn't move it often.

All is going well; it is twelve o'clock night; all hands are busy at their work when a mighty crash wakes Rusty up.

Another vessel has hit the *Chinamanseasick* in the middle of her name and tore a hole below the water line about three feet square or maybe three feet and one inch. All excitement and confusion and everyone in a mad effort to get some place else. The awful cry is raised, "The ship is sinking who will volunteer to go below and see what can be done?" "I will," cries our hero, and with the mad rush of a caterpillar he jumps down the hatch to the deck below and, gazing at the dark waters of the bilge he could hear the rush of the incoming stream.

So, acting on the impulse of the moment and with cool presence of mind, he took out his requisition book and left an order for all material for a first-class funeral then plunged into the clear waters of the bilges, took out his pay envelope and stuffed it in the three-foot hole, stopped the leak, started the pumps, walked up to the captain and said, "Sir, I have the honor to report that we have met the enemy and they are ours." The captain said, "You are a noble man, but I thought this was a prohibitive town. I will see you are promoted; you ought to go to Washington, D. C., where you would get better wages for stopping leaks."

There is very little else to tell, in fact there wasn't in the beginning, but our writers are paid by the word. Well, Rusty and Laura were married and for the honeymoon they paid a visit to his old home and when his father, who is considerably older now than when Rusty parted from him, saw his only son, he said, "Though I drove you from the only house I didn't have and swore you were no kin of mine you are Still-son Rench."

Rusty bought his father a new house, paid a new mortgage on it, bought a piano and life forever after was one sweet son with a baby girl to bless their happiness with the exception of one little quarrel.

Rusty wanted to call his only daughter "Gasoline" because that was the cause of the turning point in his career, but Laura insisted on account of her maiden name being "Litharge," she should be called "Glycerine" as they go so well together. Moreso, I'm sad to say, than this waste of words has in pointing out a moral of the Pipefitter's Perilous Plunge.

The End.

Next Installment—*Tabulator Tessie's Trilulations*.

Ima Mutt writes from Mattewan; "Is true that only real sea dogs are found with barques? Loosa Scrue says so. I say no. Which is right?" Answer—Neither, or you would have written from some other town. Sol Idvory wants to know what was the greatest ship lost by Germany to the United States. Answer—Friendship.

This is what I would call a dash-houn good joke.

Mat Hematic asks, "What is the national debt of the United States?" Answer—I'll figure it out and let you know next issue.

What is a riveter? Answer—A tailor of a ship in the making. He sews the buttons on.

Al K. Hol inquires, "Do American sailors drink more than others?" Answer—Not in America.

"What is the difference between port and starboard?" from A. Stern. Answer—One is on one side and the other on the other as far as we know.

M. T. Bean asks, "What is meant by the term, 'Ship Ahoy?'" Answer—This is used in hailing Shipping Board vessels when you can't pronounce their names.

Anxious Annie—"Is it true that sailors have a girl in every port?" Answer—We are not sure, but if so girls have a sailor in every port.

A says a knot is a mile and three-eighths, while B says a knot is a mile and five-sixteenths. What is a knot and who wins?" Answer—It's a tie.

D. Lirium—"What vessel made the fastest record trip across the Atlantic?" Answer—We just forget the name, but we are under the impression, it was the one which did it in the shortest possible time.

Shipyard Nursery Rhymes

Hickory, Dickory Dock,
The man rang up the clock,
The clock showed one,
A half hour gone,
Hickory Dickory Dock (emphasis on the Dock).

Rub a dub dub,
Two men on a tub
And who do you think they be?
A pipefitter loafing
A plumber that's smoking
Look out for a-fish-in-sea.

A diller, a dollar
A front office holler,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went out to get a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
They would have stayed longer.

There was a little man and he had a little gun
But for bullets he had no use,
For the only thing he shot
Was rivets when they're hot,
While another held them tight from getting loose.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth one morning to sup,
Then got a permit and they're now shaping up.

Jack and Bill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
For Jack the burner burned a hole
In the place he hadn't ought to.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Instead of standing by
He put in his time
With car-fare, a dime,
And said, "What a good boy am I."



THE more I read about these Reds, the redder I get. I get as warm as a red flannel shirt when I think of some of the folks who would let 'em stay in the country and educate 'em, and uplift 'em. I gotta admit that they should be uplifted, but I don't know whether it should be done with a rope or a stick of dynamite, which has always been their favorite means of upliftin'. Who are these Reds, anyway? I repeat—"Who are these Reds, anyway???" They are the guys that come over here from Russia to ruin our country like they ruined their own. When they get a few dollars together and learn a little English, they quit work and begin meeting the ships from the old country and get their steerage friends together and steer 'em to a little hall, and tell 'em where to work, and how much to get. I know those birds and I'll tell the whole wide world they better lay off of me.

Little Wally Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming his toes awfully,
But a man he came and caught him
And quickly then he brought him
To an office on the same floor as the Dial.

Something happened in the tool room of the Machine shop that you very seldom see in any plant, and, while it is not my intention to boost, as the man who did it will never need boosting, it impressed me. I had a small though intricate little thing to fix, so I took it up to the tool room, showed it to the boss and told him what I wanted. Without a word, he took the broken part himself, and fixed it then and there, without calling another man away from his work.

Major Griswold Thanks Plunkett

THOMAS J. PLUNKETT of the Employment Office was the recipient of public thanks recently when Major William C. Griswold expressed through the Brooklyn papers his gratefulness to Mr. Plunkett and others for their efforts in aiding Major Griswold in filling the ranks of the Third Field Hospital Unit.

By their active interest in the matter of getting recruits for the unit, Mr. Plunkett and others made it possible for Major Griswold's command to gain the distinction of being not only the first unit in the State Sanitary Train to become federalized, but also the first complete unit in the state to become a national organization.

Who goeth a-borrowing, goeth a-sorrowing.

Silence is Golden

With gruesome groans of labor, I struggle every hour,
Complaining not when taxed to use my every pound of power;
No limit to the hours I work, no thought of rest for me,
No waiting for a whistle that from labor sets me free;
With mute consent I lift the loads that mortal man ordains,
Bound as I am the slave of them, with shackles and with chains;
The words are spoken, "Go ahead;" no question if I can,
And when, at last, the task is done, the credit goes to man.
Of course for what I am today I owe alone to him;
But when he asks for shorter hours I never figure in;
And when the week-end brings reward to those the power that be
They line up for the pay, but still no envelope for me;
They feed me though, just twice a day, for fear that I might spoil,
The diet never has a change; it's always grease and oil;
But still when all is said and done, my life is not so hard,
With uplift as my mission, I'm the derrick in the yard.

Chauffeurs' Chugs

MacKinley is now a grandfather; you may call him "Grandpop."

MacCormack is just the same. You know, one way pockets!

Seiler wears a clean collar every day and now that he drives the new Buick, he also puts vaseline on his hair—on the both of 'em.

Finneran still sings in the quartet. He sings better (still).

Cavanaugh claims he can lose anybody in Newark since they added a new street to the two they already have.

MacKinley said that he would give his fur coat away pretty soon, so Fugel is hanging around, as he must return the coat he is now wearing. It is said to be owned by Miss Jensen.

Dolan is sore because the names are on the Flivvers. He can't "hack" any more. Fare, please?

Peterson had his picture taken sitting in the car (Ford) and he intends sending it to his folks in the old country.

Gaffney has a spring body on his Ford. It springs all over the street.

Frank Crossen knows a girl living on Hicks Street.

Pete Reynolds, in charge of the Garage when all the cars are out, has something in his cellar that's pretty hot. Ask him. He makes it.

THE Japanese use neither wine nor flowers in ship launching. A paste-board cage containing several birds is fastened over the ship's stern and when the vessel is afloat a man pulls a string which opens the cage door and the birds fly away. These birds are very often good singers and happy to be free. Hence they make the air alive with song. It is said that the Japanese believe the singing birds bless the ship as she commences her voyage.

A. B.—"What side of a ship suffers most from heavy seas?" Answer—The outside. Which is the bow of a ship? Answer—The one nearest the front. During the dog watch they call it the bow wow.

Over the BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY JOAN C. SHARP

Fashion Flurries

THESE days of rapid changes portray themselves in everything, even in dress. Last year the skirts were long and tight, the year before short and full. This year we combine the two and have them short and tight but not too tight. Instead of the long, straight lines we hear from authorities in dress that we can now look for the circular lines.

Nevertheless these changes will be somewhat slow in going into effect. So don't discard the old suit or dress; look them over carefully and you will see how, with a few changes, they can be made suitable to wear another season. A careful search through last year's wardrobe will usually prove surprisingly resultful. It is up to each one of us to be as careful as possible and not buy anything that is not necessary.

What about that last year's dress that has grown to be out of style? Why not make a skirt out of it? It is such a simple matter to make a belt from the sleeve or the waist of the discarded dress.

Not only dress but shoes are undergoing a great change. Whereas for the last few years we have had the long pointed shoes, we now see in the shop windows the round toes and low French heels. "In the shops" is right because comparatively few are now seen on the streets. We can have the old shoes fixed up easily and attractively, though it is true that we will have to pay more for having the repairs made than we formerly paid. The graceful, light aluminum heel replacing the wooden one usually put on the shoe when made, makes the shoe more desirable than when new. A bow of ribbon or a buckle will make your pumps look entirely different.

Many of our old hats from previous years can be blocked for a small sum and made to look new. If you are tired of the color get some hat dye and paint it. A band of new ribbon or a few flowers and you will have a new hat.

Not so long ago women would hardly think of remodeling their old clothes. But times have changed so that when they can make over clothes, they feel indeed very proud of the fact, and justly so.

Our New Contributors

The Home Page editors have received two contributions from the wives of Morse employees which will be found on the page headed, *Our Family Poets*. They were used in that department because space did not permit us to use them on this page. To Mrs. E. Gilleland, who sent in *He Who Does His Best*, and to Mrs. May Evelyn Foy, who contributed *Men of Iron*, we wish to express our thanks. We are especially anxious to receive communications on any subject which would be of general interest to Morse women folk. Who will be the next to contribute?

Household Hints

When you have a lot of pieces of hand or washing soap save them and put them in a saucepan with a little hot water, enough to dissolve the soap, and set back on the stove to dissolve. Stir into a smooth paste and turn into a cup or any kind of form desired.

When cold cut around the edge and the soap will come out in a nice cake and can be used much easier than the small pieces and to much better advantage.

Another use for small pieces of washing soap is the soap shaker.

The pot cleaner, known as the "Mystic Mit," is an excellent help in preparing new potatoes for cooking. It removes the skin so nicely that scraping is quite unnecessary, thus saving time and unpleasant labor. The cost is so small that one may have one of these "Mystic Mits" just for this purpose, and it may be found in any Ten Cent Store.

In ironing a colored blouse do not use a very hot iron. A blouse which has apparently kept the color in washing will, after being ironed, become quite dull and faded. The blouse should not be wet, but just damp enough to be ironed smooth.

The following is a sure test for gas leakages: Make a paste of soap and water, and apply it to the joints of the gas-pipe. If there is a crack, escaping gas bubbles will appear in a very short time.

Home Cooking Recipes

Ginger Cookies.

½ cup shortening, ¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon ginger, ½ cup sugar.

Heat molasses to boiling point and add shortening. Then other ingredients.

Brown Bread.

½ cup sugar, 2 cups sour milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 cup white flour, 2 cups graham flour. Bake in slow oven 45 to 60 minutes.

Fudge Sauce for Ice Cream.

Put into a saucepan one cup of sugar, four tablespoons of cocoa and one-half cup of warm water. Cook until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. When mixture becomes thickened pour over ice cream.

Milkless and Eggless Coffee Cake.

2 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup of sugar rubbed together.

3 cups flour.

2 teaspoons baking powder.

1 teaspoon salt.

½ cup of molasses.

Mix all together; add raisins, currants and chopped nuts if desired. Mix with enough strong black coffee to make a cake batter. Bake in hot oven. A chocolate or white icing may be put on when cool.

E. K. L.

What We Like to Hear

W. THOMAS (9707), a member of the Morse towing fleet, came into The Dial office recently and requested that his copy of The Dial be mailed to his home. He informed us that Mrs. Thomas was interested in each new issue of The Dial, and had requested him to see that she get it regularly by having their home address on the mailing list.

We are inclined to believe that there are other women of the Morse family who feel that they should receive The Dial in the home each month. If your husband, father or brother is employed by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company you are interested in The Dial. If you are not receiving it regularly, send us his full name, badge number, department, and home address and we will mail each new issue of The Dial.

Only Two

Women's faults are many,
But men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

Anonymous—The White Book.

Kiddies Gardens

NOW that winter is almost over and the snow gone it is time to think of getting ready for the planting season. Of course, it is a little bit too early to begin to plant the seeds in the ground but there is much that can be done and planned for before that time.

For instance, the weeds from last season and such stones and rubbish as may have accumulated should be cleared away. You must also plan just what you are going to plant and where you are going to plant it.

If you are going to plant nasturtium or sweet pea seeds, it is a good idea to get your guide strings placed. The time saved in doing this beforehand can be spent in looking after the plants when they begin to spring up.

The lilac bushes will grow so much better and look so much nicer if you remove all the broken and dead branches from them.

There were ever so many children who, during the war, started little "war" gardens. Isn't it just as necessary to have vegetables in times when there is no war? If you have a backyard in which there is suitable soil, as many fortunate children have, don't let all that good space go to waste, but get busy and plan a nice little garden.

The Dial would be very glad to receive letters from any of the children who have gardens, telling us how they are getting along.

Likes the Movies.

Frank W., Jr., three year old son of Frank W. Searing (21385), driller in the Hull department. Frank, Jr. is a staunch advocate of the motion picture as a medium of expression and he never misses the chance to take in all the new film showings. He thinks that the printing press in The Dial printing plant makes a noise like the subway trains, and he also thinks that Tom Plunkett is the finest man, next to his Daddy.



Frank W. Searing



George Hunt of the Cost department wishes to thank the Office members for their kind expressions of sympathy in his recent bereavement.

The employees of the Cost department, though they regretted to see him leave, wish Mr. Reese success in his new position as head of the Tabulating department. The Cost department workers also congratulate Mr. Goldsmith and wish him success in his new position as head of the Cost department.

Miss Bertha Mazzari of the Disbursing department, working late one night, found her hat and coat locked up and had to go home without them. People she passed must have thought her a movie star.

One of the men asked a new fellow in the Disbursing department where he hailed from. The reply was, "Oh, I come from Canada, but I have a little Scotch in me." Be a sport, Mr. MacDougal, and tell us where you get it in these prohibitive times.

Somebody in the Main Office building has a sweet tooth. Christobel Olsen bought a large piece of cake for lunch, but when she went to get it, it was no more. X-Ray, please.

While passing the girls' rest room one day, Mrs. Waterman heard such strange sounds she believed that somebody was in pain. Opening the door she found Marion Hayes in a laughing fit. Some fit.

Herman Kohler, no relation (because he comes from Yonkers) to Coco-Cola, is a modest young man whose complexion is a deep hue when he turns his head around. Why did you say, "Ask Irene!"

F. R. Dean of Jamaica, L.I., is engaged (so we hear) to an heiress, so he'll be giving up his payroll work, or giving up his pay, maybe.

When a young man receives a watch for Christmas and a fountain pen for his birthday, we'd say it's time to write her, eh, Danny O'Donnell?

Frank McCauley, Cost department, has enjoyed good health this winter, thank you.

Frank Maher has taken to a new style of hair-dressing. It looks all right, Frank. Was it parted with a plate?

Since the Office girls have taken to "Hope Chests," Maude Wilson has followed suit, and we are now waiting developments. It's a long walk to Boston!

Girls—Have you visited the Association Rooms Tuesday noon? If you have you know without our telling you the good times to be had there. If you haven't, you have missed a treat. Lots of fun and pep and the best music ever. If you don't believe it peek in some Tuesday.

The girls employed in the office want to know how Handsome Jack, the new chauffeur in the private garage, likes to be served with Charlotte Russes and also when he is going to wear his new uniform.

Jack Finneran is wondering who broke his fiddle.

There was a young lady named Hayes
Who is deserving of highest praise
Though she gummed up her eye
To work she did try
Though she had to wear smoked glasses
for days.

Clancy says that since the Employment Office has been remodelled he doesn't know whether he is working in an office or a railroad station.

Jimmie Thompson of the Payroll department is going to be an aviator because the chickens are after him.

Clancy claims that John Costello of the Employment office is a Maltese blonde.

Can you imagine the girls of the office giving a Saint Patrick's day banquet without creme de menthe? And they're hanging men and women for drinking things that's queer.

Cecile, Cecile,
What sympathy we feel,
Quite weary-eyed, we notice are your looks;
For when you wend your way
To Parkville every day,
I wonder if the library has more books.

Dance de Morseau, Mardi, Hotel de Assembly. Tabulating Tango, Dance de Dial, Pay Roll Schottische (pronounced shortage). Music by Monsieur Gregoire (Lieutenant Mygrant).

Shamrocks on Mr. Daly's desk. And a green, English bulldog staring Miss Collins in the face. Yes, a fighting dog. Weight? Paper weight.

R.R. Piper has returned to the Morse Company to resume his duties as Assistant Treasurer.

Virginia, Virginia, we hear that you can spiel,
And by your name no doubt you do
The old Virginia reel;
Your singing, too, we think immense
And if you get the drift,
We'll spring a gag at your expense
And say it is a Giff (t).

Tom Lynch—"Say, George, call up Ruppert's Iron Works."
George Reinert—"Hello, Central, give me Ruppert's Brewery."

Happy the man who loves his wife,
And loves his wife alone;
For many a man loves another man's wife,
When he ought to be loving his own.

The Link.

Mrs. Tillotson Departs

MRS. GRACE E. RUSSELL, as head of the Stenographic and Record departments of the Morse Company, has succeeded Mrs. Helen D. Tillotson, who recently resigned to accept a responsible position with the New York Trust Company of 26 Broad Street. Mrs. Russell was for two years identified with the United States Shipping Board, and previously had engaged in important office and executive work.

The resignation of Mrs. Tillotson was deeply regretted by her friends, but was accompanied by congratulations and good wishes for her future success. We all extend to her our hope that she will reap the reward her abilities may properly claim. She had endeared herself to the office girls of the Morse Company, whose welfare she always had at heart.

In Mrs. Russell, the Morse Company has a capable successor to Mrs. Tillotson, and one who is sure to take the same kindly interest in the affairs of the Company and the members of the Stenographic and Record departments.

Famous Sayings

"More coffee, ladies?"—Frank Brennan.
"Get out."—Jane Blackledge.
"Aw, Shucks,"—C. Kurlie.
"Got anything to eat?"—Virginia Giff.
"Have you got an empty drawer?"—C. Sackman.

One would think that Miss Russell's department was a cloak establishment. Everything goes by form.

Will someone please relieve our troubled minds and let us know who the unknown admirer is who sent Catherine Ulmer of the Printing department that wonderful bunch of posies?

Monroe Goldman has transferred his allegiance from the Record department to the Printing department, where he is installing an office system.

The many friends of Miss Kirsten Jensen, who has charge of the yard hospital, were delighted to receive a short visit from her recently. Miss Jensen is rapidly recovering from her long and serious illness and will be back with us again at an early date.

A good comedienne is lost to stage or screen because Miss Florence Fenk prefers stenographic duties in our main office building.



Captain Roach of the Morse Marine
Once docked a ship, not using steam;
But greater feats he's done by far,
He one day bought his own cigar.

When Lieutenant Mygrant calls a rehearsal for the band, the Joiner shop in the North building—so Foreman Herlihy says—reminds one of the crowd you see where they sell only Near Beer.

Someone saw Fitzgerald on the *Huron* with a bottle in one hand and what he thought was a pearl-handled razor in the other. Thinking he was about to commit suicide, as he had the supposed razor down his throat, the onlooker rushed to the rescue, but found the bottle contained peroxide, and he was gargling and scrubbing his throat with a tooth-brush.

McGuirk has moved to parts unknown
Among the herbs and roots,
Which fact to us has plainly shown
Why he wears rubber boots.

Says Porter of the Traffic Squad, no more
I'll smoke or chew, for Red Hot doesn't buy
tobacco like he used to do.

Charley Randolph is called a rebel in the Pipe shop; he quit the Coffee Club and now brings prepared coffee. One cup of hot water and one spoonful of prepared coffee. Where does he get his sugar. Ask Dintruff.

Jimmy Kerr called up Jim MacFarlane and asked him if he had made out his income tax returns. "No, Jimmie," he was told, "I was just sitting here worrying about them. I had it all made up, when Jimmy Stephens showed me so many rules and regulations that it upset all my calculations."

Charlie Kelly, Jr., who recently won an apprenticeship to the draughting room met Frank Kenny of the Chippers and Caulkers the other day and offered him a cigar. "What's the matter, Charlie," asked Frank, "aint it any good?"

Jimmie Hughes claims that his leather coat is made out of cow hide but H. Mack claims that it is dyed oilcloth.

A new sign appears in the Boiler shop telephone booth: "Although this is Leap Year, don't marry the phone. Line forms on the left."

"Chuck" Ennis of the Outside Machinists noticed a couple of Dial printers tugging at a box of Dials going to the Bindery, and, turning to Harry Lyle of the Boiler shop, "Chuck" was heard to ask, "Since when have the Riggers been wearing white collars?"

If you should look for Nesbit, and can't find George McKay, the best thing you can do is find the *Plant* across the way.

Joe Martin, Pipefitters' foreman, is back on the job since being attacked by the Flu. Joe's car made the Jerseyites gape during the week he spent at Asbury Park.

A Musicale will be given in the Print shop. *Composer* Buckalaer will render his famous *Sonata* in fine form. Monsieur Furlong will officiate on the *keys*, while Mr. O'Neill will sing "The Tie That *Binds*." Jack Lackie will recite "Press Me Not Too Closely, Darling." After this *collation* of talent "*Pi*" will be served.

A heavy test was made of Section No. 1 of the New Dry Dock when it raised the *Emily*. Not a strain was discovered.

Harry McMillan, the joiner, of the old Joiner shop, has joined the forces of the new Joiner shop in the North building.

Mike O'Dea, Pipefitter gay,
Upon the *Huron*, so they say,
Was in a hurry five o'clock
To beat the crowd down to the dock.
He saw a hose lead down the side,
Says he, "I'll take a chance and slide."
He did and quicker than a wink
He reached the—not the dock, but drink.

If you want to see the acme of patience, get Vic Foley with two sandwiches sitting up all night at a six-day bicycle race. He says there's more excitement in it than reading *Laura Jean Libby*.

All the married men of the Electrical department wanted to chip in and buy F. A. Turnbull a forty dollar baby carriage. What's the voltage, and how many amperes?

Paul Troy of the Plumbing Shop is official censor of all the mail Frank Dintruff of the Pipe Shop receives and can't read. Dintruff sends laundry checks, foreign language newspapers and Congressional Records to Troy for interpretation. Paul says that the only things that Frank understands are the comic pictures in the Sunday paper.

Speaking of a man with push, Howard Canning, of the Welders, we hear, offered John Dunn four dollars for his perambulator.

"Red Hot" is now telling how to get up in the morning and have a strong voice.

"Cleveland Bill" of the Hull department, has bought a row boat. Every Saturday he goes to Jersey and back. It's a 2.75 motor.

Young Tack, formerly of the Paint department, was chief second for Young Bono during a boxing mill at the February meeting, and Tack sure looked like he could use a four-inch brush to rub Bono down.

Henry Dietrich of the Outside Machinists likes coffee, and like most people, he prefers to take it internally. He is looking for the guy on the *Huron* whose can of hot coffee overturned and caused Henry to make a trip to the yard hospital.

Seeking employment, a workman told Tom Plunkett that he was a laborer. Accordingly, he joined the pick and shovel squad. He returned, however, saying he couldn't use the tools.

Tommy Kelly of the Electrical department, a good jazz artist with his pedal extremities, can use his head equally as well, and we understand that he burns the midnight oil, plugging up on amperes, voltage and induction. No wonder the electricians ask for the "Kelly Kid" when they want a helper.

Pete Lorenz of the Carpenter shop makes a good announcer at the monthly meetings and is well liked by the bunch. Pete's unassuming manner would not lead one to believe that he can handle his mitts with the best of them.

George Rothwell, of the Hull department is forever singing, "Another Good Man Gone Wrong."

Tom Cavanaugh has purchased creepers for use on slippery sidewalks. "What's the use?" some of the boys are asking. Tom creeps along, anyway.

Charlie Fitzimmons of the Pipe Shop has a habit of keeping his chewing gum inside his shirt collar. He missed a piece last week, and didn't know where it had gone until he was getting his hair cut.

John Fregin of the Hull department had the "Bumping Gang" working soap one afternoon, trying to reduce a bump on his head which he received while working on the *Powhatan*.

Notice to Boxers: Billie Burke wants all the yard "pugs" to know their item numbers as well as their weights.

They say Harry Coleman of the Outside Machinists has a strong kick in his old age.

Ike Harris, the yard glazier, left a pair of pliers on a table in the Outside Machinists' department. They disappeared almost instantly. Ike is anxious to get the pliers back, and will pay a reward for them and won't ask any questions.

When Joe McGuirk sings a song, he fools everybody. Instead of going dry he goes low.

Walter McKirchner is wearing an aeroplane cap which is making all the painters jealous. He can wear it over his ears and keep from hearing Lightning Al when he kicks about the cold weather.

Willie Loop of the Burners is very unpopular since he reminded the gang that "this is the time of the year the Bock beer signs come out."

"S. S. Portuguese Prince (work order)—J—No. 20658, Item No. 10—Shaft for downtown pump to repair. (Signed) J. Henderson." A copy of this order was accompanied by a note to The Dial requesting that we ask Mr. Henderson, through the columns of The Dial, where the "downtown" pump on the *Portuguese Prince* is located.

The fellow who always chins never wins.

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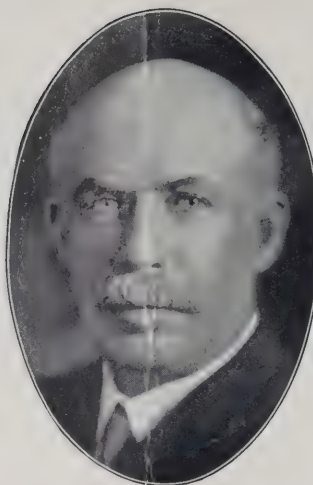
The **MORSE** **DIAL**

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1
MAY 1 1920

MAY, 1920



EDWARD P. MORSE, Sr., is not identified, directly or indirectly with any other ship repair, shipbuilding or shipping enterprise.



It is deemed necessary to make this explanation because of a confusion of names which frequently identifies the MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR COMPANY with individuals who are not and never have been connected with it.

Work!

A Song of Triumph.

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight
of it—
Work that springs from the heart's
desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on
fire,
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern
command
Challenging brain, and heart and
hand?

Work !
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide
of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing
the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge
of it,
And what is so strong as the
summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul to sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race
of it;
Fiery steeds in swift control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,

Guiding the purposes, taming the
mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady
track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain
of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel
goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged
road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring
of it;
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world,
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame
of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it,
Thundering on through dearth and
doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting
the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills,
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the Master
heart,
Thank God for a world where none
may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work.
Angela Morgan in The Outlook.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3 May, 1920 No. 5

An Industrial City's Election

By Joe L. Murphy

MASTER WORKMEN! What powerful descriptive strength there is in that adjective "master"! Usually it is applied to great painters, sculptors and writers. Why it should have such limitation we do not understand, and, failing to understand, we go bravely ahead and apply it to the workmen of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company.

As such, the workers of this company are exploited in the company's advertisements appearing to shipping interests and setting forth the advantages of ship repairing as it is conducted here. In such exploitation, there is no misrepresentation. They are, indeed, masters in their particular work. Many things make them so, industrial contentment being not the least among them.

We have been likened to smaller cities and towns. Our workers outnumber the inhabitants of some incorporated cities. We have our own newspaper, fire department, band and other features which identify incorporated cities. And we have our own industrial government, by the employees and for the employees.

During the first week of April, could the shipping interests have looked in upon us each noon-day, they would have been treated to a scene which, at first glance, could not be reconciled to the operation and maintenance of a progressive ship repairing company.

We would have been asked what it was all about—the bands, the crowds, the speakers. "What is it all about?"

And forthwith we would have been forced to explain: "They are the master workmen preparing for another year of contented industry. It is the annual election of the Employees' Association."

Thus the interest of the visiting shipping men would have been gained. Interested, they would have sought more information. As they were not privileged to look in upon us, we have reproduced some of the scenes during the election, showing the interest and environment which tends to produce "master workmen in the big Morse plant."

The campaign for the elective offices of the Employees' Association was formally opened Friday, April 2, and was continued each day, excepting Sunday, to the day of election, Wednesday, April 7.

Noon-day rallies were held from the yard band stand when the weather permitted. Otherwise, they were held in the Association Assembly Hall on First Avenue, opposite the main offices of the company. Band concerts and parades marked the electioneering. At no time during the campaign did the interest wane. In the final returns, this interest rivalled that which might be displayed in a state or national election.

Joseph W. McGuirk was the choice for president; Joseph P. Quinn for vice-president; Edward Hannan for secretary, and Mortimer W. Mead for treasurer. President McGuirk was re-elected, as was Mr. Mead, the treasurer. The term of office is one year.

Organized about 1917, the Employees' Association has become a powerful factor in our community life and activities, and one in which free expression is given an employee having real or imaginary grievances.

Also, it brightens the social life of its members, for its meetings are always followed by entertainment and general sociability, and this leaves little room for group grumbling and the thought of supposed wrongs.

Placed on a solid, workable founda-

Employees' Association
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.
OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED
To Serve for the year 1920
BALLOT
To Vote, Place a Cross (X) in the square opposite your choice for each office. Mark your ballot plainly.

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		For President Vote For One Only JOSEPH MCGUIRK THOMAS SMITH, SR.
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		For Vice-President Vote For One Only JOSEPH QUINN WM. RITCHIE
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		For Secretary Vote For One Only EDWARD HANNAN WILLIAM BURKE
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		For Treasurer Vote For One Only M. W. MEAD JOSEPH LOWE

Pictures and scenes of the election were not on the official ballot, but they are here



Scenes and personalities incidental to our annual city's election. Centre individual pictures show presidential candidates—Tom Smith, Sr. (left), Joe McGuirk (right). Other individual photos are those of campaign managers, Pete Bresnan, Al. Simendinger, Wm. Carr, Chas. Potter, James MacFarlane and Chas. Davis.

tion by its previous presidents, George McKay and James MacFarlane, the Association has enjoyed progress during the past year when, in addition to maintaining the usual social and athletic activities, it gave a big Christmas party for members of the families of Morse men, and conducted an army food sale at which \$17,000 worth of food was sold at cost to its members.

It is now considering the proposed plan of operating a co-operative store in which overalls, tools, canned goods and unperishable groceries would be sold to its members at a comparatively low cost.

Thus it may be seen that Morse workers, under the standard of the Employees' Association, are imbued with the "community spirit." The spirit of self determination of their industrial conditions is a step towards the making of happy, contented workers. Morse men, through their Association, have made themselves the master craftsmen we claim them to be.

Joseph W. McGuirk, entering upon his second term as the president of the Employees' Association, is a rivet tester in the Hull department. He is the youngest president the Association has had. His personal popularity, coupled with his consistent efforts to make the Association of interest to every member of the organization has made him an able leader. Under his leadership, we may look forward during the coming year to new plans which may be of benefit to the Association and its members.

Joseph P. Quinn, vice-president of the Association, succeeding H.G. Hoover of the Pattern Shop, is a Burners' Snapper and one of the best known men of the yard. His popularity was attested to when, with M.W. Mead, treasurer of the Association, he polled a majority of votes among the members of

the winning ticket. Active, progressive and an able spokesman, Vice-President Quinn is regarded as a worthy executive of our organization. His co-operative spirit and interest in the Association is sure to reap a harvest of good for members in general. Like President McGuirk, he is enthused about the Morse organization in general.

Edward J. Hannavin, secretary, custodian of the Brass Storeroom, succeeding James Donovan, inspector, has been keenly interested in the Employees' Association since entering the employ of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company. He served on the Association's Conference Board while a member of the Sheet Metal department and his record as a fair and impartial member of that board stood him in good stead in his campaign for the secretarial post of the Association. He has a responsible position with the company and assumes his duties as secretary to be just as responsible, bespeaking his willingness to serve as best he can.

M.W. Mead, re-elected treasurer, has held that position since the Association was organized, excepting the first three months of its existence, when the position was filled by Mr. Carroll, formerly a company bookkeeper. He has proved an able and careful treasurer and the prosperity of the organization is due in a good degree to his faithful performance of duties. He has an enviable record for attendance at the monthly and other meetings of the Association and can always be relied upon to furnish without unnecessary delay any data required. His duties in the Main Office building are important; yet Mr. Mead finds time to act as the Association's treasurer. The trust reposed in him was wonderfully expressed during the last election, when he received the largest number of votes cast on either ticket.

Directors and conference board members elected for the new administration and representing the various yard and office departments, are as follows:

Office, Estimators and Solicitors—Director, Frank Falconer; Conference Board, Miss Marjorie H. Davis and George Keenan.

Sheet Metal—Director, C.S. Carman; Conference Board, John O'Brien and J. Peterson.

Burners and Welders—Director, James MacFarlane; Conference Board, Patrick Davitt (2646) and John Beverly (2416).

Hull Dept.—Director, Al. Simendinger; Conference Board, John Peterson (21331) and Daniel Ditter (21061).

Plate Shop—Director, Edward McGibney; Conference Board, George Drew (1941) and George Petley (2028).

Blacksmiths—Director, Arthur Fallen; Conference Board, Adolph Rentel and Robert MacQueen.

Inside Machinists—Director, John Sweeney; Conference Board, Charles Gustafson and Frank Ulsmer.

Carpenters—Director, Pete Bresnan; Conference Board, Patrick O'Mahoney and Harry Anderson.

Main Store Room—Director, William O'Donnell; Conference Board, J. Finneran and W. Jerrell (timekeeper).

Inspectors, Draughtsmen and Pattern Makers—Director, James Donovan; Conference Board, Lawrence Wallace and Thomas C. Rathbone.

Outside Machinists—Director, Jack Lewis; Conference Board, Charles Pierson and Al. Cummings.

Riggers and Dock Hands—Director, Edward Kelley; Conference Board, Eugene Callahan and Harry Carlson.

We Participate In National Marine Show

THE American Merchant Marine, in the very able hands of the National Marine League, was materially and morally promoted in the hearts and minds of the American public during the week of April 12-17, when the First National Marine Show was held in the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

From the record attendance and the general interest marking the Exposition, there is indication of a powerful stimulant having been given to the furtherance of American maritime affairs.

A credit to its sponsors, the National Marine League, the show was also extremely creditable to the big ideals and aims which prompted it. It was one of the greatest of indoor exhibitions. It approached in its wide scope and national attention a world's fair. The show itself becomes a national institution and bids fair to be repeated in the larger cities of this country.

Exhibitors and attendants combined to crowd, day and night throughout the week, all three floors assigned to the use of the Exposition. One could see many products in the nature of marine equipment, most anything from a needle to a ponderous anchor. Other forms of entertainment were provided in the nature of jazz orchestras, bands and tea gardens.

The exhibit of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company attracted a great deal of attention and interest and proved one of the features of the show. Throughout the week, our exhibit, located on the main floor, was besieged by visitors, hundreds of whom requested copies of The Morse Dry Dock Dial, The Exposition Daily, published by this

Company in connection with the show, and other advertising matter provided by the company. The Exposition Daily handled and printed by The Dial staff, made its appearance each day, and reported more fully than any other publication accounts of each day's program and activities.

The reproduction of the Morse plant and the glass encased model of the *S.S. Mauretania* prompted many questions from interested onlookers and Mr. Hanbury and others were kept busy answering those who sought information. Especially were the visitors interested in the docking features portrayed in the miniature of the plant. Frequent lectures by Mr. Hanbury created added interest in the big 30,000 ton dock and in its recent feat of lifting, in 25 minutes, the world's largest cargo ship, *Minnesota*.

Many men contributed to the success of the show, but to the following officers of the League and the members of the general committee especial credit is due:

P.H.W. Ross, president; George W. Harper, vice-president; A.B. Walsh, secretary. General Committee: Major August Belmont, chairman; Alexander J. Hemphill, Emil P. Albrecht, William E. Humphrey, Joshua W. Alexander, Secretary of Commerce; Edward N. Hurley, H.L. Aldrich, Capt. Arthur N. McGray, A.C. Bedford, Edgar L. Marston, George J. Baldwin, John Barton Payne, H.E. Boucher, Gordon S. Rentschler, R.T. Crane, Holden A. Evans, Capt. Reginald Fay, Benjamin Rush, George A. Gaston, D.E. Skinner, Admiral Albert Gleaves, F.W. Staley, Oscar L. Gubelman, Frank Waterhouse, W. Averell Harriman, John N. Willys.

To John R. Colter, Miss S.V. Perlman and

other members of the publicity staff of the National Marine League, a great deal of credit is also due for the widespread publicity given to the show.

S. S. Lake Dunmore "Held Up"

THE boys of the yard will remember that the *S.S. Lake Dunmore* had a prolonged stay here because of extensive repairs. They may be interested also in knowing that this vessel has paid out the highest run money ever given in the Port of Providence, R.I.

Bound from Providence to Norfolk, the ship needed a few deck hands to fill out her complement and was obliged to pay \$75 each for two days' run to the Virginia port. When the fact became known to the rest of the crew who were still on "articles", they demanded that the "articles" be abrogated and that they be paid off and signed on again at \$75 each by the run.

The demand, which meant that the two days' voyage to Norfolk would cost more than \$2,000 in wages, was naturally a staggerer to the Shipping Board, but as it was necessary to get the ship to Norfolk, the Board, acting through Boston, acceded.

We gleaned this information from an exchange coming to our desk. We believe it to be authentic, and therefore, deplore the avarice of those who would seize upon such a situation to extort money from the government under which they live. The American Merchant Marine will prosper only as fast as such un-American seamen are given a day's rations and set adrift in a canoe, and on the high seas.—Editor.



From Clipper Ship to Ocean Greyhound

THE Golden Age of the American Merchant Marine began when a group of famous Salem, Mass., owners and merchants first sent ships and barques to China, India and Petrograd.

It was a Salem ship, the *Atlantic*, owned by Elias Hasket Derby, which first carried the American flag to Calcutta and Bombay in 1879, and another of his vessels, the *Peggy*, soon afterward brought the first cargo of Bombay cotton into Massachusetts Bay.

Of the number of Salem shipowners, Joseph Peabody at one time owned 83 ships, carrying 7,000 men. From Revolutionary days to the decline of the clipper ships about 1860, American vessels and sailormen led the way.

As to the days of the clipper ships, who has not gloried in some narrative recalling those romantic, adventurous and picturesque times? The stories narrating the voyages of these ships are appealing even to the present-day marine man, who will find in them the interest and romance of the time when the records of the fast clippers were watched and wagered on like the big athletic contests of today.

Especially in those days when the big racers carried the gold-hungry prospectors to

California, was news and incidents of the trips eagerly sought and hungrily devoured. The voyages of these ships had stirred the blood of American youth and many of them heard and answered the call of the sea.

The *Flying Cloud* was foremost among the fliers of that time and her record of 89 days from New York to San Francisco in 1851 has never been surpassed and only twice equalled; once three years later by the *Flying Cloud* herself and once in 1860 by the *Andrew Jackson*. The trip was via the Horn.

Donald McKay, of East Boston, built the *Flying Cloud* in 1851. She was of 1,783 tons register. Her dimensions were as follows: length, 225 feet; breadth, 40 feet, 8 inches; depth 21 feet, 6 inches. Captain Josiah Perkins Creesy was in command of the vessel during those years in which she held the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic. Able and courageous, this skipper aided the *Flying Cloud* in making and sustaining her reputation.

And in connection with these olden days of rugged, daring seafarers, there were side-lights of equal interest for, in order to attract the favorable attention of shippers and to secure the highest rates for freight, it was necessary that the vessels should be as handsome as they were swift.

Ship owners spent large sums, not only upon refined decorations, but in carefully selected woods, like India teak or Spanish mahogany for deck fittings. The ships were constructed of wood and with black-painted hulls against such dark backgrounds, the gold striping and artistic figureheads stood out very prominently.

Harking further back to ye olden days, we were furnished with some statistics taken from the "Intelligence" of Saturday, January 25, 1817, in which we are informed that in the year 1816 there entered the port of New York between the first of January and the 31st of December, inclusive, 2,989 sailing ships, brigs and schooners.

The following table shows the maritime standing of nations in that year:

	Ships	Brigs	Schrs.
American	399	471	1738
British	64	136	98
Russia	1
Portugal	...	2	1
France	3	6	2
Spain	1	10	2
Prussia	...	1	...
	474	676	1842

These ships, as far as we can learn, carried between 400 and 800 tons of cargo. All of this brings us to an interesting comparison.

The S.S. *Minnesota*, champion deadweight carrier, raised on our new dry dock recently in the record time of 25 minutes, carried, during the war an average load of 22,000 tons. She can be made to navigate with between 30,000 and 38,000 tons.

Thus in one year this ship alone could carry the combined tonnage of all the American ships coming into the port of New York in 1816.

If there were a few more days in the year, and allowing her minimum travelling time, maximum cargo capacity and a run of good luck, she could carry alone in one year the combined tonnage of ships of all nations en-



The picturesque old-time clipper ship "Flying Cloud" and two present day liners, the "Patria" and the "Kroonland" both recent visitors at our yard.

Sail, Steam and Motorship Ages mark the Conquest of the Sea. What next? — We ask. Will Electricity establish new Speed Records, and otherwise revolutionize ocean navigation?

ering the port in that same year, 1816.

These facts are interesting in striking a comparison of the dry docking facilities of this port today as against the facilities available years ago. We now possess a dry dock capable of lifting in record time and in one operation the entire tonnage that entered the port of New York in 1816.

Occasionally there come to the yards of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, ships which, by their figureheads, at least, resemble those trading vessels of the dim and distant past.

Some time ago we were honored by a visit from the sailing ship *Alejandrina*, which for 90 years had lay on a reef in the Straits of Magellan. Her figurehead had withstood the rigors of winds and seas as it might withstand misfortune to her sailors.

There came to our yards, following the departure of the *Alejandrina*, the American steamer *New York*, of English build, and carrying on her bow a stately figurehead which blended harmoniously with the majestic lines of the ship's hull.

The Ward Liner, *Orizaba*, docked in this yard only a few weeks ago, arrived about the last of March from Spanish ports by way of Havana. She made a swift run from the Cuban capitol, covering the course from Morro Castle to the Ambrose Channel lightship in two days, eighteen hours and fifty minutes, the best time on the route in many years. Captain Edmund J. O'Keefe, skipper of the *Orizaba*, is a veteran of the service and is used to making rapid voyages. The *Orizaba*, built two years ago by the Kramps in Philadelphia, is a twin screw oil burner and made fine time when in the transport service between New York and France. On the voyage just ended, she called at Lisbon for fuel oil and landed at Havana 1,500 passengers and a large cargo of Spanish wine.

The *S. S. Saint Michael*, on its return from Brazil about the last of March, put into our yards for general repairs. The bow of the ship, which was damaged in a recent collision with the *Adriatic*, was rebuilt and general repairs throughout the ship were made. The *Saint Michael* was built in Sunderland, England, in 1907, and during the war was one of the most valuable of troop transports.

Repairs On Shipping Board

Vessels Are Not Excessive
Percentage About Equal to Those
On Other Ships

(Washington Bureau of the Journal
of Commerce).

WASHINGTON, March 15. — Figures compiled by one of the Shipping Board departments from the *Daily Shipping Bulletin* or the Navy Department show that the percentage of government vessels undergoing repairs is approximately the same as that of other ships. The Shipping Board proportion on March 15 was 5.5 per cent., compared with the same percentage for privately owned American ships, 5.4 per cent. for British and 5.3 per cent. for other foreign ships.

The comparison is as follows:

American shipping, privately owned, 120 vessels out of 2,163, 5.5 per cent.

Shipping Board vessels, 89 out of 1,619, 5.5 per cent.

British, 226 out of 4,086, 5.4 per cent.

Other foreign, 247 out of 4,600, 5.3 per cent.

Life is growth and growth is change.—
Ernest Poole.

Saving Money Via Oil Burners

IN the operations being carried out aboard the *S. S. Huron*, formerly the *S. S. Frederick der Grosse*, there is included the installation of a fuel-oil burning system. The *Huron* contract represents one of the largest ship repair jobs ever attempted by American or other ship repairers, and is being done in our yards.

Also, in these yards, the *S. S. Powhatan*, sunk three years ago in Chesapeake Bay, and submerged for three months, is being rebuilt, and in the process of rebuilding is receiving fuel-oil burning features. The *S. S. Avalon*, just released from the yards, has been converted into an oil burner. Here too, the *Achilles* and *Ulysses* of the Panama Railway Company, and numerous other ships were transformed from coal to oil burning vessels.

Economy and minimum operating trouble is fast turning ship operators and owners toward the advantages of the oil-burning system. There is additional cargo space, small loss of time between voyages and smaller engine and boiler room crews as outstanding arguments in favor of the fuel-oil ships. For the passenger vessels there is also the added comfort and cleanliness to be considered.

The carrying of oil in double bottoms of trans-Atlantic liners allows a very large increase of cargo space previously occupied by bunkers, and released, when on oil, due to the deadweight being increased in the ratio of 10 to 6 for all bunker coal previously carried. A liner carrying 6,000 tons of bunker coal for the trip would only carry 3,600 tons of fuel oil to do the same work, thus increasing her cargo-carrying capacity by 2,400 tons.

Practically all the space saved being suitable for cargo purposes, this vessel now has an increase of around 100,000 cubic feet in measurement which is further increased if one takes into consideration the space set free by the reduction of the crew's quarters, owing to the large decrease in the number of firemen required, the decrease being 70 per cent.

From the standpoint of cleanliness, upkeep and appearance, the advantages of fuel oil are strongly marked and the usual voyage account expenses materially reduced in all departments.

A fair example of the value of running a vessel on oil against coal is given in the savings recorded on one voyage on coal and one on oil with the same steamer from New York to Pacific ports, thence to Honolulu and return to Philadelphia via the Straits of Magellan. With coal the voyage took

186 days and with oil 161 days. Of this, 18 days were saved by increased speed and 7 days by quicker bunkering.

The item of quicker bunkering is very important, as the ship that required two days' bunkering with coal can be bunkered in four hours with oil.

On oil, due to the increased speed of the ship, the reduction of 70 per cent. in the fire-room staff and the time gained bunkering the ship, the saving made on the total operating cost amounted to 21.1 per cent.

It can therefore be readily seen that the direct cost of the fuel oil per barrel is not the only thing to be taken into account when considering the advisability of burning oil. This applying particularly to the longer voyage vessels.

To the shipowner, the advantages of fuel oil may be summarized as follows: The saving of deadweight; the added cargo space; the added and continuous speed of the ship; the economy in crew; the fire-room staff being reduced 70 per cent.; the saving in the handling of ashes; no corroded boiler protection plates or floor plates and angles; cleanliness both in burning and while taking on board; improved circulation in boilers and added life therefrom; no smoke, soot or ashes on the decks of passenger ships, and the solution of the labor problem in the fire-room.

Morse Power and Skill

THE adequate power of the tugboats of the Morse fleet and the skill of the crews proved their worth a few days ago after outside tugs had abandoned the task of handling two steamships which had come to this yard for repairs.

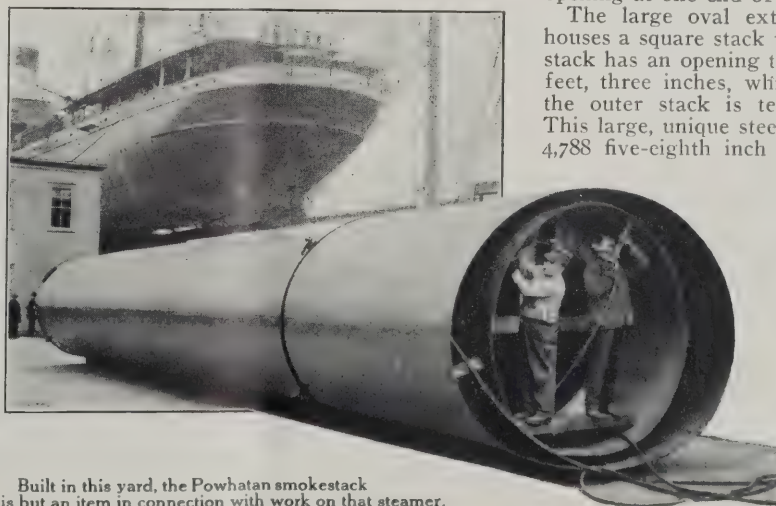
Because of the roughness of the wind and waves, visiting tugs failed to bring into our big dock the *S. S. Myrindon*, hailing from Liverpool, while other outside tugs experienced difficulty in taking the *S. S. Heffron* from our No. 1 dock. Press of time urged immediate action in both instances and our fleet, including the *E. P. Morse*, successfully accomplished both tasks.

Powhatan's Smokestack

A GIGANTIC smokestack, or rather two smokestacks in one, has been turned out of our Plate Shop for the steamship *Powhatan*, which we are now re-creating after being sunk in Chesapeake Bay as the result of a collision three years ago. Weighing about 15 tons and measuring about 56 feet in length, this mass of steel could shelter several hundred men. (Notice the room the men have to work in at the opening at one end of the stack.)

The large oval exterior of the stack houses a square stack within. The square stack has an opening throughout of seven feet, three inches, while the diameter of the outer stack is ten feet, six inches. This large, unique steel structure contains 4,788 five-eighth inch rivets.

All work in connection with the building of the stack was carried out in our Plate Shop and the completed product is evidence of the modern equipment and large floor space of the shop, and the skill of the workers.



Built in this yard, the Powhatan smokestack is but an item in connection with work on that steamer.

What the New Rent Laws Mean

IN an attempt to bring some relief to the present extortionate rents that the rent profiteers have been inflicting upon a people already over-burdened with expense, the Legislature of the State of New York has enacted several laws which went into effect April 1st of this year.

Most of us have an indistinct idea of the provisions of these statutes, gleaned from a hurried review of the morning newspaper. But newspaper accounts of a technical matter sometimes leave use as much in ignorance of the real facts as we were in the beginning, and confuse more than enlighten.

The Dial was not able to obtain copies of these laws before the April issue went to press, and we therefore present to our readers the following resumé of these laws, which may be useful in determining the rights of tenants under the new legislation.

The most interesting and perhaps most drastic of the five laws is the one which has to do with the 25 per cent increase in rents. The provision relating thereto is embodied in two of the acts and is intended to be taken advantage of by tenants, either in a proceeding brought by a landlord to dispossess a tenant for non-payment of rent, or as a defense by the tenant to a suit brought by the landlord to enforce collection of the rent.

Before these two acts went into effect, it was possible for a landlord upon twenty or thirty days' notice to a tenant to raise his rentals to any amount which the landlord might insist upon, except in such cases where the tenant was fortunate enough to hold a written lease.

Now, however, when a landlord attempts to dispossess a monthly tenant, who refuses to pay an advanced rent, the landlord must show that the rent is no greater than the amount paid by the tenant for the month preceding the one for which the proceeding is brought; or that the rent has not been increased more than 25 per cent during the twelve months immediately preceding the date of the application.

The text of this law is as follows:

"No proceeding as prescribed in subdivision two of this section shall be maintainable to recover the possession of real property in a city of the first class or in a city in a county adjoining a city of the first class, occupied for dwelling purposes, other than a room or rooms in a hotel, lodging house or rooming house, under a lease or tenancy for one year or less or under any lease or tenancy commencing after this subdivision takes effect, unless the petitioner alleges in the petition and proves that the rent of the premises described in the petition is no greater than the amount paid by the tenant for the month preceding the default for which the proceeding is brought or has not been increased more than twenty-five per centum over the rent as it existed one year prior to the time of the presentation of the petition. Nothing in this subdivision shall preclude the tenant from interposing any defense that he might otherwise have. This subdivision shall be in effect only until the first day of November, nineteen hundred and twenty-two."

The tenant has the same defense in the event that the landlord elects to sue him for his month's rent instead of dispossessing the tenant, in which case the tenant is permitted to set up the defense that the rent charged is unreasonable and oppressive, and an increase of 25 per cent over the rent as it existed one year prior to making of the lease

This article has been especially prepared for the Dial by Attorney Stuart H. Benton, a member of the executive force of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

or agreement is considered presumptively unjust, unreasonable and oppressive.

One of the new statutes provides that if, after a reasonable effort, tenants have been unable to find other quarters in the same neighborhood, the Municipal Court Justices shall have the right to grant a stay of the dispossession warrant for a period of not more than twelve months. The text of that law is as follows:

"Application for and granting of stay. Upon application for a stay, the court, judge or justice, shall hear the parties, and if upon such hearing it appears that the premises described in the petition are used for dwelling purposes, that the applicant cannot secure suitable premises for himself and his family within the neighborhood similar to those occupied, that he has used due and reasonable effort to secure such other premises, that his application is made in good faith and that he will abide by and comply with the terms and provisions prescribed by the court, judge or justice, or that by reason of other facts such action will be warranted, the court, judge or justice may grant a stay as provided herein, on condition that the terms upon which such stay is granted be complied with."

The constitutionality of this act has been questioned, but up to the present writing, no case construing the act has gone before the Courts. The object of this statute has been to prevent throwing upon the streets families who have been unable to find quarters elsewhere.

A popular method of rent gouging had been brought about by reason of a recent amendment to the real property law, providing that all leases of property in New York City for more than one month must be in writing. Many real estate owners had verbally contracted with tenants for a yearly lease at a certain specified rate and then, after the tenant had gone to the expense of moving and had been settled for two or three months, the unscrupulous rent profiteer, realizing that it would cost the tenant more to move than to pay an advance, had boosted the rents beyond all reason. And the tenant, relying on his verbal lease, had found himself obliged to accept the advance or be put to the inconvenience and expense of seeking other quarters. The Legislature has to all intents and purposes, repealed that act and has provided the following:

"Duration of certain agreements in New York. An agreement for the occupation of real estate in the City of New York, which shall not particularly specify the duration of the occupation, shall be deemed to continue until the first day of October next after the possession commences under the agreement."

Unfortunately, this provision will result in many thousands of leases or rentals terminating on October 1st, with the consequent congestion of moving and a disorganized condition which may last for several days following October 1st.

The last act of this series is an amendment to the Penal Code, which makes it a misdemeanor for any landlord to "wilfully refuse or neglect to furnish water, heat, light, power, elevator and telephone service

when the same are necessary to the proper and customary use of a building or part thereof."

This brief digest is for the information of the Dial readers, and is not intended to be an exact treatise on these laws. Nor is the ultimate result of the Court's construction of these laws to be foreseen. They were compiled by a Committee on Housing Conditions of the New York State Legislature and are intended as emergency measures to remedy the present unusual and oppressive conditions.

Some of the laws, particularly that with reference to the 25 per cent increase, relate only to a lease of one year or less and the law is to remain in force only until 1920. Whether the courts will construe them constitutional or unconstitutional, no one this time can foresee.

These laws will not build houses or provide quarters, but they give some relief from an intolerable and oppressive situation, and they may be the beginning of a complete system of legislation to keep within safe bounds the high cost of living.

Discuss Yard Collections

The matter of yard collections was discussed at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association which was held Monday, April 12th. It was voted to appoint a committee on collections, which committee was empowered to investigate and determine the worthiness of proposed collections. W. Jackson of the Boiler Makers, J. Sweeney of the Inside Machinists and Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital were appointed as the committee members.

Henry Crist of the Pipe Shop was voted the loan of the baseball uniforms and was assured of the moral support of the Association in the project of maintaining a baseball team under the Morse name.

Plans for the annual outing were discussed and laid over to a later date, when the place of holding the outing will be determined. There is a choice between New York and New Jersey, the advocates for the New Jersey location maintaining that over in Jersey they put the "in" in outings.

A report of the Election Board was received and approved.

Morse Night At Marine Show

Thursday evening, April 15th, was "Morse Night" at the Marine Exposition in the Grand Central Palace, New York. A delegation of Morse men arrived at the Exposition about 8 o'clock and, following a visit to the various booths and exhibits, they paired to Lorber's Restaurant at 40th Street and Broadway. Informal talks were given by Mr. Hanbury, Counsellor Benton, George Miller, Walter K. Crawford and President Joe McGuirk of the Association.

Those who were included in the party were: H.A. Hanbury, A.W. Murray, Charles G. Hall, Charles Hallock, M.W. Mead, Joseph McGuirk, president of the Employees' Association; James Donovan, H.G. Hooten, Nils Johnson, George Miller, Albert Jackson, Frank Sheedy, Frank Connors, Joseph Henderson, Pete Grant, Bernard Winn, Robert Moran, John Werry, Thomas Nesbitt, Ernest K. Miller, Walter K. Crawford, E. McEwen, William Chambers, Joe Martin, John Murphy, Charles Small, S.H. Benton, William Mullaly and John Johnson.

A Modern Plate Shop

THE Plate Shop, as the principal adjunct to the Hull Department, is perhaps one of the most important factors in the organization of a ship repair or shipbuilding yard. It is the "main feed" for the rest of the departments, supplying them or allowing them to go on with their work. Carpentry, machinist work, or any other work can progress only as the Plate Shop allows because supplying plates for the hull, decks or bulkheads, or the construction of tanks, spars, or in fact, any actual steel construction work usually precedes other work. It is the usual foundation on which the other mechanics lay their work. The new Plate Shop building is one of the latest additions to the Morse yard. It is a big glass-steel structure with the initial appearance of a regiment armory. It is equipped throughout with modern machinery for shearing, punching, bending, or putting steel through any other operation which may be required.

The plant itself resembles that proverbial sausage factory where the pigs go in at one end of the building and the finished products come out at the other. The steel stock, consisting of plates from one-eighth to one inch and over in thickness, and various kinds of flanged iron, is conveyed from the lighter to the stock yard by motor trucks built especially for carrying steel plates, and are deposited in racks according to sizes and sorts.

From there the steel is carried into the shop by an electric traveling crane and deposited on horses where it goes through the rest and probably the most important operation of laying out. This is done by using a pattern of slender wood strips tacked together to conform with the shape and specifications of the plate needed.

After it has been marked in white lead and a steel punch with the various specifications and the ship's name and the special item for which it is being constructed, it begins its journey through the shop, to come at the other end a plate already to be riveted on to a ship's shell; perhaps a long steel spar, a complete deck house, and then again, perhaps only an ash bucket.

The second operation is usually under the shears, where the plate, or "sheet" as it is called by the men in the

shop, is cut to shape the same way your wife cuts her dress to pattern with her scissors. The shop has large and small shearing machines of ample capacity to handle any class of work. The larger machines will inflict a cut of about 13 inches, while the smaller machines, used on lighter work, will make a cut of about 4 inches in length.

After the plate has assumed its shape, it is taken to the punches, where rivet holes to the required number are not bored, but punched, like so much paper.

The next operation brings the drillers and reamers to the scene to countersink the perforations, and perhaps another machine or a chipper and caulker will scarf the edges; that is, taper the end so as to bring the plate flush with the others when it is adjusted into position. The latter operation represents an interesting phase of the various processes through which a steel plate is put.

Now all the work is accomplished on the plate except that which is needed to bend or roll it into its required shape, oftentimes a fantastic one, for the plates on a ship's shell describe weird arcs, as those which protect the tail shaft. The shop is equipped for this operation with huge electric rollers, in addition to steam and hand machines.

Should a plate have to be faired, that is, trued up after it has perhaps been distorted by a collision or even the result of a floating mine, or piece of shrapnel, as was often the case during the war, it is run through a set of mangle rollers, the theory of which is similar to the mangles in your laundry which smooth out collars and shirts. The immense electric mangles in the Plate Shop accommodate plates of one inch in thickness. Should the plate prove too distorted for the mangles, it is brought to a heat in the oil furnaces and faired on a bending slab, another set of equipment in the plate shop.

Other equipment includes sort of combination machines called "bull-dozer" which will bend all angles cold into any required shape, doing away with considerable time and expense taken in heating the angles. Flange punch machines and flanging machines are also used. Numerous electric trolleys and

derricks are located in various parts of the shop to facilitate the handling of the plates.

The Plate Shop is in charge of William Weincke, who is assisted by Mr. Edward McGibney. The shop is a "family shop," each man knowing his fellow worker and usually being able to say that they've worked together for many years in the same shop. Patrick Crossin, the Plate Shop all around mechanic, was with the company before it moved to its present site. George McMahon is another of the old veterans of the shop. But, after all, this "family" spirit is typical of nearly all the shops of the Morse Company.

Ten Rules for the Boss

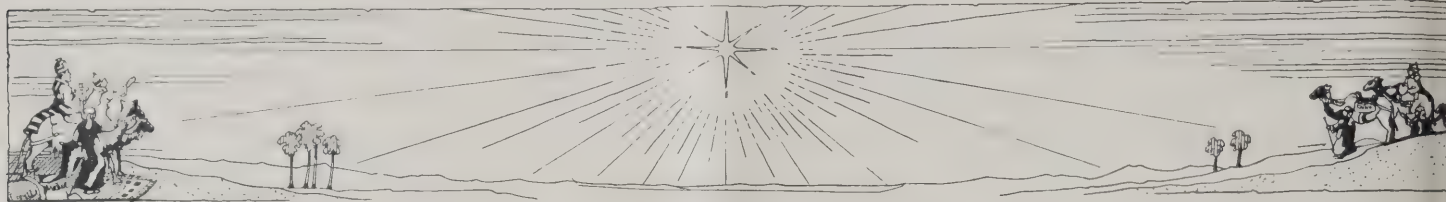
1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.
2. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.
3. Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.
4. You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my place.
5. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can see temptation when they meet it.
6. Mind your own business and, in time, you'll have a business of your own to mind.
7. Don't do anything which hurts your self-respect.
8. It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my money.
10. Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

The Rotarian.

Pictures by
Morse
photographer



Top: Exterior view of our Plate Shop; interior view; overhead crane and storage yard. Bottom: Angle slab, oil furnaces and punching machine.



The Story of A Man 1920 Years Old Who Is Still Living

HIS name is Jesus. His parents were instructed to give Him that name. It is not an uncommon name for a man. In Mexico, Spain, Italy—even in the U. S. A.—you can find many today who bear it.

We have historic trace of it 34 centuries ago, and it was so common then that it was necessary to indicate which was meant by using a descriptive term.

But this Jesus was different from all the others. He is the only one of whom we know who lived more than 110 years. He is the only one whose Birthday is celebrated outside of his own neighborhood. On the 25th of December, His Birthday is observed throughout the world, although he was born more than nineteen centuries ago. His Birthday is a Holiday in all civilized nations.

Worshipped because he is not only Jesus, but Christ; Jesus being his name as a man, Christ his name as God. Worshipped because He is not merely the finest, manliest, highest type of man the world has ever known, but is also the Savior of mankind: the Son of God.

Where Was He Born?

In Bethlehem of Judea. Why He was born there instead of his home town, Nazareth, you can find out in a very reliable old book which deserves to be read a great deal more than you are doing. A Book which if you knew more about it would make you a better and happier man. But the point of special interest to us just now is that he was born in a stable. Why? A historian in that same old book says it was because "there was no room for them in the inn." His parents and others had to spend the night in a stable.

But why does that interest us? Because it proves the lowliness of His birth. He came from the common people—the good, common people, just like you and I and "Honest Old Abe" Lincoln, and a lot of others. He was crowded out of the hotel in Bethlehem because His people were of little consequence, as the world classifies people.

Of course they were crowded at the hotel, but there were plenty of people in Judea who could have gotten in that night.

But There Was A Welcome

Out on a sloping hillside, southward from Jerusalem, the moon with its myriad of attendant stars spreading a soft halo of reflected sunshine and shadow in mellow radiance over hillside and forest; out there a little company of plain, simple-minded shepherds are guarding their flocks from any evil beast and whiling away the hours in neighborly chatter, when suddenly the heavens open, the moonlight pales before the brilliant gleams that come through the rift, the air becomes alive with the myriad hosts chanting a chorus of 'Divine harmony, and one speaks: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Reprinted from Crane-ing by special permission of the Cleveland Crane & Engineering Co.

This was His Welcome.

Not to the sage, not to the senator, not to the Priest at the altar was he announced, but to a band of humble shepherds.

Not by Caesar's Legions—nor Herod's stately official pageant—nor yet by Judea's consecrated Priests was the welcome extended. Eternity's gates were flung apart, the heavens streamed with celestial light, the angelic choir burst into rapturous song, and God's own Herald proclaimed that "Peace on earth, good will toward men" had come in the person of this manger-born child, who was crowded out of the inn. You and I would not have planned it so, but God did.

God's Thoughts and Plans are Always Democratic.

The first governments were so. The last and best will be so. His truth is so. Real Christianity will ever be so. Religion is for all of the people. The Bible is for the common people. Christ came to save the people and the common people heard him gladly. Christianity reaches the cottage before it does the palace. The poor have the Gospel preached unto them. God's plans are democratic—so Jesus was born in a manger and introduced to earth's toilers on the Bethlehem plain.

Jesus Has Made A Place For Himself

He has found room in the world's literature.

Some years ago a building was planned in Chattanooga, N. Y., to be called The Hall of the Christ. One room of this was set apart for the books on the life of Christ. One copy of every accessible book on this theme was to be procured and placed on its shelves.

Now you think an eight-foot shelf would contain them all, don't you? We name Farrar's and Geikie's and Fleetwood's and Renan's and Hanna's and Andrews', and a dozen more, and think we have exhausted the list. If we include all written in German and other languages we must count by scores. If we extend the term to include "The Mind of the Master," "The Training of the Twelve," "The Christ We Forget," the studies of his miracles and parables and kindred books our list will contain many hundreds.

If we further include commentaries on the Gospels, sermons on events in the life of the Christ, gathering only the books that attempt to portray or interpret the life and mind of the Master, we will have thousands of volumes. Yet these books are issued in editions of thousands and scattered through the civilized world today, and these only touching one line of literature: the history of Jesus.

We must gather up the works of all the previous generations, many of which are

still read, others not known to us even by their titles. We must go back to the day of Puritan and Reformer, must ransack a Europe in the Middle Ages, must search through Rome and Athens and Constantinople and Alexandria and Damascus. Beginning with the Apostles, continuing through the early Fathers, the Martyrs, the Creed Makers and the Reformers.

And this is not all. We must read thousands of volumes of religious fiction and cull the Christian precepts and Bible quotations from secular literature. In Eber's *Homo Sum* and Kingsley's *Hypatia* and Wallace's *Ben Hur* we find the life and times of Jesus portrayed. In the stories of Pansy, MacLaren and a host of others we see Him personified. Our great historians, Christian or infidel, cannot avoid the topic. Our scientific text books cannot ignore Him. In fact there is no literature today fit to be read that does not show the marks or moulding influence of Christianity.

If every Bible in the universe and every plate from which it has been printed were destroyed by fire, the world would lose nothing except a few genealogical tables. The entire book could be recovered from quotations to be found in Christian literature, and yet 1900 years ago the center of the cause, the inspiration of all this lay in a manger because there was no room for Him in the inn.

And He Has Found Room in Art.

If you study a comparatively recent work *The Madonnas of the Masters*, you have learned most of the great names of the Masters of art. Take the *Angelus*, *Christ before Pilate*, *The Last Supper* and kindred pictures with Christian themes; destroy them with all their copies, and all the works of those who painted them, and you have little art left.

I scarcely need to say more than this to cover the whole question. The great artists have all attempted Christian themes. Many of them have reached their zenith in such a picture.

This is partly due to the fact that the Golden age of art was largely stimulated and supported by the demand of Royalty and Patrons for decoration of Chapels and Cathedral. Partly to the fact that Bible stories and events appeal to the imagination and furnish the most beautiful scenes for artistic skill to imitate or reproduce. But more than all to the fact that the reaction of Christianity upon the soul of the artist produces those high ideals, those clear imaginings, those chaste details and outlines, that love of the beautiful, that creative genius, which are each essential to the best work of art. And education and literature and commerce and civilization have grown best in Christian soil. When we look over the great world's books and magazines, when we catalogue the names of our great colleges and universities, when our souls thrill with the beautiful creations of the masters in portrait and landscape and architecture, let us recall that the inspiration of it all lay in a Bethlehem manger 1920 years ago because there was room for Him in the inn.

Jesus Has Found Room Everywhere

It would be interesting to go on and study what He has done for Education, for civil government, for womanhood, for the weak and helpless; how He has found room for Himself in and dominated all philanthropic, civic, ethical and reformatory movements that have been transforming society and lifting humanity, but we must leave this busy task for your leisure moments. You have only to compare the world of today with the civilization of Goth and Vandal and Hun and Roman of 1000 years ago, or even of Saracen, Teuton, Norman and Saxon of a nearer age, to see what has happened wherever this Jesus found room and a welcome awaiting Him. But we want you to note what has happened when

He Has Found Room in Human Hearts.

Nineteen hundred years ago He was of so little consequence in the world that His servants were crowded out of the inn and He had room only in a manger. Today He has room in the hearts of millions of people who not only delight to call Him friend, but are ready to worship Him and enter His service.

When he went back to Heaven only 120 years in the upper room as His avowed disciples. When the last of these had passed away they left a half million of converts. Constantine increased the number to five million nominal Christians. The feudal age aimed ten times that number. The Reformation concerned one hundred million of people. A century ago there were two hundred millions of personal followers, and today more than twice two hundred millions worship the Hero of the Manger and the Cross.

These are not merely nominal adherents. Not partisans as Whigs or Tories or Republicans or Nationalists. To many professed followers allegiance means little more than a name, and these cast a shadow upon his reputation.

But other multitudes show to the world a loving countenance and a transformed life because Jesus really has a room in their soul, and this is true not among the lowly and uneducated alone. A study of His life reveals the fact that He was deeply interested in such and was welcomed by them. But today He sits upon the throne, He dwells in legislative halls, He occupies the professors' chair, He presides over banks and corporations and factories, He guides the thought and policy and enterprise of the world in the personality of those who not only have given Him room in their lives, but choose to let Him dominate their thinking and their activities. He has commanded the respect and loyalty of the noblest, the purest, the best thinking minds of the world; scientist and statesman, scholar and sage, poet and philanthropist all yield unhesitating allegiance to Him. "Caesar and Charlemagne built empires by force, but Christ wins by love."

But Jesus Must Have More Room.

Or, rather, the world needs that He shall have a larger place in it today. There are still many countries who need Him. We have always enjoyed our Christmas holidays. It seems unthinkable that there could be even a child anywhere who had never heard of Jesus and did not enjoy Christmas cheer. Yet there are more people who have never heard of Jesus than all who live in Christian lands. Children by the million who have no Christmas day, no Christmas gift making, no Christmas toys, no Christmas homecomings and reunions and song services and treats; children who

never heard of Christmas day, or Bibles, or churches, or schools, or Sabbaths—or Christ.

And He Must Have More Room in America.

He is crowded out of the inn in too many lines of life.

There has been a determined, persistent, systematic effort to crowd Him out of our school systems, where his influence is vital to civic health.

It is time that loyal Americans do a bit of sane thinking, to discover that in their thought of Church and State our ancestors had no idea of banishing the Bible from either, believing, as they did, that it was the foundation of the state and the center of true education;

To study the intimate relation between the failure to make it the text book for moral culture in the school of the past generation, and the lax morals, the corrupt politics, the conscienceless greed, the criminal profiteering and the waves of crime that disturb our peace today;

To remind themselves of the fact that the safety of the state depends more upon a high grade of morals than upon a high degree of education;

That from the standpoint of its own welfare merely the state has as great a duty to cultivate the moral nature of the child by the use of the greatest moral textbook, as it has to develop the mind by the use of the best instruction in arithmetic and spelling, or the body with proper physical training and hygienic care. We must not crowd Jesus out of our schools.

He Does Not Have Room Enough in Politics

Two decades ago one of the most brilliant men who has graced the National Capitol stated publicly that the Golden Rule had no business in Congress, but it was only a few years, acting upon that theory, until he was expelled from his place in the Senate a disgraced man. There are many who accept his view, however, and "Sunday School Politics" are frequently jeered at as impracticable and puerile. It is not surprising that there should be frequent scandals and graft and bribery uncovered when such sentiments prevail, although a very small per cent. may ever be unearthed. One of the gratifying signs of today is the increasing number of statesmen who dare to stand in their place and advocate purity, sobriety and high moral standards, and the equally large number of men in public life who are well known for their strong Christian living as they are for their civic and political activity. We must make room for Jesus in politics.

Room Must be Made for Jesus.

The world is sick today because He has been neglected as essential to its health. The only cure for social, civil, industrial, commercial ills is Jesus. This the Church has taught for ages. This it proclaims today. He has been crowded out of commercial life to its own undoings. He must be enthroned in all business and industrial relations before the desired peace can be restored. No international conferences, no "League of Nations," no world tribunals, no "Peace Treaties" can restore world equilibrium that does not have Jesus for the center of its program and the dominating force of its energy.

The *Wall Street Journal* is not a channel of Religious propaganda, but it recently said "What America needs more than Railway extension, and Western irrigation and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a Merchant Marine and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind Mother and Father used to have,—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily prayers before

breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; That to quit work half an hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to Prayer Meeting. * * * That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses, and big lands and high office and grand social functions."

But three months ago the Editor of the *Manufacturers' Record* wrote, "Above all else this country needs a nation-wide revival of old-fashioned prayer meeting religion—a religion that makes men realize that if there be a heaven, there must also of necessity be a hell;—a religion that makes a man realize that every act is recorded on his own conscience and that though it may slumber, it can never die;—a religion that makes an employer understand that if he is unfair to his employees and pays them less than fair wages, measured by his ability and their efficiency and zeal, he is a robber—a religion that makes an employee know that if he does not give full and efficient service, he too is a robber—a religion that makes a man realize that by driving too hard a bargain with his servant, his employee, his merchant, he can be just as much a profiteer as the seller or producer who swindles by false weight, false packing or false charges—a religion that will teach church members to contribute to the extent of their ability to the support of religion and that compels them to recognize that if they are paying their pastor less than a living salary, they are robbing God and man alike."

"In the Golden Rule, followed in the fullness of the spirit of this kind of religion, there would be found a solution for every business trouble. * * *

"A nation wide acceptance of this, the only true religion in action, would bring business peace and world peace, where there is now turmoil, and men would then cease to seek to gain their ends by lawless immorality."

One more witness, Roger W. Babson in *Babson's Barometer Letter to Merchants, Bankers and Investors* writes, "The need of the hour is not more legislation. The need of the hour is more religion. More religion is needed everywhere—from the halls of congress to the factories, mines and forests. It is one thing to talk about plans and policies, but a plan or policy without a religious motive is like a watch without a spring or a body without the breath of life. The trouble today is that we are trying to hatch chickens from sterile eggs. We may have the finest incubator in the world, but unless the eggs have the germ of life in them, all our efforts are of no avail."

"The solving of the labor question is wholly a question of religion. The wage worker will never be satisfied with more profits and a bigger house. *THINGS* never did satisfy any one, and never will. Satisfaction and contentment are matters of religion."

This awakening of the business world to its need, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It was when industry and business awakened to the fact that the sober man was the only one hundred percent. efficient man that prohibition swept over our land like a wild fire. May it not be that this awakening of the clear thinking—forceful achieving business world to its greatest need may as speedily make room for Jesus in the heart of a troubled industrial and commercial world from which He has been so largely crowded out.

But Men! Jesus can only become the center of business, industrial, education, social or religious life, as He finds room in the heart and soul of the men and women who compose this community life.

Crane-ing.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the
Welfare of the Employees' Associ-
ation of the Morse Dry Dock
& Repair Company, and to
the interests of the
Company

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Advertising and Publicity manager, to whom all
communications should be addressed.

VOL. 3

MAY, 1920

No. 5

*"What a different world this would be if
we used our eyes to see the best in others and
encouraged each other by speaking of it."*

A Word to the Foreman

A GREAT percentage of the work-
ers in a large industry are not
personally known to the man
or men whose capital have made
that industry possible. To the av-
erage workman, his and other fore-
men are the representatives of the
company. It is upon the foreman
that the productive efficiency of an
organization rests. It is upon the
foreman the company depends for
contented as well as skilled workers.

Industrial responsibility, divided
and subdivided from the general
manager down, rests heaviest on the
foreman, for, as the men regard
him as the company's representa-
tive, the company, in turn, looks to
him as the representative of the
men.

The absence of labor troubles,
good production and a profitable
year attending a department is re-
flecting much credit on the foreman
of that department. A foreman
who gains one end at the expense of
another is "riding to a fall" and
must soon withdraw from the race.

There are no set rules for making
good foremen. A good foreman

makes himself by studying his job,
his men and himself.

Have you, as a foreman, asked
yourself whether or not you would
hire yourself if you were looking for
an all-round good man?

You know your job, and can tell
the best workman in your depart-
ment how to do a certain thing.
But do you know how to tell him so
that he will do it with dispatch and
enjoy the work of doing it. Know-
ing your work and knowing your
men is combining the qualities
which go to make up a good fore-
man.

Assuming that you know your
job, we grant that you will make an
excellent foreman if you are big and
broad enough to reason in your deal-
ings with the men under you. By
reasoning with men, you pay them
the respect due them, even though
you rule against them.

Popular names for many foremen
are "Boneheads," "Bull-Dozers"
and "Slave Drivers." A good fore-
man need not be known by any of
these. Plain reasoning tempered
with frank courtesy has spurred
many a workman to help his fore-
man out of a hole.

Profanity and bullying have
turned men not only against their
foremen, but against their jobs and
the company employing them. A
decision can be held firm without
the aid of vile words. A just rebuke
can be administered without abuse
and insult. A man smarting under
an unjust remark cannot go about
his work with the same freedom of
feeling as one who is given a pat on
the back and told to "go to it."

Dial's Column's For You

THE DIAL invites the men and
women of the Morse company,
and members of the families
of those men and women to contrib-
ute to its pages.

In making this request, the Editor
has stipulated that the items be
helpful and boosting ones, rather
than the tiresome comments about
"his girl" or "her fellow," which
sometimes approach impertinence.
Preferably, a contribution should
be some simple explanation of a
good piece of work or about some
commendable effort by a Morse em-
ployee.

Contributions should be fully
signed and include the badge num-
ber and department of the contrib-
utor. Unsigned contributions are
frequently found meritorious
enough for use in The Dial, and we
are always pleased to receive them,
excepting when they are too person-

al and apparently untrue, as, pe-
haps, was one we received a fe
days ago.

It was this contribution that
prompted us to write on the sub-
ject. We desire the writer to know
that we do not care to publish the
fact that "So and So" was seen on
side of the yard in the company of
a "peroxide blonde." Neither are
we interested to know why "So and
So" works "soap." We are always
glad to hear that he's getting plenty
of it and of his plans to spend it,
they are not too intimate and do
not impose on his confidence.

The contribution in question came
from a man in Mr. Reynold's de-
partment and was signed "Guess."
For his exclusive information, we
may say that we don't have to guess.
We know. And we believe that he
had no malicious intent in sending
the item. With the Morse organ-
ization, he will soon learn to boost
for boosting has aided greatly the
success of the company and the Em-
ployees' Association.

Winged Wages

ARBITRATION of a wage con-
troversy in a small industria
city resulted in each worker
receiving a substantial sum rep-
resenting an increase dated from
the time negotiations were started.
And what happened? There was
one grand rush to stores sellin
pianos, phonographs, wrist and oth-
er watches, brooches, scarf pins an
other jewelry, fancy furniture, mo-
torcycles, furs, knick-knacks an
jimcracks of all descriptions. Most
of the stores were cleaned out. Th
amount placed in savings bank
was small compared with what wa
spent on luxuries. The merchant
themselves were astounded at th
overwhelming preference shown fo
high-priced things and the relativel
small demand for good, solid neces-
saries. This incident gives a cor-
rect picture of the attitude of th
majority of well-paid workers today.
It is a condition that leads to ul-
timate disaster.—Forbes Magazine

Try This One

IF you want to see the most de-
serving man in all the world
take a look in the mirror.

When you stop to think of the
statement it may sound rather silly
even to you. But do you know, mo-
men feel this way about themselves
until they get a good, square look

He who knows most grieves for
wasted time.

Beans and Walnuts

FROM a glass jar containing beans and walnuts, Ralph Parlette gained an idea for an interesting booklet entitled "It Is Up to You!" with the subtitle "Are You Shaking Up or Rattling Down?" The writer's attention to this worthy bit of philosophy was attracted by the equally worthy comments made about it by "Trumbull Tem," in that clever "magazine" published by the Trumbull Electric Manufacturing Company.

We are told to take a glass jar containing the little white beans and big black walnuts, and mix them up; then unmix them by rapping or shaking the jar. Up and behold! The little beans, shuffling and falling through the rough, soon cover the bottom of the jar, as the stalks of apple blossoms might sift through the tree branches and cover the ground. Force the walnuts to the bottom of the jar and put the beans on top. Hit the jar again, and a few times more, and presto!—the walnuts are up and the beans are down.

Comes a faint cry from Little Bean at the bottom of the jar. He wants to get up. We help him; place him on top again. But, as the jar is shaken, he goes down and down to the bottom, as he did each time before. Again calling for help, he tells us that if he can't stay on top, the walnuts should be brought to his level. "There's no man higher-up here," he wails. "We're all brothers in this jar."

All brothers, yes! Bigger and stronger brothers, smaller and weaker brothers. Some better to stand a jar; others not big enough to take a jar, and lost in the shuffle.

Either the beans must grow bigger or the walnuts smaller, if they are to occupy the same place.

And so it is with the jar of life, or of industry. We must grow big enough to fit, to withstand a little shaking and, as Trumbull Tem has so truly said, "the glory of it all is that while the little bean cannot change his size, we can; and as we change our size, we change our places."

Parlette's splendid treatise on his subject is brimful

of human interest. Hark to some of the bright things he says:

"Everybody wants to go up. But everybody is not willing to pay the price by first growing bigger so he can shake higher. So they want to be boosted up—if they get boosted higher than their size would take them anyhow, they rattle back. Nobody can fool the jar of life.

"The other day in a paper mill, I was standing beside a long machine making shiny super-calendered paper. A man came along with an oil can, squirting along the side of the machine. I asked him some questions about the machine and he answered them fairly well, so that I continued firing questions.

"I am a newspaper man, a walking interrogation point, and I began to see the possibilities of a 'story' here. So I asked him some more questions about a process over in the next room. He replied, 'I don't know nothing about it, boss, I don't work there.' I asked him about another process. 'I don't know nothing about it, I never worked there.' I asked him about the pulp-mill. 'I don't know nothing about it, I

never worked there.' I asked him about the office, how many people worked in the plant. 'I don't know nothing about it, boss, I never worked there.'

"Nobody home! I asked him, 'How long have you worked at this machine?' I hope I misunderstood him, but I think he said, 'Twelve years.'

"Twelve years and 'don't know nothing about any more of the plant!' I took off my hat in the presence of the dead!

"I am sorry for the one who struts around saying, 'I own the job. They can't get along without me!' I feel that they are already getting ready to get along without him. That kind of talk is rattle.

"I am sorry for the man, community or institution that spends much time pointing backward with pride, or talking about 'in my day,' for it is often a symptom of rattle. The live one's 'my day' is today and tomorrow. The dead one's 'my day' is yesterday."



"Twelve years here and he doesn't know anything about the plant."

*From N.Y. World
of Dec 10, 19*

MORSE IS CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY IN BIG SHIP DEAL

Scandinavian-American Corporation Alleges He Aided M. C. Quimby to Mulct Its Ex-President Out of \$203,600.

QUIMBY'S \$4,342,800 SUIT
BRINGS COUNTER ACTION.

Demands Commissions on
\$86,856,000 Contract for 56
Ships From Companies Al-
legedly Owned by Morse.

An action to recover \$4,342,800, with interest from July 8, 1918, brought by Milton C. Quimby against the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation has just been brought to light in the Supreme Court here.

An answer filed by the company accuses Quimby and Charles W. Morse of conspiring to induce Magnus Bricksen, former President of the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation, to misappropriate funds amounting to \$203,600 and to turn them over to Mr. Morse.

Denials of the charges have been filed by both the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation and by Mr. Quimby.

*From N.Y. Times
of April 26, 20*

SAYS SHIPPING BOARD OVERPAID MORSE CO.

*Counsel Denied Latter's Claim
That Board Caused Groton
Iron Works Receivership.*

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Claims of the C. W. Morse Company that failure of the Shipping Board to pay for the construction of ships had resulted in a receivership for the Groton Iron Works of Connecticut were denied before a House investigating committee today by W. W. Nottingham, assistant counsel for the board.

The Morse company was overpaid, the witness said, adding that contract books of the Groton plant had disappeared and no effort had been made to recover them. Mr. Nottingham said the Morse company representatives had declared the books contained "old records."

Robert A. Dean, general counsel of the board testified that several efforts had been made to lift the receivership and that William G. McAdoo had appeared before the board last Fall in behalf of the Morse company. On March 30, he said, the board had agreed to advance \$250,000 to the Groton Iron Works to finance ships under construction, but this decision was reversed yesterday. Receivers will be reinstated and construction started again, he said.

Tilden Adamson of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, told the committee the Morse company had been paid an excess of approximately \$1,000,000 on March 1, payments totaling \$17,000,000 for six completed ships and others under construction. He explained the excess payment by stating that contractors usually found it impossible to live up to contracts, and it was necessary for the board to advance them money from time to time.

An Explanation
to Our Employes
and
to Our Friends
in the Trade



THE MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.
of Brooklyn has absolutely no connection, either through family or business relationship, with the interests mentioned in the above newspaper articles.

It is deemed necessary to make this explanation because of a confusion in names, which frequently identifies this company with individuals who are not and never have been connected with it. Signed EDWARD P. MORSE.

Standard Oil Visitors

FIVE automobiles carrying, among others, 22 young women of the Standard Oil Company's offices, whizzed through our yard and down to the big dry dock Saturday afternoon, April 17. Near the big dock, the machines came to a halt and the party alighted to go aboard the Standard Oil ship *F.O. Barstow*, which had been dry-docked here. Aboard the *Barstow*, they had luncheon, following which they toured our yard, shops and piers.

The party represented the foreign shipping department of the Standard Oil Company and was in charge of Robert F. Hand, a department head. The occasion was the annual educational visit conducted for members of the department, the object being to better acquaint them with the shipping terms used in correspondence and office filing.

Accompanying Mr. Hand were: J.M. Blankenship, marine superintendent of the company; W.C. Rader, A.W. Melvin, J. Reynolds and J. Rae. The young women employees included were: Misses C.B. Carney, A.V. Cassels, M.D. Connolly, M.E. Castello, I. Crawford, M.A. Ferguson, F.E.V. Flynn, I.F. Mitchell, L.I. Muir, B.E. Nelson, E.A. Paul, H.A. Pertsch, Rose Simpson, C. Stephens, M. Tiedman, M. Tighe, A. Walters, Mrs. N. Stewart, Mrs. A. Negravel and Mrs. E.E. Leon.

THE *S.S. Susquehanna*, which underwent extensive repairs in our yard, was aground off the Dalmatian coast recently and an American destroyer was sent to her aid. The *Susquehanna* was obliged to transfer her passengers and unload about 400 tons of cargo, that she might float. The point where the vessel was grounded is where pilots are taken on to steer ships through the mine fields into the harbor of Trieste.

During the transfer of passengers and cargo, officers of the *Susquehanna* and the rescuing ships were anxious lest the dreaded sirocco wind should suddenly begin to blow, but the days were calm and at last reports the ship and its passengers and crew were safe.

The Standard Oil steamer *F.O. Barstow* was repaired in this yard following damage resulting from groundings, striking a submerged obstruction and colliding with the tanker *S.S. Paddleford* at Tampico. The *Barstow* is of 10,289 gross tons. The repairs included renewals and fairing keel, cleaning tanks and overhauling cargo lines.



Standard Oil delegation pay us a visit

Farm Launching of Tug *Utica*

PRACTICALLY rebuilt from the keel up, the tug *Utica*, which is to be rechristened the *Beatrice Morse*, was launched from the ways at The Farm, Tuesday, April 13. Lloyd MacLaurin, 16-year-old son of George MacLaurin, Farm Superintendent, was sponsor for the *Utica* as she took the ways. MacLaurin, Jr., broke a bottle over the bow of the boat, but we failed to learn what the contents of the bottle were. We do know that the launching cost MacLaurin, Sr., \$28 and we would consider George very extravagant if he spent all that good money on ginger ale.

The *Utica* promises to be one of the finest tugs of the Morse fleet. She was given a new shear line and raised 12 inches. This work necessitated hauling the *Utica* for a distance of about 400 feet from the waterfront, that MacLaurin's master carpenters might better handle the work.

The Red Star liner *Kroonland*, since leaving these yards, where she was dry-docked, has sailed on her first trip for Antwerp since the resumption of the Red Star line service. She carried 175 first cabin, 200 second cabin and 419 third class passengers, and was commanded by Captain Charles Newman, her master in war time.

Merit for War Service

MEN of this company who worked here throughout the war or for any period during the war, will be pleased to learn that the company has received from the United States War Department a certificate of merit for distinguished service in repairing and outfitting troop and cargo vessels during the period of the conflict.

The citation had been recommended by the U. S. Chief of Transportation Service and was accompanied by a letter from Major-General George W. Burr. The certificate, signed by the Secretary of War and the Director of Munitions, reads as follows:

"The War Department of the United States of America recognizes in this award for distinguished service the loyalty, energy and efficiency in the performance of the work by which the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company aided materially in obtaining victory for the arms of the United States of America in the war with the Imperial German Government and the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government."

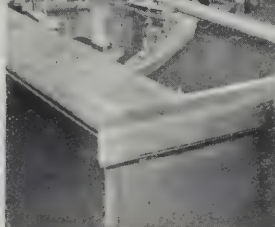
It's Pretty, But—

THROUGH the joint efforts of Pete Bresnan, Oscar Kruger and others, the company ambulance has taken on a very attractive appearance after being remodeled. Its interior, besides being white enamelled, is made more roomy and comfortable. The exterior has been painted an olive green with gold letters.

We suspect Oscar Kruger and Pete Bresnan of hanging a sign on it which read as follows:

"I am the same old friend to you and, while I am dressed up in my new Easter suit, you will find me ready to meet you on short notice. I would feel better if you would do your best to keep me away; also keep the other fellow from meeting me. I am always tired and would rather not have to meet you.—The Ambulance."

Morse service in time of emergency asserted itself again recently, when it went to the aid of the steamships *Arna* and *Donald McKay*. Both had developed machinery trouble and were at Scotland Light when the *E.P. Morse* and other tugs of the Morse fleet pulled alongside. The *Donald McKay* is a new ship. She had wireless at 11 o'clock on the night of April 8, and shortly after Morse tugs and men were affording relief.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Views of our Exhibit at the National Marine Show (See page 3 for story)

IT'S A GAY LIFE

By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



THE REASON WHY THE BOYS WERE LATE YESTERDAY MORNING - A BOLSHEVIC GOAT HELD UP THE MORSE SPECIAL.

E. DONNELLY



"OVER THE TOP" (OF THE FILES) - IN THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.



AT THE TABULATING MASQUERADE. THREE BRINKLEY GIRLS FROM THE OFFICE FORCE - PRETTY CHIC - EH!



THE BIG FOUR FROM THE CARPENTER SHOP PUTTING ON A FRIENDLY GAME UP AT CHARLIE JOHNSON'S HOUSE.



JOE BURNS - SHIP-FITTER. JOHN MC HUGH - PIPE-FITTER.

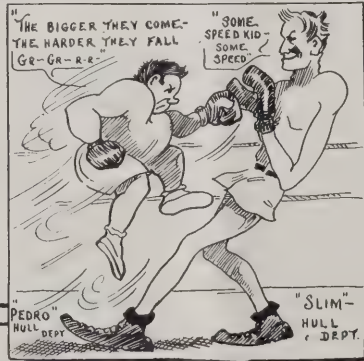


HAROLD FITZGERALD OF THE PIPE-FITTERS GOING THROUGH HIS SWABBING ACT - OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE MYSTERY OF THE HURON



"HALF-A-MINUTE" - JIMMIE MACFARLANE - CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR TREASURER M. W. MEAD.

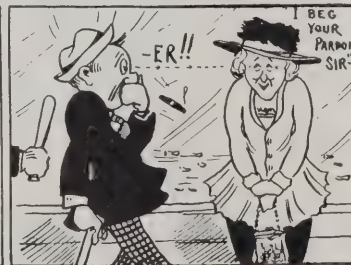
TWO CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK STEPPING OUT AT THE ST. PATRICKS DAY CELEBRATION OF THE PIPE-SHOP

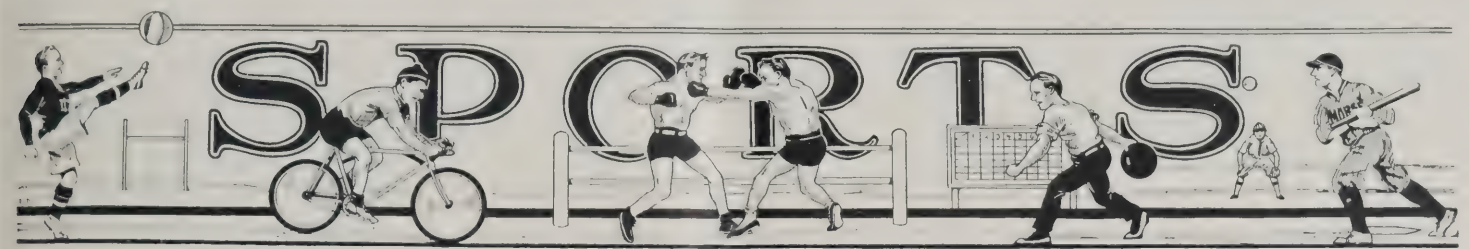


AT THE NOON-HOUR BOXING SHOW - DON'T MISS IT BOYS.



PRESIDENT JOE MCGUIRK





Robins Team Wins

FOR the first time since the Robins protest of the Morse victory of 1 to 0, these soccer teams met Sunday afternoon, March 28, on the Morse Oval and Robins won by a score of 2 to 1. Nearly 1,500 persons attended the game and the interest throughout bordered on the exciting.

Morse won the toss and kicked to the east end of the field. A good run and cross by Garside gave Miller a chance to open with a score for Robins. The visitors put up a defense which put the Morse team on its mettle and a good part of the first half had been played before the Robins were outwitted. Stradan started the strategy which foiled the visitors when, from the centre of the field, he placed a brilliant shot for the goal. Renzelli blocked the attempt, but in the follow-up, Lennon landed the ball in the enemy goal and tied the score, 1 to 1, half-time.

The second half was marked by consistent defensive work on the part of both teams. McGuire made the second tally for the Robins. By a well-placed and speedy shot, he sent the ball past Whalen, who, despite a splendid effort, failed to stop it. Lindsay and Lennon by a determined effort in the last few minutes of play threatened the Robins goal, but the whistle ended further attack.

Cunningham refereed.

The Morse team held the champion Bethlehem eleven to a scoreless tie Sunday afternoon, April 11, at Ulmer Park, where the Morse games are being played since the discontinuance of Morse Oval.

Referee—W. Gray. Linesmen—W. Allen and J. Easton. Time of halves—45 minutes.

We went to another tie with the Astorias of the Metropolitan League at Astoria, L. I. Sunday, April 18th in the Third Round of the Southern New York State Football Association's Cup Competition. Three goals apiece were scored after 90 minutes of fast and exciting play.

Play had been in progress six minutes, when Rourke, the Morse centre, put through an unstoppable shot. Reid of Astoria equalized from a scrimmage ten minutes later and soon after, Ozores, the right wing, placed the home team ahead. A penalty near half time gave Page a chance to even up for Morse.

Kershaw regained the lead for Morse Dry Dock after twenty minutes of play in the second half, and Neate saved a penalty from a try by Michaels of Astoria. Near the end Frost tied the score by heading the ball over the custodian's head into the net.

Frank Falconer and other handlers of the Morse soccer team have been busy signing up new players and up to date they have procured two star forwards from Scotland in James Galloway and J. McLoughlin. They also have lines on Robert Titchener, a forward from South Wales and John Eastland, from the Portsmouth Club of the Southern League and formerly of Southampton.

The miser is as much in want of what he has as of what he has not.—Cyrus.

National League Soccer Standing

With the Erie and Paterson teams tied for second place and the Morse team trailing very closely, all three teams, Morse, Erie and Paterson are pushing the Robins for first place in the National League Soccer standing. Up to Monday, April 19th, the standing was as follows:

Team	W	L	D	P
Robins	8	0	1	71
Erie A. A.	7	2	1	15
Paterson	7	5	1	15
Morse	5	5	3	13
New York	4	4	4	12
Bethlehem	5	2	1	11
Disston	3	6	2	8
Federal	3	7	2	8
Merchant	1	7	3	5
Interborough	0	5	0	0

Goes to England

FRED PARKER, who since the soccer season got under way, had been playing a consistently brilliant game for the Morse team, has left the country to remain at home with his mother in England. His leave was necessitated by his mother's failing health.

Parker filled the position of center half-back and was considered one of the brainiest soccer men of the country. The Morse team's good showing was due largely to his individual playing. He was equally as good at tally getting as he was on the defensive. Connie Lynch, himself an acknowledged star, declared that Parker was one of the best soccer players in America.

A. E. Sarson, formerly of the Morse soccer club, has been signed by the Longfellow of Brooklyn, and Louis Bauer, another former Morse athlete, has affixed his signature to a contract to play with the Ivanhoe baseball club. Louis made quite a reputation on the old Glendale lot, after which he graduated to the Blue Grass league and played good ball.

Ormsby, a Morse pitcher last season, is hurling for the St. Agathas this season and has already made a great showing. George Keenan is his publicity manager and is touting Ormsby as a piece of promising timber for the big show.

We're Good At Anything

THE Morse Bowling Team, a combination of carpenters from The Farm and the Carpenter and Joiner Shop on First Avenue, has closed another successful season, losing one game in four years. As that game was lost to the Hull department of the Morse organization, the defeat was not a stinging one. At one period during the four years' onslaught on the pins, a total of 48 consecutive victories were piled up. The best New York teams were taken into camp as was also the strong navy yard team.

George and Cy MacLaurin, Tom Smith, Sr., and Tom Smith, Jr., Cullen, Devine and H. Anderson made up this formidable bowling assemblage.

Carpenters Win Bowling Tournament

THE yard bowling tournament conducted at the American Alleys, 51st street and Third avenue since November 3, when the season was formally opened, came to a close during the week of April 12, and winners' medals were awarded to the Carpenters, for first place; Hull Department for second place and the Inside Machinists for third place.

The Carpenters and Hull Department were virtually tied for first place, and a roll-off was required to definitely determine a leader. This roll-off was held Monday evening, April 19th, and was one of exciting order, the Carpenters winning by the very scant margin of 18 pins. The Inside Machinists and Main Office contested for third place and the former quintet won by two straight victories.

Final team standing at the close of the season were: Carpenters, first; (13 wins and no games lost) Hull Dept., second; (11 wins and two lost) Inside Machinists, third; (10 wins and three lost) The other teams in the order of their standing are: Main Office, fourth; Pipe Fitters, fifth; Copper Shop, sixth; Sheet Metal, seventh; Pipe Coverers, eighth; Dial, ninth; Electricians, tenth; Dock Hands, eleventh; Outside Machinists, twelfth; Timekeepers, thirteenth; Blacksmiths, fourteenth.

Bert Banks of the Hull Dept., gets a medal of high score, 226, while the Carpenters cop the team medal for high team score, 951. Cullen for high individual average in eight games or more receives a medal. His score was 175 3-8. Others who had high individual averages were Petry, G. MacLaurin, Tom Smith Jr., and A. Anderson.

Tom Smith Sr., Bert Banks and Henry Rochelle were in charge of the tournament.

The mighty Carpenters added two more to their long list of consecutive bowling victories as a result of the yard bowling tournament Monday evening, March 29. The Outside Machinists were the latest victims of the saw and plane manipulators.

Smith, Jr., with 214 and George MacLaurin with 190 had the edge on their brother bowlers, Cy MacLaurin, Cullen, Smith, Sr., and Breslne. Cassell with 171 and Simmons with 162 led the O.M.'s. Cavanaugh, Simmons and Frank were other O.M. bowlers.

The Blacksmiths succumbed to the next assault launched by the unbeatable Carpenters, who won by more than 100 pins. Smith, Jr., and George MacLaurin again headed the winning quintet with respective scores of 184 and 168. Cavanaugh, Dunn, Monsems, Kirby and Benson represented the Blacksmiths.

A tie game resulted between the Pipe Coverers and the Dock Hands. Neither team put in an appearance at the alleys and the games were forfeited.

Hargreave and Cassell of the Inside Machinists were tied for high honors in that team's win over the Blacksmiths. Both men scored 169. Other I.M. rollers were Frank, Robbins and Lieden. Hohorst, Lansing and Callahan rolled for the Blacksmiths.

A good example is the best sermon.

Phil Bloom's Record Aboard

PHIL BLOOM, the Brooklyn lightweight boxer, formerly of this yard and once a favorite at our monthly boxing shows, has returned from a trip abroad lasting 86 days, during which he won four bouts in England and one in France.

Phil planned a trip to England and had a passport, but did not know exactly when he was going. He was notified by cable on January 2nd of this year to sail on January 3rd, and so did. He was going good in Great Britain and had numerous engagements ahead of him, but homesickness was pulling at him every minute and finally he could stand it no longer. He notified Charley Harvey, who was managing him in England, that he just naturally had to return to Brooklyn, if it was for only one day, to see Mrs. Bloom, the little Blooms, the piano, the gas range, rent bills and other appurtenances of a prosperous and industrious boxer's domicile. Therefore he sailed from England on March 29 on the *Philadelphia*, and reached Brooklyn April 9th. He wishes to stay home as long as possible, but is willing to cross the Atlantic again after more British pounds and French francs.

On March 18th, Bloom, weighing 142, won a 15-round decision over Matt Wells, at the Holborn Stadium. Wells weighed 147, which was five pounds more than the stipulated weight, but Bloom refused to claim the forfeit. Wells was the lightweight champion of Great Britain until he lost a decision before the National Sporting Club, London, to Freddie Welsh, who eventually lost the lightweight championship to Benny Leonard. After he outgrew the lightweight class, Wells disappeared from boxing circles for a long time, but came back in 1919 as a claimant for Johnny Basham's title and Lonsdale belt as welterweight champion of Great Britain. They met on November 13th, 1919, and Basham outpointed Wells in 20 rounds of brisk contention. Wells was a remarkably clever, fast and shifty boxer when he held the lightweight title in England, although he lacked a punch. The fact that Bloom won a decision from him on points was a high tribute to the skill of the Brooklynite.

The Paris bout was on February 14th, two days after Bloom had knocked out Jim Davie in London. Bloom met Henry-Charles

Ferrey, of Pau, a popular French lightweight or light welterweight. Ferrey was knocked out in the ninth round, which was almost as hard a blow to the Parisians as it was to the smitten native of Pau.

The conditions of the Paris match called for 137 pounds. Bloom weighed 134, while Ferrey failed to raise the beam at 137 and did not give out his exact poundage. Bloom, on that occasion, was thus under the international lightweight limit of 135 pounds at 3 p. m., but admits that he would not care to reduce that far again and go against a capable opponent; hence it is likely that in the future he will have to content himself with welterweight engagements. What helped him to reduce for Ferrey was that he had boxed at 139 pounds two days before, and had then been hustling to keep the Paris date at such a fast clip that he lost weight in the usual way.

Bloom was enthusiastic about his treatment in Great Britain. Quoth he: "It is the greatest country for sport and sportsmen I ever heard of. They treat a fellow white and I had the time of my life. Also, the boxing game is going at top speed and the good men are making money."

Champion Scalers

LET us introduce you to our scalers, champions of American ship repair yards. Under the supervision of their foreman, Patrick O'Connor, and Willard B. Capper of Assistant Superintendent Hallock's department, these men are producing great results and are out for all the records in the port of New York.

They not only scale, but do cement work, cement washing, scraping, wire brushing, red leading, rebricking and all cleaning jobs. They are known as the "Shamrock Gang." They're not all Irish, but simply picked on that name because they happened to have some buttons to advertise the gang.

Scaling the bottom of the *S.S. Huron* (53,000 feet) in five days is a task worthy of any record-breaking gang, and the boys are apt to remind you of that fact. They have also completed contracts on the *S.S. Winamac*, *S.S. Wyandotte*, *S.S. Annetta*, *S.S. Strinda*, *S.S. Luckenbach*, *S.S. Avalon*, *S.S. Accomac* and *S.S. Arna*.

At the Ringside By Billy Burke.

THE State Senate having passed on the boxing bill, it now looks a certainty that we will see some real fights in Brooklyn in the near future, and the way the employees of the yard jam the Assembly rooms at noon hours attests to the interest in the sport.

By the time the bill goes through there will be a number of boys in the yard who will bid fair to become champions in their respective classes.

Young Happy of the Hull department is sure to become a top-notch with the proper handling. Happy is shifty, game and has all the earmarks of a clever, rushing and slam-bang mitt artist.

The amateur contests being held daily in the Assembly rooms are drawing capacity crowds and with increased interest a larger place may be needed to accommodate members of the Association. Some old-fashioned slug-fests are staged by the boys who are evenly matched, and the spectators yell their heads off.

Members of the Association sure do enjoy the shows and it only goes to show the harmony existing among the men of the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company. It's a big thing and the men are appreciative, judging from their comments.

Al Simendinger of the Hull Department, has stepped from the political to the pugilistic arena and has come out as a manager of Joe Dusling, a flyweight, who is a pipefitter's helper, No. 4501. Al is showing his versatility between managing political and ring fighters and he hopes to gain for Joe the same popularity he helped gain for the other Joe of the Hull Department.

Frankie Fay, who has met and defeated some of the best men in the game, will be matched with Pete Herman, bantamweight champion, for 12 rounds in Boston soon.

Young Tack, who a few years ago was among the top-notchers, is endeavoring to come back. There is no reason why he cannot succeed as he has always been careful and clean in his habits of living and is in excellent physical condition. We all wish him the best of luck, for Tack is an agreeable co-worker as well as enthusiastic boxer.

Keep your eye on this fellow, Menzies, of the Hull department. He also shapes up like a comer, and we expect to hear some good things about him.

Eddie Reimann, formerly star infielder of the Morse team, has been signed by the Syracuse Internationals. The *Syracuse Herald* had the following to say of the deal:

"Eddie Reimann, star infielder of the Morse Dry Dock team last season, and a .300 hitter in the shipyard league, has been signed as a shortstop by Ernest Landgraf of the Syracuse Internationals.

"Reimann, who is a free agent, had offers from seven league clubs. Three International league clubs are said to have been among the bidders for his services.

"Landgraf has been trying to get his signature to a contract for more than three weeks. Yesterday Landgraf raised his salary offer, the action being necessary because of the attitude of John Cook, upon whom Landgraf had been depending in the event he failed to land Reimann.

"Cook is in his home in Long Island City, a holdout for more money.

"Landgraf claims to have offered Cook the best contract the player has ever had."



The Shamrock Gang

Picture by Morse Photographer

Bottom row, left to right—P. Liskem, E. Fitzgerald, G. Neum, Joe McGuirk, J. Bennett, T. Donovan, A. Nostrand and C. Bance.
Middle row—J. Kobus, N. Black, B. Farley, J. Nixon, Patrick O'Connor (Snapper), Willard Capper, W. Sairsky, F. Reese and S. Salerne.
Top row—A. Gegan, P. Woods, J. Webber, W. Lanigan, Wm. Smilax, J. Sheehan, P. Sheehan, Fred Stribel, John Landers and G. B. Fort.



CAN you identify this man? If so, you are able to aid a widow and six children in their efforts to get some insurance money. He is Hugo Muenchvesang and worked here October 7 for four and one-half hours. He worked under badge number 4526.

Now, here is the situation: Mr. McQuade, the insurance clerk, believes that the man came back to work under an assumed name and, perhaps, had insurance under another name. If you know the man shown above by any name other than Hugo Muenchvesang, tell the insurance clerk in the Employment Office.

If Hugo Muenchvesang had a policy under another name, his widow and children are entitled to the premium. Do you remember working with this man about the last of October or the beginning of November? If so, what was his name? Try to think. The new name will be looked up to see if he had insurance under it. If he did, you will have rendered a valuable service to his widow and children.

Defense Pleases Mead

JAMES MacFARLANE is displaying much pride and a letter which is the cause of said pride. It is from M.W. Mead, thanking Mr. MacFarlane for his able defense of the office of treasurer during the recent election. The letter follows: "Dear Friend MacFarlane:—While I did not ask you to champion my cause and candidacy during our recent election, I nevertheless feel greatly indebted to you for the forceful and emphatic manner in which you spoke in my behalf. In this letter, accept my sincere thanks.

"I do not believe that my critics believed that the office of treasurer was being improperly conducted, but just made the matter a campaign issue with a view to acquiring votes. You, however, by your earnest defense, set at rest any false impressions which may have been created.

"My election by a big lead over any and all candidates was not, I believe, due entirely to my personal fitness for the office, but to your voluntary defense of the Association in general and the treasurership in particular.

"I also wish to thank all those who favored me with their votes.

"Thanking you again, I am,

"Your appreciative friend,

"M.W. Mead."

Some Entertainment

YOUNG Monday and Pete, the Gorilla, furnished a thrilling grand finale and climax to the entertainment afforded at the big nomination meeting of the Employees' Association held Wednesday evening, March 31, in Prospect Hall. The former, without a friend in the house, went through a gruelling wrestling match, tormented by the crowd as well as by the horny hands of the equally ferocious "Gorilla."

No wrestling match ever held any more excitement and amusement than did the tussle between these two gladiators. "Rub his nose," "pull his ears" were the taunts that Young Monday got dinned at him from the unfriendly spectators, who had remembered the rough stuff Monday had pulled on Gene Bruce of the Morse yard.

The snarling face and tawny body of Young Monday gave a lasting impression of how a caveman should look. As he vehemently protested the rough-house antics of Pete, the Gorilla, Monday's face would become distorted and his body would curve as might a leopard's when it springs at prey. Billy Burke refereed.

Frank Coco, a boy singer, opened the show with a vocal rendition of "Blowing Bubbles." Nickels, dimes and quarters rained on the platform from which Coco warbled and he went away with a collection that would make a professional panhandler green with envy.

The Morse Quartet rendered several selections and made a decided hit. Bobby Cook, of the Burning Department, offered an eccentric dance and demonstrated to the boys that he can burn the boards of a stage as well as any of the professional dancers. Frank Owens, singer and dancer, convulsed the boys with laughter with his inimitable singing of the "By Jing, By Heck" song. He has a nimble pair of feet, too, and his dancing was accorded plenty of applause. Young Marcelle gave an imitation of "Frisco," the jazz dancer, but many of the boys had never seen "Frisco" and Marcelle was received very kindly.

The first boxing bout of the evening had as principals Mickey Nelson and Red Young. A fast three rounds was furnished with the going about even in each.

Al. Fields and Sid Kauffman of the Electrical and Hull Departments, respectively, tangoed through three rounds, as Al. was averse to cutting loose with his old friend, Sid.

Tommy Quinn, of Boston, and Young Linney, of Brooklyn, put on the feature event of the night, a four round mill in which the gore flowed freely from Linney's nose after the second round. Frankie Fay refereed the bout. Henry Rochelle was timer.

Jack Flynn, a Knights of Columbus secretary and club entertainer, with Pete Drum at the piano, put over a new song hit entitled "Spanish Kid from Madrid," and the house liked it, and asked for more.

Jack Graham of the Hull Department and Blondy Gilchrest, of the Electric Welders, put up an interesting scrap for three rounds, with Graham having a shade of the argument. Lew Ritchie, brother of the famous Willie, was the third man in the ring.

Kid Carter, old time pug, who fought Gus Ruhlin, Joe Walcott, Marvin Hart, and knocked out Peter Maher, refereed the set-to between Joe Barnett and Young Menzies. Carter, formerly of the Morse yard, was given an ovation when he was introduced.

Young Regol of the Carpenter Shop, and Kid Victor of Brooklyn, went three rounds to a draw.

If you want to knock, go outside.

Association Finances

TREASURER M.W. Mead of the Employees' Association has submitted the following report of receipts and expenditures for the past year, from March 20, 1919, to March 23, 1920.

The report is as follows:

Receipts:	
Baseball Account.....	\$6,884.30
Insurance	18,566.55
Bowling Club	29.50
Foot Ball Club (1918-19) ..	628.82
Foot Ball Club (1919-20) ..	1,360.24
Dues	10,729.85
Annual Ball.....	3,261.00
Outing	2,519.50
Banquet	240.00
Athletic Field	2,580.00
Christmas Tree.....	1,015.15

Total Receipts: \$47,814.91

Expenses:	
Baseball Account.....	\$10,080.57
Entertainment	1,640.60
General Expense.....	3,186.98
Memorial Tablet.....	500.00
Insurance	19,188.95
Bowling Club	321.68
Band	186.93
Foot Ball Club (1918-19) ..	460.16
Foot Ball Club (1919-20) ..	3,134.04
Annual Ball	1,972.85
Outing	3,900.45
Banquet	435.85
Athletic Field.....	4,206.08
Tug of War.....	7.00
Christmas Tree.....	1,990.71

Total Expenses: \$51,212.85

Expenses over Receipts: \$3,397.94

The general ledger balance as of March 25, 1920, is as follows:

	DR.	CR.
68 Medicine Relief.....		\$48.27
69 Death Benefits.....	\$100.00	
92 Insurance	624.80	
105 Mechanics' Bank.....	1,804.81	
115 M. W. Mead, Treas... ..	47.88	
148 Loan for Adv. Insur.....	2,824.60	
149 M.D.D.&R.Co. Loan.....		2,000.00
260 Profit and Loss.....		3,353.82
	\$5,402.09	\$5,402.09

HENRY ROCHELLE, Morse solicitor, denies that he lost his "goat" during the election, but he does admit losing a valuable Scotch collie dog answering to the name of "Bennie." "Bennie" strayed or was stolen on March 28 in the vicinity of 57th Street and Fourth Ave. Finder notify Henry.



Some of Our Old Timers

DO you know an old-timer in the Morse service? If you are an old-timer yourself, send your story to The Dial before the series of personality sketches of the Morse veterans is brought to a close. Have you been with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company for or about twenty years?

Introducing "Bill" Robbins

NO one department of the Morse Company has outstripped in growth of men and equipment that department known as the Inside Machinists, situated on the south side of the Plate Shop, between the main gate and the No. 1 dry dock. A large, roomy, well-lighted and well-ventilated building houses this department and more than 200 men.

The general foreman is William Robbins, a Morse veteran, and to Mr. Robbins the successful development of this department is due in no small measure.

"Billy" Robbins, as he is more familiarly called, is of the old-school of mechanics, a graduate of the apprenticeship system, and a mechanic who has, besides his natural ability, a goodly fund of creative genius. "Billy's" skill, coupled with his inventive powers, has more than once helped to eliminate the apparently useless and impossible task. Some of his originally devised equipment and appliances have greatly facilitated ship repairing, and aided in other phases of machine work.

During his service of about 20 years with the Morse Company, he has been foreman of the Machine Shop. When he first came here, the shop, situated on the site it now occupies, was only about one-third the size of the present one. Needless to say, the equipment of those earlier days would not begin to compare with the modern machinery which now occupies two floors of the building. As to the number of men employed when Mr. Robbins first assumed charge—well, it varied.

Mr. Robbins does not pride himself only on the equipment and appointments of the Machine Shop. He boasts of its workmen and claims that they can repair anything from a typewriter key for a yard office to a vital machine part for one of the big steamships which come here. Some of the hoisting engines used in the yard were made in this shop and they are second to none in the world, double-g geared and with a capacity of 30 tons.

A machine for boring square holes sounds almost as funny as getting a square meal at a round table, but square holes are bored, and by a machine which Mr. Robbins is said to have devised for Morse Company use. With a tri-cornered bit gouged on each side and operated to revolve around a traveling axis, square holes are bored clean, sharp and true in every detail.

Probably the most interesting incident which marks Mr. Robbins' career occurred about 12 years ago when Mr. Morse was bound by an agreement to furnish a lead keel for the cup defender *Atlanta*,

which was to meet a German craft in a trans-Atlantic race for the Kaiser's cup.

Mr. Morse had sub-let the contract for the keel to a nearby foundry and learned, only when time was becoming precious, that the foundry could not do the work. He discussed the matter with Mr. Robbins, who expressed the belief that the work might be done in the Machine Shop.

Determined to keep his word, Mr. Morse was equally anxious to try the stunt and informed Mr. Robbins to go ahead.

Without foundry equipment, Mr. Robbins and his assistants were obliged to rig up galvanizing pots and other means of doing the work. All the lead in the immediate vicinity was rustled and the work was done—a 180-ton lead keel for a cup defender.

Incidentally, the *Atlanta* won the race. It might be said, too, that the keel is on the *Atlanta* to this very day.

And Now Charlie Kelly

"CHARLEY" KELLY, of the old Machine Shop, is one of the best known old-timers in the yard, his association with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company dating over a period of 25 years, including work at the Twenty-sixth Street plant. This plant, to quote Mr. Kelly, "was where the Chief laid the corner-stone for the biggest and best ship repair yard in the world."

Mr. Kelly was for fifteen years in charge of the transportation system of the yard in the days before the general adoption of automobile trucks. Although a system of horse-drawn vehicles such as "Charley" had charge of would seem antiquated today, it can be truthfully said that the Morse service then was just as efficient in its way and time as the extensive motor service we maintain today.

Of his experiences in those earlier days, Mr. Kelly would most likely dwell on the all-night trips on cold winter nights to some pier in upper New York. "Morse Service" meant as much then as it does now and the Company and its men would not fail a ship or shipowner in need. The Company's horses were a credit to Charley as well as to Mr. Morse, both lovers of horseflesh, and one of "Charley's" rigidly enforced rules was against carrying whips.

With the passing of horse-drawn means of transportation, Mr. Kelly was put in charge of the Main Store Room which he conducted in a systematic manner for six years, earning the praise of his superiors and the respect of all of the men in the yard. He had two sterling capabilities for just such work. They were system and courtesy, most necessary to the success of all.

For the past four years Mr. Kelly has been assisting Mr. Ritchie, foreman of the Machine Shop, and in this capacity he has charge of the incoming and outgoing work.

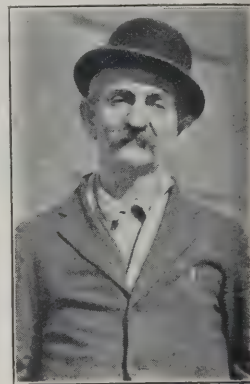
During "Charley's" service he has seen several administrations in the different departments and many youngsters who came to the yard in Knickerbockers are now heads of departments. They have frequently reminded him of the kindly advice he had given them in their younger days.

Mr. Kelly lives with his family at 418

Sixtieth Street, and is the father of seven children and grandfather of six. What "Charley" thinks of Mr. Morse as a boss and the Morse yard as a good place to work in may be realized when it is known that he has two sons working in the yard, Tommie, in the Electrical department, and Charlie, Jr., formerly of the Machine Shop and now of the draughting room, which position he gained as a winner in competitive examination.

Other members of the Kelly family are rather closely associated with the Morse yard. A daughter, Marion, is married to Bill Loop of the Burning department; another, Claire, is married to Frank Kenny of the Chippers and Caulkers, and he has one son and a daughter still in their teens. His eldest daughter, Alma, mother of Mr. Kelly's five grandsons, all future "Morse Men," is the wife of Tom Furlong of the Paint Shop.

"Charley" never misses a day from work and claims to be good for 25 years further service. His seniority of age over many men has not slackened his speed nor lessened his steadiness and close application to duty.



Charley Kelly

The Agitators' Last Gasp

THE following editorial was taken from *The Chart*, published by the Los Angeles Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, of San Pedro, California. It needs no comment, as you will understand by reading it.

"The reports from the business interests of San Pedro under its open shop regime are all enthusiastically favorable to the new system. San Pedro is congratulating itself that it has shaken off the closed shop shackles and the business men of the town are beginning to realize that production goes hand in hand with the open shop.

"The town seems to have taken on a new lease of life, and, in every line of business, is making a phenomenal spurt to overcome the effect of the closed shop system of the past. Business is so much better that it seems as if every man, woman and child in San Pedro is keenly alive to the opportunities which have come to their town.

"Instead of strikes, with the incidental loafing and disorder which accompany them, there is activity in the development and improvement of the town. This tends to guarantee the fulfillment of a prediction recently made that San Pedro was to become prominent as one of the three largest shipping ports on the Pacific coast.

"The agitator's last gasp was demonstrated last week when a few shipbuilders were discharged for refusing to do the work laid out for them although they had realized when they applied for work in that yard, that it was conducted as an open shop.

"Men who accept employment in San Pedro must be reconciled to the open shop policy for, since declaring itself for these principles, San Pedro is backing up this policy to the limit. It is the aim of San Pedro to become the very stronghold of fair play, square dealing, independent thought, and it demands that those within its gates adhere to these principles."



William Robbins

Noon-day Band Concerts

YARD band concerts began Thursday noon, March 25, with a splendid concert by the Morse Military band under the direction of Band Leader Lieutenant W. S. Mygrant. A concert varying in repertoire from *Dardanella* to bits of sentimental music such as *When You Look in the Heart of a Rose* was conducted with credit to the members of the band, Leader Mygrant and the Morse organization.

The warmth of the sun's rays had much to do with the enjoyment attending the concert, for the employees of the company lolled about on all sorts of seats the yard offered. They were moved to action only when the syncopation of a "jazz" or a "shimmy" tempted too strongly. Then, here and there, some revolving figures marked the otherwise contented and restful audience.

Office Girls Celebrate

ST. PATRICK'S DAY seemed to be a gala occasion for the Main Office girls. "The Wearing of the Green" was in evidence everywhere to celebrate the party the girls were having.

The girls received a real surprise and treat when they saw how the room had been decorated. Balloons, lanterns and flags were hung from the ceiling and strung across the room. James Casey kindly gave up his time to do the decorating and he surely did a fine job. Mrs. Waterman furnished the silver and linen and gave up much of her time helping with the eatables. Further description is unnecessary as the picture taken at the party can tell more about it than we can.

The girls all enjoyed themselves and judging by the empty plates the "Eats" were good. The girls are looking forward to the next "Spread."

Editors' Mail Bag

The following letter was sent to The Dial through Billy Burke of the Carpenter Shop:

"Mr. Burke:—I do not know how to thank you and Mr. Carter enough for the trouble you put yourselves to for me. In regard to the collection you raised, it certainly was appreciated. Everybody must have given freely. Hoping that you will give my thanks to all of the boys through The Dial, I am,

Yours truly,
Thomas J. Holland,
Norwegian Hospital."

Get acquainted with what you do.

Never tell your resolution before hand.



I AIN'T always certain what people mean when they refer to "the honest working-man," but I guess they mean that workmen are generally honest when it comes to payin' grocery and meat bills and providin' for their families, and otherwise bein' good neighbors and citizens.

I've got an idea that an "honest working-man" is the fellow who does his bit in the shop; does a full day's work for a good day's pay. There's only two ways to figure a man's business character. He's either honest or dishonest, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear that one day his employment papers will be branded with one or the other of those words.

It ain't always that a Boss can watch a man, and a man who needs watchin' is nothin' short of a crook—a shop crook. He's stealin' from the company just as he might steal money from the cash drawer if he wuz in the paymaster's office instead of at the workbench.

If you're spongin' and stallin' at your work, you're dishonest, and I don't care if you do pay all your bills and drop a quarter in the plate at Sunday services.

The following letter was received by Wm. McEwen from Mrs. Fred Kuenze, 506 52nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"I wish to extend my thanks and appreciation to yourself and the boys, who were so good as to stand by and assist me in my time of need."

All Hail to the Riggers

THE following interesting communication was received by the Editor of The Dial:

"Dear Sir: As an employee of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and a member of the Association, permit me to submit these few lines to you for consideration as to its publication.

"I am very much interested in the remarks published in the monthly Dial, but have failed to see or read the doings of the Rigging Department.

"Perhaps it is not generally known among the employees that the Rigging Department work is the most dangerous. To these men praise and commendation should be given at all times, for they are the ones who must first secure and safeguard everything before men of other departments begin work on a ship.

"These are the men who work under, on and over the water and who always face danger with a smile. As a co-worker, I speak from experience and know that good fellowship exists between them, so that the most hazardous work seems very simple to perform.

"The harmony that prevails in that department is due largely to the fact that the presiding head has experience and ability and consideration of the men under him, wherefor he enjoys their confidence.

"I wish it understood that I am not casting any reflection upon any other individuals or departments, but simply putting forth my own views as I see them in my work. Since I started to work for the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, I have been treated fairly and squarely, and I close with 'Success to The Dial.'"

"A Rigger."

In answer to this letter, The Dial wishes to state that at all times news items, no matter from what department they come, are always welcome. The Riggers, we agree, are engaged in a hazardous calling and their work is interesting to all.

The April Dial contained the picture and account of a Morse Rigger who performed an act of heroism in our yard. The story, we know, was of more than departmental interest. We are always glad to hear from the Riggers and welcome any interesting news they may have.

Several other departments in the yard see to it that we receive each month information and news tips about their activities. This helps us greatly and we appreciate the co-operation very much.—Editor.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

These pictures of a Tuesday noon-hour dance and a St. Patricks' day party evidence the noon-day diversions of Morse Office Girls.

Over the BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY JOAN C. SHARP

A Co-operative Store

THE women folk of the Morse family will, no doubt, be interested and pleased to know that the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company has proposed and is considering a plan to open a co-operative store, in which canned goods and unperishable groceries would be sold at a comparatively low cost.

Such a store would be a boon to the shopping members of Morse men's households. As this Association handled and sold at cost to its members \$17,000 worth of army food, it would seem practical to operate a community store. We can't say offhand that the plan is a practical one for the organization to handle, but a committee investigating that phase will soon determine.

As a woman, and the shopping member of the family, you have some opinions as to what advantages might come from the operation of such a store. We would like to have you express your opinion on the project by answering some of the following questions:

If such a store would be opened only between certain hours of the day, what hours would you suggest, and why?

What, in your opinion, would be the most suitable location for the convenience of the majority of women whose men folk are employed by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company?

What canned goods and unperishable groceries could be handled to your best advantage?

What products of this nature are most in demand?

Do you know of some quick-selling, unperishable products for which there is a lively demand?

In answering these questions, we ask that you sign your full name and address. You are also privileged to offer any suggestion you think helpful in promoting this project.

Address your communication to "Editor, The Dial, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, foot of 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

Mistakes

When a Plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a Lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a Carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a Doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a Judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a Preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

When an Electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on the induction; nobody knows what that means.

But when an Editor makes a mistake—Good Night!—*Exchange.*

Receipts

Feather Cake

1 cup thick sour cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Sift baking powder, salt and soda with flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla; bake in gem tins.

Strawberry Short Cake

Berries

Crush berries in fruit press.

Cover with sugar, add pinch baking soda, mix through; set aside until cake is baked. This tends to sweeten berries and less sugar is required.

Cake

2 large cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 heaping tablespoons shortening rubbed thoroughly with hands. Add enough milk to make a batter which will drop from spoon. Butter a large, round tin. Bake in hot oven till a light brown. Remove cake from pan, split and butter. Place berries in between and on top (whipped cream may be used, but is not necessary). To be eaten while hot.

E. K. L.

Welsh Rarebit

Cut up ¼-pound cheese; cover with hot water and melt over fire. Add one egg, well beaten; season with salt, pepper and butter. Serve with hot biscuits or pour over saltines.

Potato Rissoles

Mash hot boiled potatoes; salt and pepper to taste, if desired, add a little parsley. Roll potatoes into small balls, cover them with an egg and bread crumbs; fry in hot lard for about two minutes. A little chopped onion may be added if desired.

Worth Knowing

IF the hands are washed in mustard and water after peeling onions or handling fish all disagreeable odor will be removed.

A strip of cloth an inch and a half wide, dipped in water and pinned around a pie will keep the contents from running out while baking.

Straw matting may be cleaned with a large, coarse cloth dipped in salt and water and wiped dry. The salt keeps the matting from turning yellow.

New tinware has a taste and should be rubbed with lard and baked before using.

A long-handled button-hook is useful to remove lint from the outlets of laundry tubs.

White vaseline is excellent for polishing patent leather shoes.

A pot of beef extract is a handy thing to have on hand for soups.

Cocoa is the better for a tiny bit of broken vanilla bean in the pot.

A pinch of soda added to fruit when stewing takes off the acid.

Moisten the knife with water whenever you cut very fresh cake.

Household Hints

A little vinegar added to the water in which bacon or ham is boiled improves the flavor.

Rub stained ivory knife-handles with a little lemon-juice and salt. The handles must be well rinsed and dried afterwards.

Wringing out a cloth in hot water and wiping the furniture before putting on furniture-cream will result in a high polish that will not finger-mark.

Cut onions quickly absorb impurities in the air, and therefore they are excellent as a disinfectant. The impurities they take up, however, make them unfit for food, so a cut onion should be used at once or thrown away and never saved for flavoring something at a later date.

If a fire has to be left unwatched for several hours put a handful of salt on the top of the coals. This will prevent the fuel burning away too quickly.

Always shrink wool to be used for darning purposes by holding the skein in the steam from a boiling kettle. Otherwise the wool will shrink and make a hole larger than the original one.

When boiling fish remove all scum as soon as it rises to the top of the water, as it deadens the flavor of the fish if allowed to remain in the pan.

An "If" for Girls

With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,

If you can swim and row, be strong and active,

But of the gentler grace lose not sight,
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,

Play without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,

Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;

If you can master French, Greek and Latin,
And not acquire as well the priggish mien,

If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,
Without despising calico and jean,

If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,

Can sing when asked without excuse or stammer,

Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;

If you can make good bread as well as fudges,

Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust,

If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl, whom all will love, because they must;

If sometime you should meet and love another,

And make a home with Faith and Peace enshrined,

And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
You will work out pretty nearly to my mind,

The plan that has been developed through the ages,

And win the best that life can have in store,

You will be, my girl, a model for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before.

Elizabeth Lincoln Otis

Reinthal & Newman, N. Y.

Publishers.

Correct English Is Helpful

INFLUENCE is a wonderful power. Not to be classed with the power of hypnotism claimed by a few, but rather a gift given to all of us, which should be cherished as one of our greatest assets and always used for good. We all have the power to influence but we do not stop to realize it and, therefore, its value is lost.

Have you ever stopped to think of the influence the older members of the family have over the youngsters?

Doubtless you remember hearing a child utter some extra big word or silly phrase which has been used by a grown-up shortly before. Have you ever experienced that sort of guilty feeling when a younger brother or sister repeats something you have said which is not found in the rules of etiquette? Just think how much pleasanter it is to hear them say something which you were more or less pleased with when you heard it.

The English language, when used correctly, is spoken of as being the most beautiful. Since that is the case, it does seem such a shame that this reputation is marred because of the use of several silly phrases and slang words.

* * *

The Marine Show and the Women

IT is quite natural that when you hear of anything to do with maritime affairs, you picture a gathering of sea-faring men. When news of the National Marine Exposition, which was held at the Grand Central Palace, became general, most of the girls who were employed here, and we have no doubt it was so in all concerns participating in the Exposition, were anxious to see what it was like and wanted to go, but they had a feeling that they would be "out of place."

After several of the executives of the Company had been to the Exposition and the girls heard them telling about it, they simply made up their minds to take a chance of "being out of place" and go.

How surprising it was to find that without exaggeration there were almost as many women as there were men at the show. But what is even more amazing was to see what great interest the women took in it.

One of the main reasons for this Exposition was to create among the American people a greater interest in marine activities of his country and to make them realize the necessity of an American Merchant Marine. The efforts of those who were responsible for the Exposition were by no means in vain, and a great deal of credit is due to everyone who had anything to do with the preparation of it.

In a great many cases it can honestly be said that the women who visited the show enjoyed it even more than the men. To the women folk everything was new and different from what they see every day, whereas most of the equipment on display was just what the men see day in and day out.

People can never expect to get along unless they take an interest in their work. The men working for this Company have always taken a great interest in anything the Company has gone into or undertaken to do. This is a source of great pleasure, but when the women folk show that they, too, want to know what is going on, it is even more gratifying. This spirit of co-operation is greatly appreciated, and we trust that the home influence and enthusiasm will continue to grow.

* * *

One man may speak for another, but one woman can't talk for another with any degree of satisfaction.

Women, What Do You Say?

The following jingle was copied by one of our office girls from a book of quotations:

"If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink;
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be bye and bye,
Or any other reason why."

And a certain individual was asked to write an answer in verse. This is what he wrote:

"And on this theme, if I may dwell,
I see no good in this 'dry spell';
We are no better off today,
Than when the breweries got our pay
And sent us singing on our way."

The writers are seemingly opposed to prohibition. One declares that "we are no better off today, than when the breweries got our pay and sent us singing on our way."

Men, many of them, may feel that they now have to work and figure more than ever in "making both ends meet," but man is not the sole judge of the whole situation.

Woman, especially the married woman, can compare the family's life and finances today with what they were in the days when John Barleycorn held forth.

She can analyze the situation as it affects her neighborhood even though her own life has been unchanged.

We would like to hear from the women. Give us your views about prohibition. Are the men doing better under its regime? Do men have just as good times without the corner saloon? Or are the men harder to get along with? Are they cross and irritable? Do they feel that they are being denied a personal liberty?

Send your answers to The Dial, editor of the "Over the Back Yard Fence" page.

Kiddies' Korner

Care of the Eyes

I THINK one of the most important things for our children to understand is the care of the eyes. Some of the things which children are bound to play with are dangerous to the eyes.

I know of a little girl who had a cane with a Coney Island flag attached to it. She was running through the rooms where they lived and the flag caught in a portier, causing the other end of the cane to run into her eye, leaving a nasty gash right on the white part of the eye. Luckily, it healed, but the scar still remains. Had it been a little nearer the sight, she would have been blind in that eye.

On another occasion, one of my little boys picked up a red pepper and broke it open, taking the seeds out. Afterwards he happened to rub his eyes, rubbing the red pepper into them. I could not imagine what had happened to him when he ran into the house screaming. After I had bathed his eyes with boric acid, I used a drop of argerole in each eye. Immediately he stopped crying, as the argerole is very soothing. (It may be obtained at any drug store by doctor's prescription only I believe.)

Another boy I know of was playing with a golf ball. He was eager to know what was inside of it, so he cut it open. The acid squirted up in his eye, totally destroying the sight. At another time, a few boys were playing ball in a vacant lot. One boy picked up a bottle, intending to throw it out of the way. It hit on a stone and a piece flew up in the face of a playmate, cutting through the eye, destroying the sight. He was then about 12 years old. When eighteen, his other eye became infected and he was in danger of being totally blind.

Take care of your eyes; they are most precious. E.K.L.

Shoe Economy

YOU do not have to pay \$20 for a pair of shoes. The Savings Division of the Treasury has given due notice to that effect in its campaign for elimination of extravagance and unnecessary spending and for saving and safe investment in government securities as a corrective for the high cost of living.

This statement has been confirmed by the dealers who handle and sell shoes to the public. One dealers' association, in a pamphlet which is distributed with each pair of shoes sold by its members, declares that it is possible for any person to be correctly and comfortably shod at a reasonable price.

The statement says it is always the newest styles that are made from the highest cost materials and every good shoe man has practical, good-looking shoes on his shelves at "old prices."

You can pay \$20 for a pair of shoes and if you want to do so, the manufacturers will continue to make them. But you do not have to pay that price, and if you buy only shoes such as will supply your needs and only enough for your needs, prices will come down, and if you invest the amount saved in War Savings Stamps or Treasury Savings Certificates, you will be in a position to buy twice as many shoes for half the money, when prices do come down.

* * *

The man on the merry-go-round may ride fast but he doesn't get far. To travel in the straight line of progress, save first, save steadily, and buy War Savings Stamps and other Government securities—"Backed by the Nation's strength."

—BUY U. S. S.—

When the Piggies Went to School

When I first moved to Seaford, a very interesting thing happened. One day when one of our teachers had started her class with their lessons, she happened to look out of the window. And what did she spy? Two little pink-nosed pigs, with their heads poked through the school fence. She could hardly believe her eyes. On looking again, she recognized the wee pigs as those belonging to one of the other teachers. They had followed her to school. Word was sent to their owner and one of her pupils brought the little pigs home.

E.K.L.

* * *

Geography

Teacher: "Where is the Swanee River?"

Pupil: "Far, far away."

* * *

This little Miss is Jennie A. Hyman, four year old daughter of Thomas Hyman, snapper of the Hull

Dept. Miss Hyman is smiling here as she might in later years when she is receiving the plaudits of an audience, for she likes to dance and has already appeared in some charitable entertainments in New York and Brooklyn. Her Mary Pickford curls and easy, graceful pose have already won our admiration and now we'd like to see her.



Jennie A. Hyman

Our Family Poets

The following poem was received with a letter from Harry E. Vetterl (Driller helper 1442) of 224 Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, who was one of the soldiers stationed at our plant during the winter of 1917. He explains in his letter that the poem was all that he could find in the corner of his barrack bag after the big fire in the Morse yard on the night of December 3, 1917.

The Call to the Colors

Are you ready, O Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, Answer!
For the land hath need of ye.
"Here!" from Sandy Rio Grande
Where the Texan horsemen ride;
"Here!" the hunters from Kentucky,
Hail from Chatterawha's side.
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet voiced and iron handed,
Lifts his head to answer, "Here!"
Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee,
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the Flag if need there be.

Are you ready, California, Arizona, Idaho?
Come, oh come, unto the Colors!
Heard ye not the bugle blow?
Falls a hush in San Francisco,
In the humming hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma,
Fall the pruning knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado,
Pick and drill are thrown aside,
Idly in Seattle harbor
Swing the merchants to the tide;
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum,
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
"You have called us, and we come."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge,
O'er the Great Lakes and the plain.
Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, men of Maine?
From the woods of Ontanagon,
From the farms of Illinois,
From the looms of Massachusetts,
We are ready, man and boy,
Axemen free, from Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the city's paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the gray and hungry waves,
Big boned Swede and large limbed Northman,
Celt and Saxon swell the cry,
And the Adirondacks echo;
"We are ready, do or die!"

Truce to feud, and peace to faction!
Stilled is every party brawl,
When the war ships clear for action,
When the battle bugles call,
Kings may boast of standing armies,
Serfs who blindly fight by trade,
We have twenty million soldiers,
And a soul guides every blade,
Laborers with arm and mattock,
Laborers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince, and railroad brakeman,
Build our line of fighting men.
Flag of righteous wars! Close mustered
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
Where the stars are closely clustered,
With their daggers toward the foe!

Virtue is like a rich stone best plain set,

Opportunity

"What the flood tide brings
The ebb tide takes away."
We must not lie idle,
Not even for a single day.
The flood tide of youth
Is ebbing slow but sure,
Carrying "opportunity" away from your door.
The time to do is now,
If you hope to win at all;
Be sure and be "at home"
When Chance makes his call.
Give him a warm welcome,
Don't let him set forth alone;
Grip his hand and hustle,
It's up to you alone.

E. K. L.

Not Very Intoxicating

SAYS the *New York Tribune*: When asked how much beer would be required to make a man drunk, George Westervelt said he did not know, explaining that he himself had never been drunk on beer. In reply to the further question as to how many glasses a day he drank, he said: "Vell, on de efferich I guess a hundert—hundert and fifty—mebbe two hundert glasses. Course," he added, "if a man wants to mek a tam hog of himself, dot's different again."

Jazz

Music hath charms to soothe, they say,
And this is true, no doubt;
But the kind that all the elite like
Makes my nerves jump round about.

Beethoven, Lizst, the operas grand,
Are great, we'll all admit;
For those that like them, all is well,
But they make my poor head split.

This highbrow stuff is very well
For dead ones, I opine;
But give me jazz and shimmie,
And the songs of swell ragtime.

The tunes that have a lot of pep,
Make me know that life's worth while;
The two-step, fox-trot, dreamy waltz,
Apache and old Texas Swirl.

Life is short, so make it sweet
By jazzing things a bit;
For songs that make the red blood course
Are the kind that make one fit.

Happiness is always found
Where music doth abide,
So let the times of jazz ring out,
And most of us are satisfied.

So here's to good old ragtime,
We could not do without;
The cares of life are washed away;
When the band plays, hearts could show
May Evelyn Foy.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.



Pictures by Morse Photographer
Scenes in front of the Pipe Shop of those who helped to make the Flag Raising Celebration on St. Patrick's day a big success. We don't see the band but it was one of the important features.

The OFFICE CAT

SCRATCHES and PURRS

The girls think Mr. Reilly's moustache is like a baseball game between two millionaires; nine hairs (heirs) on one side and one on the other side.

As an orator, none of our country's speech-makers have anything on Miss Colson of the Purchasing department. The girls will long remember the speech she delivered the day in favor of Joe McGuirk. Keep it, Katherine.

Mr. Gillner of the Cost department is the only one we know of who can play and work at the same time. Yes, he's the good-looking chap who plays the piano on Tuesdays. Watch your step, Charlie.

Since the Casey girls ride to work on the bus they get here early. Too bad the bus doesn't operate in other parts of Brooklyn, eh?

Now that vacation days are approaching, the common topic is Cuba. Any one wanting an explanation, see Mr. Kelly of the Cost department.

How's chances for a ride in that new, green Hupmobile, Mr. Tedder?

The Disbursement department is likely to be flooded with applications, since it has become known that two of the girls received engagement rings, and a former member of the force was married, all in the week following Easter Sunday.

We have ceased to wonder why some of our star-gazers are always looking out the windows in Room 106. What is the attraction, Charles? The North Building?

Miss Bendicksen has started to knit a sweater, but from the way she's progressing at it, we think that by Xmas, she at least could have one of the sleeves finished.

Ever since Frank Maher has taken to curling his hair in the center, he's been mistaken for Douglas Fairbanks almost every day.

"Vamp" and pass along.—Mary E. Brady.

We heard Florence Fenk telling Miss McAlleher the other day that if she didn't keep away from the gold-fish tank upstairs in the girls' rest room, someone might mistake her for one of them and throw her in.

Miss Wilson saw Miss Giff's interpretation of the Tuesday over at the Assembly Hall, and ever since she's been practicing the dance of the "Storm."

Marion Hayes has very taking ways. She'll take anything from a needle to eye-wash.

George Keenan is the happy father of a nine-pound baby girl, born March 15th. Little Muriel Margaret is not so very old, but we can just picture her ruling the household. It doesn't take the little ladies long to show they rule supreme in the home.

An amusing one is told on Miss Bendicksen of the Stenographic department. She stopped at a drug store one day to purchase a stamp. Not wishing to remove her veil, and thinking the clerk had a sponge handy, she asked him if he wouldn't attach the stamp to her letter. Imagine her surprise when the clerk snaps, "It's bad enough that I have to sell you stamps without licking them for you." Embarrassing moments, eh, Rongchild?

We have Mae Brady's word for it that she never used to drink more than one cup of coffee at a time. Now, to use her own words, she consumes "oodles" of it every day at noon. Why the quantity, Mae?

Little Johnny, while playing with a quarter that was given him by his uncle, put the coin in his mouth and it stuck in his throat. His frantic mother immediately sent for a doctor, but notwithstanding all his efforts the quarter could not be removed. "I tell you," said the doctor, "I can't do anything for him, but send for Frank Rose."

That green and red vest of Mr. Mann's (Billing department) certainly speaks for itself. Perhaps he bought such a "loud" color so that it could keep in his memory all the good money he had to part with to get it.

Not that we are curious, but we would like to ask Frank MacAuley of the Cost department two questions: Who does he call up every day, and who owns the lady's signet ring he wears on his little finger?

Wanted, by the Disbursement department, some eye shades. Miss Sullivan and Miss Kelsey came in the other day with "sparklers" and almost blinded the office force. Two more good men gone wrong.

Tabulators' Dance

Misses Jane Blackledge and Louisa Rohers of the Tabulating department gave a dance Wednesday evening, April 7, in Acme Hall, Brooklyn. The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company was largely represented among the attendants, many of whom were in costume. Costume prizes were awarded to Misses Irene and Muriel De Silva, Mary Prichett, Helen Dougherty, Violet Nelson and William Cutler.

Miss Virginia Giff of the Tabulating department, favored with a double song and dance and was presented with a large bouquet of flowers. Miss Jane Blackledge made the presentation. Miss Josephine Sears also entertained with a vocal selection which was highly pleasing.

The Misses Blackledge and Rohers were attired in Oriental and Romper costumes respectively. The music was furnished by the Unity Five Jazz Orchestra, two members of which are Morse men—Bert Reynolds of the Joiners and Patrick Griffin of the Pipe Fitters.

In the immediate future, Misses Blackledge and Rohers are to hold a Leap Year Party and they request that you watch for their sign at the Main Gate.

Tabulating Department "Well Known Sayings"

Mr. Rees—"How're the machines running today?"

Miss Stern—"Hurry up; here's some rush ships."

Miss Burkard—"My Shipping Board ready?"

Miss Connelley—"Hurry with my sheets."

Miss Brath—"Can I use your tabulator?"

Miss Dougherty—"Come here a minute."

Miss Prichett—"Can I take these?"

Miss Anderson—"I was punching today."

Miss Blackledge—"Give me a bit."

Miss Eimfrank—"Do me a favor, will yer?"

Miss Whitman—"What do you think?"

Miss DeSilva—"Well, what do you want?"

Miss Giff—"I've got to go to rehearsal."

Miss Kurland—"Got anything to eat?"

Miss Taylor—"Wait for me."

Miss Keane—"Are you coming, Miss Rogers?"

Miss Avery—"You can take these in a minute."

Miss Roehrs—"Coming up tonight?"

Miss Rogers—"No fooling?"

Mrs. Dixon—"Any more 28ths, dear?"

Nuts and Roses

In a recent issue of a Brooklyn paper in the column "Questions for the Whole Family," this question appeared: "What common nut belongs to the rose family?"

"Bill" of the New York office of the Lukens Steel Company of Coatesville, Pa., noted the question and, in a letter to The Dial Editor, asked if the paper had the nerve to refer to our "handsome money changer."

As we know and esteem Mr. Rose, we inform "Bill" that "a rose by any other name is just as sweet" (even when it is called a nut.)

Any one want a new hat? Apply to Miss Daley, of the Billing department. She announced one day that she had some nice sailors at the house and that night the house was crowded. She forgot to mention that the "sailors" were of the straw variety.

Miss Connie Mantia of the New York Office, 17 Battery Place, of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company. Miss Mantia, a capable stenographer, is in other ways very helpful to the office members and the foreign shipping men, for she numbers among her accomplishments that of a linguist. She speaks French, Italian and Spanish fluently and foreign correspondence, in four tongues at least, is pretty well handled as a result.



Connie Mantia



We now have with us again, the famous James O'Laughlin, rivet tester of the Hull department. James has been in the game since the days that they used to drive wooden rivets, and his spare time is devoted to perfecting a hydro-electric rivet passing machine, which will do away with passer boys, who are a source of annoyance to him at all times.

The following books are in the publisher's hands and will be out shortly:

"Ireland—Its Present, Past and Future," by John Wixted, Bottle department.

"Dancing, Cycling and Elections," by William Wherry, Shipfitter.

"The Moonshiner's Secret," by Al. Simon-dinger.

"Forty Years with the Dope Gang," by Laurence Ellis.

"Missing Links in Chain Gangs," by Samuel Olsen.

"The Science of Soap Making," by Paddy Feeney.

Another list of publications will be out next month.

During the election campaign, Jimmy McFarlane was giving away cigarettes. He said they were the same brand the boys in the trenches smoked. John Wixted claimed that if those cigarettes had been sent to the Germans instead of to our boys, the war would not have lasted so long.

It is rumored that Tim Hickey of the Boiler Shop Tool Room is going to buy a new watch. The Ingersoll that he has at present needs a new movement and case, and he has only had it five years.

Ike Harris, representing the Glaziers, and Oscar Kruger, the sign painters, are mentioned as probable candidates for next year's election campaign.

Jack (Kid) Whalen and Battling Fred Lemaire, both of the Hull department, were advertised for a main bout at the Assembly hall for Friday noon, March 26, but to date the set-to has not been staged. Tom Cavanaugh, publicity man for the bout, posted a notice in front of the Plate Shop, but could furnish no good reason as to why the scrap was not held.

Jim Welsh, of The Farm, wants to know what Charlie Richardson of the Employment Office did with the brown cap he wore as a member of the Farm gang. Charlie now sports a derby hat.

Dick Umland, driller snapper, went over to a nearby restaurant recently and asked for a saucer with his cup of coffee. He was told that they didn't furnish saucers and Dick refused to drink saying that he was taking no chances with getting the spoon in his eye.

George Rothwell, Hull department snapper, is in sympathy with the overall movement to combat the high cost of clothes, but some of the boys couldn't understand why he turned up to report for a job on the *Muskogee* dressed in new overalls and a white shirt and collar.

Edward Warden, mill boss, and Arthur Myland, carpenter foreman, both of The Farm, are looking forward to many days of pleasure this summer as both are conditioning their speed boats, respectively named the *Sea Call* and *Maude*. The former is to install a 60 horsepower engine in the *Sea Call* and will challenge any craft in the harbor, while Mr. Warden is tuning up the *Maude* to such an extent that she may cause a little envy on the part of some boat owners.

Joe Burns, shipfitters' helper, formerly of the Employment office, is a proud daddy. It's a girl and 10½ pounds.

Pete Bresnan is one of the Edisons of the yard. He has a new system for carrying plates on our auto trucks. The load is balanced and rides easy without damage to the trucks.

Frank Vey of the Employment office is now an electricians' helper under the watchful eye of James Greenfield. Peter Lallonde of New Orleans, La., is on the job in Frankie's place. Pete formerly worked with the Foundation Company at Mobile, Ala.

Paul Troy has started a new fashion of wearing khaki hunting suits. They struck Chief Devlin's fancy and he is thinking of getting a suit from Chicago. He wasn't very well pleased with the shoes he got, but he says that the suit may be better.

Since working at a neighboring lunch room noon-time, Clancy has a hard time keeping the boys from hanging up the lunch room boss. He has a collection sheet on Saturday that looks like an American Legion roll call.

When George Andrews, veteran carpenter, retired, he told Billy Burke that he was going to raise chickens. Billy said that he'd like to retire but he didn't know how to take care of chickens. He did admit that he knew something about an automobile.

Archie Campbell, former timekeeper in the Carpenter shop and a wounded veteran of the Argonne Forest, has been placed on George Andrews' job, checking lumber.

Pete Gifford, watchman at the 55th Street gate, is succeeded by "Pop" Witte, the genial watchman who held that gate down during the night. "Pop" declares that he likes the sunshine in the summer.

Young Menzies of the Hull department, says that Charlie Menzies of the Welding shop is not his father. Every time Menzies wins, Charlie says, "That's my boy." Every time young Menzies loses, Charlie wants to know what Menzies he is.

Paul Gingras of the Sheet Metal Shop is devising ways and means for floating the co-operative store. He is studying everything from "How To Keep Flies From the Groceries" to exhaustive articles on "Selling Stocks On the Co-operative Plan."

Will they sell "soap" in the co-operative store?

John Powell, the Dry Dock Poet, is roughing it along the Lachine Canal in Canada after which he expects to return to Morse greatly improved in health.

Capt. Dave Roche is looking for a man with flat feet who might want to buy a flat bottomed boat that Dave salvaged.

Morris Levy (9058) of the Rigging Department is telling a story of a Brooklyn cop who found a dead horse on Schermerhorn Street and dragged the horse to State Street because he could spell "State" easier when making out his report. Morris is also saying that the Morse men need not worry about prohibition because they can always get a schooner on the dock.

Who is responsible for the story of the man following another man around the yard? It is to the effect that a politician got a friend of his a job in a shipyard and the said friend resigned a few days later. Asked by his political benefactor what the trouble was, the friend declared that a man followed him around all the time. The politician said, "Why, you big simp! That was your helper."

Matty Wright offered Joe McGuirk a number of kinds of inducements to part with the money, but we understand that everybody must have a chance to possess the same. Joe is going to raffle it.

The Kenyon Raincoat employees are crawling about the Morse concerts each noon. They go up in the air every time the band hits up. (Notice 'em on the roof?)

Ever notice John Etheridge, dockmaster, "chawin" tobacco? A good chew and John is ready to dock the *Imperator*. Incidentally the weed is the good old Virginia flavor. Ask John; he knows.

Inspector George Miller says that "The Exposition Daily" put out by the Morse Company for the Marine Show was the goods. Just enough Morse stuff and plenty of news of the Exposition. As George is a literary bent and hobnobbed with New York Sun men when he was superintendent of the Sun Building, we appreciate his compliments.

Ask Howard Canning, boss welder, what that Japanese lettering on the welding does mean. A Japanese visitor happened into the shop and, noticing the inscription, enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Only a few days ago, a painter kept bothering "Pop" Witte, the 55th Street gateman to get into the Employment Office for a painting job. As he seemed most anxious to work, "Pop" gained him an audience. He was released a few hours after. On his way out, "Pop" asked him the trouble, seeing that he was so anxious to work. He said, "I'm a house painter. They put me over the side of a ship with lots of water underneath. My wife wouldn't like me to do that dangerous work." He was told to send his wife down to do it, as she was the best "man" in the family.

THE
DIMORSEK
DIAL

JUNE, 1920



R. H. ER

AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHIPPING TRADE

The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company of Brooklyn has absolutely no connection, either through family or business relationship, with the interests mentioned in the newspaper articles below.

It is deemed necessary to make this explanation because of a confusion in names, which frequently identifies this Company with individuals who are not and never have been connected with it.

Signed EDWARD P. MORSE

MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO. BROOKLYN
NEW YORK

N.Y. World
Dec 10, 19

N.Y. Times
April 26, 20

N.Y. Globe
April 30, 20

MORSE IS CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY IN BIG SHIP DEAL

Scandinavian-American Corporation Alleges He Aided M. C. Quimby to Mulet Its Ex-President Out of \$203,600.

QUIMBY'S \$4,342,800 SUIT
BRINGS COUNTER ACTION.

Demands Commissions on \$86,856,000 Contract for 56 Ships From Companies Allegedly Owned by Morse.

An action to recover \$4,342,800 with interest from July 8, 1918, brought by Milton C. Quimby against the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation has just been brought to light in the Supreme Court here.

An answer filed by the company accuses Quimby and Charles W. Morse of conspiring to induce Magnus Buekers, former President of the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation, to misappropriate funds amounting to \$203,600 and to turn them over to Mr. Morse.

Details of the charges have been filed by both the Scandinavian-American Shipping Corporation and by Mr. Quimby.

SAYS SHIPPING BOARD OVERPAID MORSE CO.

Counsel Denied Latter's Claim That Board Caused Grotton Iron Works Receivership.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Claims of the C. W. Morse Company that failure of the Shipping Board to pay for the construction of ships had resulted in a receivership for the Grotton Iron Works of Connecticut were denied before a House investigating committee today by W. W. Nottingham, assistant counsel for the board.

The Morse company was overpaid the \$200,000 advance on its contract books of the Grotton plant had disappeared and the effect had been made to recover from Mr. Nottingham said the Morse company's representatives had declared the books contained "old records."

MORSE INDICTED; PLOT IS CHARGED IN SALE OF SHIP

Conspiracy to Violate Shipping Board Act by Selling Vessel to Foreigners Is Alleged.

TWO COMPANIES NAMED

United and J. G. McCullough Steamship Concerns and W. S. Mitchell Other Defendants.

The federal grand jury this afternoon indicted Charles W. Morse, president of the United States Steamship Company; Captain W. S. Mitchell, the United States Steamship Company; and the J. G. McCullough Steamship Company, of 30 Broad street, on charges of conspiring to violate the Shipping Board act of September, 1916.

REVEAL NEW OVERPAYMENT TO MORSE CO.

The Shipping Board Yesterday Granted Additional \$1,000,000—Overdrawn, Probers Hear.

NOW \$1,500,000 OVERPAID

Committee to Look Into Ambitious Programme of Alexandria, Va., Yard.

By ARTHUR D. BOWDEN SMITH.

(Staff Correspondent of The Globe)

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The Walsh committee of the House of Representatives, appointed to investigate the operations of the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, today turned its attention to the affairs of the Virginia Ship Building Corporation, whose yard at Alexandria was one of the principal powers in the intricate game of high finance which Charles W. Morse, former convict in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary and violator of banking laws, played with government officials who were charged with responsibility for the up-building of the nation's new merchant marine.

It is claimed by members of the committee that the disclosures of financial irregularities in the Alexandria yard will equal, if not surpass, those which have been revealed in Morse's operations with the Grotton Iron Works, a plant which went into bankruptcy, notwithstanding the fact that he obtained more than \$18,000,000 for it from the government, which he persuaded the officials of the board and fleet corporation to extricate from this plight, against the advice of legal and financial experts.

N.Y. Globe
May 3, 20

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

June, 1920

No. 6

Some Chips from the Log of the E. P. Morse

Disabled upon the high seas, the *S. S. Minnesota* — biggest of all cargo carriers — is towed for fourteen hours by a Morse tug.

By Joe L. Murphy

AT an hour on the afternoon of Monday, April 26, when the majority of workers in this busy ship repair plant were directing a course homeward, a wireless message was urging other workers of the company to begin a long and hazardous toil. Two tugs of the Morse fleet were being loosed from their moorings at one of the yard piers. "Morse Service In Time Of Need" was being sought. The wireless had come from the *S.S. Minnesota*, giant freightship, bound from England to New York, and disabled enroute, almost 200 miles from her destination.

The *Eileen Morse*, commanded by Capt. George Bunnell, and piloted by Murdo Campbell, was the first to lay a course toward the stricken ship. The *E.P. Morse*, under command of Capt. Malcolm J.L. Carmichael, master of steamships and Atlantic Coast pilot, responded shortly after. Morse commanders and men were going to sea to perform a task that was not new, but was as difficult or as easy as wind and wave would decree.

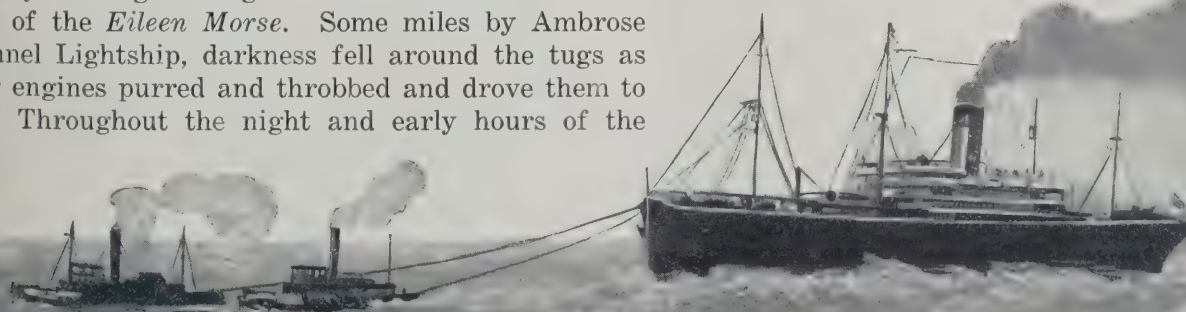
Poking its nose through a head-tide, the *E.P. Morse* reached Ambrose Channel Lightship at 6.05 o'clock Monday evening and sighted some distance ahead the lines of the *Eileen Morse*. Some miles by Ambrose Channel Lightship, darkness fell around the tugs as their engines purred and throbbed and drove them to sea. Throughout the night and early hours of the

morning, as they made about nine knots per hour, the tugs held to their course, which lay in the path of the *Minnesota*.

Captain Carmichael of the *E.P. Morse* was snatching forty winks in the pilot house. Displeased because he had started later than the *Eileen Morse*, he was pleased to pass her at 2 a. m. on the following morning. He was becoming proud of his tug, and much more amiable. "Ought to sight her in a few hours," he was saying to Pilot George Mason and Martin Ericksen, hardy old deck-hand, whose forbears were Norwegian seafarers.

At 5.30 o'clock in the morning, at a point 100 miles from Ambrose Channel Lightship and 42 miles south of Block Island, the *E.P. Morse* "fell in" with the *Minnesota*, being towed by the *S.S. Champion*. Sheering alongside of the giant freighter, Captain Carmichael, his megaphone pointing to the *Minnesota's* bridge, shouted, "Send down a messenger from your bow and we'll give you a hawser."

As the *Minnesota's* deck hands were complying with



the request, the *Eileen Morse* was approaching the big freighter to lay along her port side, to send her a second line. Within a few minutes 1200-foot lines of rope nine inches in circumference were taut between tugs and steamship. On each side of the steamship *Champion* the Morse tugs hauled and pulled the leash which held captive the world's greatest cargo vessel.

From daybreak to dusk, tugs and the steamer *Champion* were in breast formation as they towed the *Minnesota*. As they plied the seas, miles beyond sight of land, one was reminded of troop transport and convoy. The tugs were as a vanguard of destroyers—the *Minnesota* following in their wake as though fearful of a lurking submarine.

A message from the bridge of the *Champion* was shouted to Captain Carmichael of the *E.P. Morse*. It was the second verbal message to be exchanged in almost 14 hours. The captain of the *Champion* was asking that a watch be kept for Fire Island Light. It was sighted and later Ambrose Channel Lightship.

Ed. Austin, chief engineer of the *E.P. Morse*, was also keeping vigil for the channel lightship. His fuel oil supply was fast being consumed by his 1300 horses



Prize photo "Wash Day" by Capt. Kirby

which had been galloping for hours at

the rate of nearly seven miles per hour. "Jim" Hawkes, the oiler, darted here and there in the engine room. With oil for liniment he bathed the limbs of the horses as he saw them in the driving shafts of his machinery. Jack Niebler, second engineer, mused as he peered out of the engine room. "Nasty weather," he said. "Reminds me of the kind o' weather we had when we were sweepin' mines in the North Sea—always rainy and nasty."

Ambrose Lightship loomed ahead. The flotilla was brought to a halt. Lines were cast off from the *Minnesota* and she dropped anchor. The steamer *Champion* and the tugs took leave, the *Champion* to proceed to Quarantine, the tugs to the harbor pilot boat laying close by.

Captain Carmichael raised his megaphone. "Ahoy, pilot!"

"Ahoy!" came the answer.

"The *Minnesota* is laying by. Will you take her in tonight?"

"No." The answer came almost instantly. "Bring six boats at daybreak."

Captain Carmichael signalled to get the *E.P. Morse* under way. The *Eileen Morse* trailed in his course. Forty winks more and the Morse men were to return at daybreak to finish a job which had carried them to the high seas.

The Production of Wealth

By Lord Leverhulme

The following is an extract from an article by Lord Leverhulme, written for an English publication, and its message rings so true that we publish it for the benefit of our readers.

"IF a man will not work, neither shall he eat" must always be the law of the universe, and instead of Capital, machinery and mechanical utilities being the foes of the workers, making his laborious task harder, they are just as much his friends and more surely improvers of his condition, and are even more necessary to his civilized existence than were the club, spear, bow and arrow, canoe and net when first invented for the use of our cave-dwelling ancestors.

Who and what are the Capitalists?

Every man or woman with good health, good character, common sense, who exercises self-denial and practices the essential law of service to others, can become a capitalist. Capital and wealth or health is the result that Equity records in the game called Life, when we strike the keyboard letters and figures with habits of industry, economy, attention to duty, service to mankind, and hard concentrated work.

Poverty and ill-health are the record of Equity in the game called Life when the keyboard letters and figures of fraud or of idleness, extravagance, slackness, selfishness in regard to others have been struck by ourselves or our fathers. But when we see Capital, wealth or health, poverty or ill-health, we view them as causes not as effects. It would be as reasonable to view the rosy flush of health or the pustules of smallpox

as the cause of health or disease. But with these manifestations we do not fall into any such error. We know they are not causes and we recognize them as effects and as the outward visible sign of good health or ill-health.

It would be just as logical and productive of service to mankind to disclaim against health and strength as it is to disclaim against Capital and Wealth. The more we desire to produce conditions that result in rosy cheeks or health and strength, the more we find ourselves dependent on the conditions that equally are necessary for the production of Capital and Wealth. Do we wish mankind to become each succeeding year the possessor

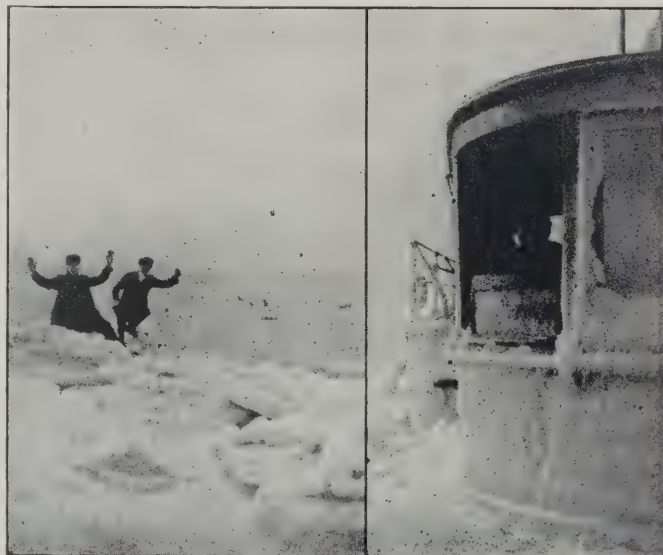
of more capital and of more wealth, health and strength, then we must make easier the practice of the qualities that lead to the acquisition of either and both. We must do nothing to discourage the acquisition of health and strength, otherwise we shall bring suffering and distress on the whole human race and on ourselves equally with all others.

Any attempt at limiting the powers of the individual to acquire wealth is like endeavoring to lower someone's standard of health because it was higher than the average. The healthy of a community are a source of strength to all others, and so are the wealthy. What we require to do is not to weaken the strong or impoverish the wealthy, but to show to the weak and the poor the way to become healthy and wealthy.

Our hope for the future is a deeper and wider knowledge, and a broader outlook—a frank discussion without prejudice or temper. We are in our industrial and economic conditions, merely like a healthy, strong child that has grown faster than it could be provided with new clothes. No blame attaches to Capital for this, and no blame attaches to Labor; both have become entangled in the strong currents bearing along the drift weeds of previous growths.

The brightest hope for the future is our ever-increasing desire to live and enable our children to live in greater happiness and comfort. Science and the better organization of our industries enable us by increasing production to reduce the hours of toil, increase the wages and cheapen the product.

—The Delecta Magazine.



Either Capt. Melville of the Tug Emily or Solicitor Olaf Van Ness may recall this scene, which indicates that they get fun as well as hardships out of their work.

New Repair Record

THE adequate docking facilities and the close proximity to the docks of a highly organized plate and hull department proved of great service to Morse men recently when they completed on the *S.S. F.O. Barstow* a record bottom job.

Judged by the volume of work done, the record has not been equalled in the port of New York or elsewhere and as a result this company earned from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, owners of the *Barstow*, a bonus of \$1,000 per day or three and one half days within the specified time of contract.

Damaged as a result of being grounded after striking a submerged obstruction and colliding with the *S.S. Paddleford*, off Tampico, in the gulf of Mexico, the owners of the steamer desired her repaired in the least possible time.

The Morse Company was awarded the work despite the fact that its bid was about \$11,000 in excess of the low bid. It had, however, agreed to complete the work 15 days earlier than its competitor. The bids were as follows:

Bethlehem Ship Corporation	\$293,000.00 — 55 days
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company	189,753.00 — 22 days

New Port News 178,000.00 — 37 days

Work on the ship started at 1 o'clock April 9, following the drydocking of the vessel. It involved the removal and renewal of 85 plates, the repairing of frames and work throughout the tanks, the testing of the tanks, and fairing and replacing in the way of hull damage.

The ship was completed on Sunday afternoon, April 25. Some additional work was attended to on Monday and Tuesday and on Tuesday evening, April 27, the work was finally completed.

On our big 30,000-ton dock, the underbody of the vessel was laid bare to the workers, permitting them freedom of movement and facilitating the handling of material from the Plate Shop close by.

Remarkable Wheel Job

THAT ship repair records established in this yard are not restricted to drydocking alone was demonstrated recently when the *S.S. Floridian* had the lower half of the stern bush rewooded in 15 hours. This time included the drydocking of the vessel and all of the operations leading up to the required work, which necessitated the drawing and disconnection of the tail shaft, drawing it into the tunnel, lowering of the propeller, the replacing and connection of parts, and the refloating of the ship.

As the diameter of the shaft was 18 inches, it is obvious that the job was not a light one. The *Floridian*, of 6,930 gross tons, and of the American-Hawaiian Line, came to the yard Friday evening, May 7, and was drydocked at 8.30 o'clock. Work on her continued throughout the night and during the day until the record job was completed.

Don't think that every sad eyed woman has loved and lost. Perhaps she loved and got him.

The man whose work is play will succeed.

New Plating Shop

IN direct charge of Albert Jacobson, and supervised by Sam Bolansky, who has devoted 28 years to the business, a copper, brass, nickel and silverware plating shop is an added department to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., which has taken rank as one of America's most complete ship repair organizations.

Housed on the third floor of the large building containing the plumbing, copper-smiths, sheet metal and other branches, the new department has already turned out a volume of work for the steamships *Pastores* and *Huron*. As the fittings and utensils of these first-class ships equal in quality any found in the best hotels, one may believe that there is excellence in the work handled in this new shop.

Finished in equipment, the Plating Shop is well ventilated and lighted, tending to aid in the detection of the slightest blemish in the plating processes. Gas and electric fixtures, automobile fittings, hotel cutlery and utensils are handled by the department which was primarily established to serve shipping interests only.

To Decorate Graves

AS provided by a motion passed at the April meeting of the Employees' Association, the following committee was appointed to decorate on Memorial Day, May 30, the graves of all members of the Association who died in the year 1919: Charles Pierson, Outside Machinists; Charles Jennings and George Gardner of the Hull Department; Edward McGibney of the Plate Shop, and John H. Lansing of the Dock Hands.



Picture by Morse Photographer

Agreeing to repair this ship 15 days earlier than next bidder, the Morse Company beat its own time and earned a \$3500 bonus.

Motors Replace Sails

THE motor ship *Katherine*, formerly the four-masted barkentine, "*County of Linlithgow*," built by the Barclay-Currie Company of Glasgow, Scotland, came to our yards about May 1 for dry-docking and general tuning up.

Soon to be dismantled of her masts, the *Katherine* is giving excellent service as a motorship, which feature of ship installation and maintenance the Morse company is prepared to handle through its extensive electrical department. The *Katherine* has three 20 horsepower semi-Diesel engines.

On a 37-day trip from San Francisco to Manila all engines worked incessantly, save the port engine, which stopped for a period of ten minutes. The motor drives were as reliable on a 63-day trip from Manila to London, stopping not once, save during a four-days' lay over at Port Said and the Suez Canal.

The main power plant of the *Katherine*, consisting of two 320-brake horsepower fuel oil engines of the latest Bolinder type, is fitted with air injectors and a special oiling system, which contains an arrangement for saving and filtering waste lubricating oil. The auxiliary machinery includes one 25-horsepower stationary type fuel oil engine running at 375 revolutions per minute and directly coupled to a 15 kilowatt generator and on the opposite end of the shaft through a clutch coupling to a two-stage air compressor, which is used for supplying air to the main engines in case of accident to the main compressor. A 15-brake horsepower engine running at 550 revolutions per minute, is connected to a 5-kilowatt generator. All generators operate at 110-125 volts. An electric steering gearing is fitted.

The main bilge and circulating pumps are driven from the forward end of the crankshaft of each engine. Auxiliary pumping machinery consists of one 4-inch by 6-inch triplex electrically driven pump with suction to the sea as well as to the bilge; one electrically driven 6 inch by 8 inch triplex pump for fire and bilge service, as well as for emptying and filling cofferdams directly connected to a 20 horsepower motor; one three inch by four inch electrically driven sanitary pump directly connected to a three horsepower motor.

Once flying the English flag, the *Katherine* now unfurls the Stars and Stripes. She is 287 feet long and is engaged in carrying coconut oil to the States and Europe and general cargoes to Manila.

Save Your Dials

WE will bind them into a handsome volume for you at a small cost. Anyone who has a complete set for 1918 or 1920 should have them bound into a permanent book. The Printing Department will do this at a small cost. If you haven't a complete set, The Dial office will try to supply the missing numbers. Begin now and save each issue.

"When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

It is a pity that those who taught us to talk did not also teach us to hold our tongues.

Watch out for our special baby number.
Be sure and send your baby's picture in time to have it included.

The Co-operative Store

SINCE the annual election, when the co-operative store idea first gained prominence in Association activities, there has been considerable time and thought given to the idea. M.W. Mead, Paul Gingras and others of the committee have corresponded with various industrial organizations with a view to gaining a clearer insight into the matter of establishing such an enterprise.

Investigation has caused some of the members to believe that, while a co-operative store would be beneficial in the way of getting certain things at a reduced cost, it would mean the employment of a manager and clerks, whose salaries combined with other expense would mean quite an overhead expense. If such an overhead could not be cared for by the store, it would necessarily have to fall to the Association.

Therefore, other plans for obtaining merchandise at a reduced cost are being considered. It has been suggested that lump orders be given certain houses selling foodstuffs which are used in the daily diet. In this way some reduction could be obtained. Each man would be privileged to enter his order for certain articles and one large order would be entered at once, thereby gaining the reduction.

H.A. Ely of the Community Wholesale Purchasing Corporation addressed the board of directors and members of the co-operative store committee Wednesday evening at a directors' meeting, and ways and means for the launching of the co-operative store proposition were discussed.

Mr. Ely's project involved a stock selling system. At the conclusion of his talk, the directors voted to refer the matter back to the co-operative store committee, consisting of Fred Wood of the Pattern Shop, Paul Gingras of the Sheet Metal Shop, M.W. Mead, Fred Wiles of the Plumbing Department, and John Byers of the Storeroom.

Boosts His Co-Worker

THE communication given below was signed "From a Worker in the Hull Department." We print it because the author, whoever he is, reflects by the mere conception of such a letter that he is a booster and believes that it is better to be silent about a man if you can't find something good to say of him. Read for yourself:

"Dear Editor:—Concerning Jack Swift, chipper and caulker snapper, we would like a line in *The Dial*, as he is a straightforward and honest fellow and always ready to do his best, not only for his own work, but for everybody else. He has two fine children and a good wife. Wherever you see Mr. Swift, you see Mrs. Swift and that is what we all like to see—a good man and a devoted husband. He is also a clean worker. We know, for we have worked with him."

Many men are lazy physically. Most men are lazy mentally.

Some folks would rather waste time than make good use of it.

Editor's Mailbag

WE received in our mail the following letter from Evangeline Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, expressing thanks for the article *The Dial* used about the Salvation Army in its April issue, and inasmuch as *The Dial* is the representative publication of the employees in this yard we are taking the liberty of publishing the letter and also our answer to Commander Booth:

May 14, 1920.

Mr. B.E. Barnes, Editor,
Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.,
54th to 57th Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Barnes:—

For the very gallant and generous response you made to the appeal of the ladies and men of the Salvation Army by saying a kind word for our movement in the columns of your valuable publication we are sincerely and everlastingly grateful. I am speaking for the Salvation Army in all America when I say that we appreciate just what you have done for us and realize how greatly it has helped our annual appeal for maintenance.

We know what serious trouble has come to you through a shortage of white paper and also just what it has meant for you to give us the space which has enabled us in the last analysis, to get our story impressively before the public once more and thus make it possible for us to continue our efforts on behalf of "the man who is down but never out."

We shall not forget.

Faithfully yours,

Evangeline Booth.

Commander of the Salvation Army
in the United States.

May 17th, 1920.

Miss Evangeline Booth,
Commander of the Salvation Army,
120 West 14th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Madam:—

Your note of May 14th, thanking me for the space we gave the Salvation Army in our publication, the "*Morse Dry Dock Dial*," has just come to my desk and is greatly appreciated.

We feel, however, that instead of you thanking us, we ourselves should thank you for the privilege of serving the Salvation Army.

There are a great many ex-service men in the employment of this organization and I know that I am voicing their sentiments when I say that they all feel a deep debt of gratitude to the Salvation Army for the wonderful work it did overseas.

The "*Morse Dry Dock Dial*" is their publication. If, in its humble way, it has been of help to you in your noble work, the employees of this Company are made happy.

Yours very truly,

Bert E. Barnes, Editor,
"Morse Dry Dock Dial."

Success is just as easy as failure.

Working into the big job is just as easy as staying in the small job.

But it requires a man with vision; a man with imagination; a man who can see the possibilities in his work, and who is willing to develop himself so that he can develop his job; a man who is willing to pay the price by putting in overtime study that he may know all there is to know about his work. To such a man the bigger job is always calling, always waiting.

—Clifford A. Sloan in *Forbes Magazine*.

Avalon's Maiden Trip

THE steamship *Avalon*, recreated in this yard from a vessel minus bow and stern to one of the most modern appointed excursion steamers, has arrived on the Pacific coast, and Morse men who made the trip have returned here with glowing reports of the steamer's reception in Los Angeles and vicinity. Her arrival and beautiful appointments were exploited in Los Angeles papers. Postcards heralding the "floating palace" and "palatial steamer" were distributed.

Among the Morse men who made the trip were: Pete Lorenz, painter-carpenter and hardwood finisher; Clayton Howells and Andy Simonson, also of the carpenter shop; Andred Andersen and Joe Starkey, lers; Joe Fox, fireman, formerly of the riggers; Emile Hahn, George Reed, Edward Leslie and George Hart.

March 8 was the date upon which the *Avalon* departed for the Pacific coast via the Panama Canal. Favorable weather, which continued throughout the 23-day trip, attended the departure of the ship. She entered the canal March 18 and a stop-over was made at Colon where the Morse men and others went ashore to view the sights. The trip through the canal was of nine hours' duration, while the cruise on the Pacific lasted for 14 days.

On the Pacific waters, according to Pete Lorenz, the party sighted whales, sharks and flying fish. As this is an era of drought and prohibition, we are inclined to believe Pete. Other members of the party corroborate his story.

San Pedro was reached on April 1 and the ship proceeded to a slip known as the Catalina terminal. Here the *Avalon* was the object of much attention and on one day she received as many as 3,000 visitors, all of whom expressed their admiration at her luxuriant interiors with two dance halls and cozy lounging compartments.

The vessel made its first trip to the Catalina Islands between which place and San Pedro she will ply daily, on Sunday, April 11. William Wrigley, of Spearmint

"One of the finest crafts that has ever plied in inter-island trade on the Pacific."

Thus did "The Chart," official paper of the Los Angeles Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., of San Pedro, Cal., speak of the *Avalon*.

A Tough Proposition

"GETTING out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly; if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write. If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling for news; if we rustle for news, we are not attending to business in our own department. If we wear old clothes, we are slovenly; if we wear new ones, they are not paid for. What in thunderation is a fellow to do, anyhow? Like as not some one will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did!"

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure that he will never hit the mark, yet sure is he that he will shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Pete Lorenz, Emile Hahn, Geo. Reed, Ed. Leslie, Geo. Hart, Clayton Howell, A. Andersen, Joe Starkey and Joe Fox are the Morse men here shown. Other views include the Panama Canal and the Catalina Terminal to which the S.S. *Avalon* went after being rebuilt in this yard.



New Insurance Plan

A COMMITTEE to determine the advisability of putting the insurance feature of the Employees' Association under the direct and sole control of the Association was announced at the April meeting of the Association.

The committee members named were: Joseph B. Lowe, chairman; Miss K. Jensen, Thomas Smith, Sr., Atty. Stuart H. Benton, Leon F. Lundmark, Fred Wiles, Albert Jacobson, Cyrus MacLaurin, Arthur Fallon, Otto Rochelle, Frank McQuaid, Charles Cooper, Charles Pierson, William Burke and John Byers.

As the insurance clerk, Frank McQuaid, is paid by the Association, it had been proposed that the Association assume all responsibility for insurance collections, payments, profits and losses. At the present time, a regularly incorporated insurance company receives, for its agreement to pay all rightful claims, the weekly payments of men carrying yard insurance.

There are in the neighborhood of 1,200 insured men. It has been opined that the number of insured men would considerably increase if the insurance was entirely in the hands of the Association. It is also believed that there would be fewer unjust claims if it were known that all payments were to come from the insurance fund as maintained by the Association. Just now, it is said, some men entertain no scruples in "beating" a regularly incorporated insurance company.

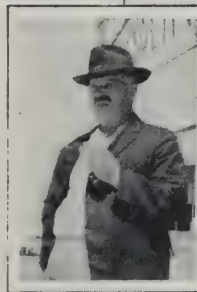
President Joseph McGuirk and any others who may have participated in the choice of the men appointed on this committee may well be commended for their good judgment. The committee is a most representative one, including, besides the men of yard and shop, Insurance Clerk McQuaid, Atty. S.H. Benton and Leon F. Lundmark.

Mr. McQuaid should be able to give the committee some valuable advice in the matter of conducting its insurance without outside aid, financial or otherwise. Mr. Lundmark, associated with Auditor A.V.



viewing gum fame, and others associated and interested in the development of the islands were among the *Avalon*'s passengers.

The *Avalon* is a fuel oil burning ship, made so by its company, and during her trip to the islands her needs were tried out with the greatest satisfaction. She has a passenger carrying capacity of 2,000.



Miller in the accounting and auditing departments of the company, is enabled to give the committee his deductions from a mathematical and financial standpoint, while Atty. Benton can be of valuable assistance from a legal angle. While it may not be feasible to change the present arrangement, the committee's report should be interesting.

A Modern Machine Shop

A COMPLETELY equipped machine shop constitutes one of the most important mechanical units in this completely equipped ship repair yard. A large two-story building, constructed and arranged so that it is a model in the matter of providing light and sanitation, contains 35,000 square feet of floor space and machinery to keep busy 200 workers. This building is in close proximity to the big floating dry docks of the company, and thus the manner of handling large pieces of mechanism is facilitated.

Here, in addition to the routine repair operations, are built hoisting engines and other vital pieces of mechanism. And here there is also being built a balancing equipment for turbines. When this equipment is completed, this yard will be one of the few ship repair yards to possess such equipment. By the use of the machine, turbines will be statically and dynamically balanced, as they should be to remove the alternating stresses which, in time, will cause failure in the weakest part of the machine itself or its foundation.

As turbines are repaired in this shop, there is also being designed and constructed a machine for making the detailed parts of turbines, small parts such as prongs, copper pieces, etc.

Lathes, milling machines and other equipment in this shop are rather versatile, as are their operators, for there comes to the shop for repairs not only all the marine work, but the work in any part of the yard or office buildings. A broken typewriter or one of the company's printing presses may function again after it has claimed the attention of our machine shop.

Work, large and small, comes from this

Pictures by
Morse
[Photographer]



Left to right—top: F. Enoch, Wm. Ritchie, J. Hargreave, H. Durling, C. Holmberg, and Wm. Robbins.

Interior view of Machine Shop at the right.

department. To quote Superintendent Billy Robbins, "the larger it is, the better we like it." They turned out the tail shaft for the *S.S. Minnesota*, world's largest cargo ship. The tail shaft of the *S.S. Achilles* was trued up and reinforced with a brass casing. That shaft was 52 feet long. And the tail shaft of the *S.S. Howard Walker* was repaired and dressed in a one-piece brass casing 18 feet long.

Tail shafts, crank shafts and main engine work represents principally the larger work coming and going through the shop, but there is always a volume of smaller operations as there is sure to be in a busy ship repair yard where ships come and go daily.

It is upon the capable handling of big work that this department has built a reputation for skill and speed. Two of the longest tail shaft liners ever put on in one piece on this side of the Atlantic were turned out of this shop for the American-Hawaiian steamer *Scranton*. Each was 22 feet long and 17 inches in diameter.

Also, one finds a bit of interesting history in connection with this shop. A planer which helped machine the plates of the battleship *Maine* is included in the equipment. And in the late war, this shop remachined the tripe expansion engine cranks of the transport *Manchuria*, reclaiming that vessel long before she could have been otherwise commissioned. Our welders aided in the reclamation by healing the wounds in the cranks, while the machine shop trued them and gave them the polish and appearance of new work.

Of the ship repair machine shops in the Port of New York, this is the only one in which key-ways are put into tailshafts without removing the shaft from the lathe. This is done by a process originated by Mr. Robbins. Also, there is used in the shop an apparatus to machine radius links. Both these newer operations are big time savers and help reduce the cost of ship repairs requiring work of such nature.

"Modern productive methods" are the watchwords in this machine shop and no safe bet in the matter of equipment is overlooked. There are now coming to the shop new lathes, one of which will be 50 feet between centers, another 50 feet long with a 75 inch swing. The file sharpening of the department is done by one of the

machines there. A babbiting room is conducted adjoining the machine shop proper. With nine motors dotting the floor space up and down stairs, sections of the shop may be operated independently.

Superintendent William Robbins is assisted by Foreman William Ritchie, who in turn has a staff of capable snappers including Franzen Enoch, Joe Hargreave and Harry Durling. Charles Holmberg is foreman of the "gallery" in the shop.

Playing the Game

By B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine

BUSINESS is as much a game as golf or baseball or football.

Life itself is aptly likened to a game. To win, to earn and enjoy the fruits of victory, you must play fair.

A cup or medal or other trophy is not the real prize the victor receives; the real prize, the real reward, is the satisfaction derived from superior, worthy achievement.

Wealth is not the real prize of life, it is only a trophy, a symbol, and may come with it no satisfaction; indeed it does not carry with it genuine, lasting satisfaction unless it has been won fairly, honestly, honorably.

The more I see of rich men and the closer my insight into the workings of their minds and hearts, the more strongly convinced do I become that great wealth is no passport to happiness nor proof of true success.

It is an old truth, but it needs preaching every sunrise, so many do not know it, knowing it, do not heed it. If they could only be made to understand if they could only see things in their true colors, if they could only peer into the hearts of many millionaires, they would order their lives more rationally and enjoy life more thoroughly.

To win out, you must play the game every time.

"Look at So-and-So; he has everything he wants, yet everybody knows that he made his money by shady practices," you may reply.

Don't fool yourself that So-and-So has everything he wants. Do you imagine that he doesn't know how you and other people regard him? And do you think for a moment that he enjoys being looked at askance, or that he wouldn't exchange most of his ill-gotten gains to stand high with you and other people—and with himself.

There have been wholesale efforts to reap more than has been sown, to get more than has been earned.

Sooner or later the profiteers and labor slackers will get their just reward.

The call is for the fellows who can be depended upon, under any and all circumstances, to play the game.

The things that count are the things that last. Playing the game lasts.

What are essential characteristics of a good American citizen? A sound body and sound mind, an appreciation of the dignity of labor and the happiness of industry; mastery and control of self; appreciation of the benefits of our institutions, and the point of view of one's fellow-man.—Edwards



Foremen Discuss Production

DUDLEY R. KENNEDY of Philadelphia, an industrial consultant and a former industrial relations man at the Hog Island shipyard, addressed the foremen and inspectors of this Company Tuesday evening, May 11, on the subject of "Production—The Foreman's Responsibility."

Through the efforts of Mr. Benner of the Service Department, who had been privileged to hear Mr. Kennedy talk before the Personnel Managers' Club of Brooklyn, the speaker consented to address the foremen and inspectors of this Company on Tuesday evening, May 11.

A dinner was tendered him in the Main Office dining room at 6 o'clock. Orchestral selections were enjoyed during the dinner. Following Mr. Kennedy's talk, an informal discussion ensued during which various industrial questions were considered.

Mr. Kennedy's interesting talk did much toward creating the spirited "get-together" meeting which followed. He said in part:

"I want to try to keep within the limit set for me. It is a real pleasure for me to come up here and talk to you tonight, because, as Mr. Benner says, I have been through the mill. It seems to me that, in reading the public newspapers, we read a good deal more that is destructive than is constructive. Everybody seems to be finding fault. Very few people come through with any real reason for the situation, nor do they offer any constructive or helpful suggestions as to how we can get out of it. I don't want to bore you with a recital of things you know. I don't think there is a man in this room that regrets our having entered the war. We all went at it with a feeling that it was our duty and we wanted to do it. We did not stop to figure what it was going to cost us. We should have known that it was going to cost tremendous sums of money.

"We did the job; you men had a great share in doing it right here, but after the job was over, the payment, being as it had been in bonds, subscriptions, etc., was not over, and the payment is not over yet. Remember, I am not talking to you men tonight, I am talking *with* you about a situation and I want this to be a mutual affair. I am not talking at you, but I say that, as a nation today, in a big sense, we are yellow. We are all kicking and rumbling about paying the fiddler after the dance. There never has been a war in history that did not have to be paid for and this one has got to be paid for on the same scale. We are in the process of paying the fiddler for our dance.

"We are in an economic condition. This is not a theory; it is a hard fact that we are right up against. We are suffering from what is called an inflation of credit. The war has crystalized a lot of social conditions. My own conviction is we could have had a social upheaval such as we are having right now before 1930 had we had no war. The war simply crystalized, in a way, a certain set of economic conditions, fundamentally over which no individual had any control whatsoever.

"The war cost, as near as can be figured out, 28 or 29 billions of dollars. There is only about 10 billion dollars in money in the world. Now that does not mean that that much money changed hands, but the token of that money in credit turned over 28 or 29 times. Credit was inflated, wages went up, costs went up, everything kept going up and up and up because there

was so much more credit outstanding than there was gold behind it as a guarantee. That is what inflation means and that is where we are today. I am trying to bring home to you the responsibility of such men as you and myself.

"The only thing that can be done to remedy the situation is to produce enough goods to wipe out the inflation in credit and bring production up to a place where that inflation will be worked out and bring the value of the dollar near normal. We wasted a lot of money in the war because all of the products that have been manufactured for pure war purposes have been wasted, they were shot away and used up. All of the labor which spells production of manufactured articles of those men who were taken away from other things to do more essential things in the war, were lost. All of the labor of all of the men who went into the army was lost and wasted.

"In this country, we are short six or seven million immigrants who would have come into the country if the war had not come on. We were taking in immigrants in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million a year. But in six years past we have had no immigration. We have lost quite a number of men by emigration because they had the money. I saw the other day, government statistics that those men had gone back taking with them all they had earned in this country, which does not help our situation here, either. That means that we are short of production in this country to an extent which is impossible even to estimate. When the goods are insufficient to go around, then you and I and every man, woman and child is bidding one against the other.

"Increased production is the only answer to the whole situation."

What Music Do You Like?

WE are greatly pleased with the Morse Military Band concerts given twice weekly at noon from the yard bandstand. Some of us are under the impression that the concerts couldn't be improved upon in point of repertoire or in the manner of their rendition. Lieut. Mygrant, however, is of the belief that the concerts haven't reached the acme of satisfaction. He wants to please as many as he possibly can.

Consequently, he would like to know how everybody stands in the matter of musical programs. Which do you prefer—the jazz, semi-classics, or something from the old masters, Mozart, Beethoven and other older composers?

If you are interested in music, Leader Mygrant suggests that you take a straw vote in your department. Find out what the boys want. Make requests for your favorite selections. Help get up programs that will please everybody, if such a thing is possible.

Acknowledgements

Mrs. Elizabeth Murry addressed the following letter to the boys of the Hull Department: "Please accept my thanks for the kindness your employees extended to my husband (George Murry) in his time of trouble and sickness. With many thanks to my husband's friends, I remain, yours respectfully,

"Mrs. Elizabeth Murry."

The reason why so many promises are broken is because new ones are so easily made.

Family Excursion is Probable

INCLUDED in the business taken up at the April meeting of the Employees' Association was the annual outing under the auspices of the Association. President Joseph McGuirk asked for an expression of opinion as to plans for the outing, as did Vice President Joe Quinn, who informed the members that there was some sentiment in favor of a family party.

The matter was voted on by acclamation and the supporters of the stag outing drowned out those who were for the family jubilee. President McGuirk refused to be mislead by the volume of noise put out by the stag advocates, and appointed the following committee to determine the choice of the majority:

James MacFarlane, chairman; Hugh McQuinlan of the Inside Machinists, George Drew of the Plate Shop, William Dunn of the Outside Machinists, Tim Cronin of the Blacksmiths, M.W. Mead, and George Keenan of the Office; Pete Bresnan and Harry Andersen of the Carpenters, Fred Wiles of the Plumbers and Paul Gingras of the Sheet Metal Dept.

A very wise method of learning the sentiment of the Association was hit upon by the committee. Ballots were distributed with the pay envelopes and the recipients were asked to make their choice between a family picnic, a stag picnic, a family excursion or nothing.

It looks like a family excursion, for a report gained from the committee after 535 votes had been returned, showed that 296 wanted a family excursion. Eighty-seven wanted a stag. Eighty were in favor of the family picnic and 52 voted that we abandon any and all, and keep the money in the strong box.

Morse Night at Luna

ARRANGEMENTS for a "Morse Night" at Luna Park, Saturday night, May 22, were made at the April meeting of the Employees' Association at the instigation of Lieut. E.S. Mills of the American Legion, who attended the meeting and outlined the object of the affair.

Lieut. Mills, who was a member of the Navy Cost Department in our yard during the war, sought the co-operation of the Employees' Association for the purpose of adding to the building fund of the American Legion post which is made up principally of Brooklyn Boys of the 106th Infantry, formerly the 23rd Regiment.

When the lieutenant said it was the object of those in charge of the fund to give the Employees' Association twelve and one-half cents on each ticket sold, Joe Lowe moved that the Association turn over its share to the Legion, thereby giving them 25 cents on each ticket.

Under this arrangement, the Legion would have the twelve and one-half cents of the Employees' Association added to its own twelve and one-half cents on each ticket. The motion was unanimously adopted, and Lieut. Mills was moved to emotion by the generous action of our Association. He said:

"It's hard raising money for this building fund, but you Morse men do not yet know that the war is over. You are splendid!"

Mr. Benner declared that Mr. Morse had interested himself in the cause and had offered the use of the band in addition to making a very substantial personal donation to the fund.

A Rigger's Impressions

THE DIAL has received the following article by a member of the Rigging Department, and we are glad to publish it because of the enthusiasm the writer displays for his work. Where there is such enthusiasm there is bound to be a love for the job he holds.

The individual who loves his work is always a successful man; he hasn't time to think of the little unpleasant things that are bound to come up in connection with every job; he hasn't any room in his mind for imaginary wrongs and grievances and consequently he forges ahead.

We like the spirit of this communication because it indicates that the writer sees beyond the hardships encountered in his daily tasks. We don't know how long he has been employed here or what kind of a workman he is, but we would be willing to wager that his duties are well and faithfully performed and that there is a contented mind in his head and music in his soul.—The Editor.

"Editor, The Dial:

"Dear Sir:—What interesting work goes on in the shipyards! To the uninitiated, a world of knowledge could be unfolded. Shipyard work is entirely different than any other line; in fact, there is no comparison.

"In a factory, a man running a machine does the same work eight hours each day, week by week, month by month. In a shipyard, a rigger also works eight hours each day, but how different is his work. There is something new to do each day; sometimes work that seems impossible to do, yet it has to be done, and it is accomplished.

"To give the reader some idea of ship work, the writer would compare the work and workers in the shipyards, with the personnel of a hospital.

"Picture to yourself a large steamship of 20,000 tons being towed into the dry dock for repairs; in other words, injured and brought into the hospital.

"The master mechanic goes over that part of the machinery that is not working properly to find out the injury and the extent of it. The medical expert of a hospital examines the patient to find out how badly injured the patient is.

"The master mechanic then draws up the plans for the repairing of the injury to the ship. The medical man in a hospital draws on a chart a diagnosis of the patient's case.

"The machinists take apart the machinery, and the riggers prepare the apparatus and remove the parts to be repaired. These are taken to the machine shop and mended, after which the riggers place the parts back in their respective places. The machinists bolt and tighten the parts so they function properly. It is all similar to a patient in a hospital. The patient is operated on by the surgeon and the nurses then take the patient in hand and look out for the welfare of the patient, and so it goes.

"Ships come that have a rudder to be replaced that has been lost at sea, or a missing propeller; others with their sides caved in or plates to be replaced, and a hundred and one different injuries.

"The shipyard is a thorough school for learning. You grasp in a short time that spirit of self reliance which makes of every man an asset to his country. When once you understand your line of work,

you gain that will power to undertake anything, and you become able to succeed at it.

"The workers in the right kind of a shipyard, as a rule, are like a large family: always looking out for one another, knowing each other by name, and doing all they can to make each other as happy as can be in their work.

"In our yard they have the privilege of having their own association, and all kinds of recreations, such as boxing, dancing, music, baseball and athletic and social events.

"A Rigger."

Plan New Glee Club

A MORSE DRY DOCK GLEE CLUB has been formed under the direction of Lieut. W.D. Mygrant, band leader. The first gathering of the club was held in the Association Rooms Friday evening, May 21. A complete course in singing has been arranged, from a brief preparatory to chorus and four-part songs.

Lieut. Mygrant is giving his services free to Morse men who are musically inclined, and an opportunity is afforded those who haven't received heretofore an elementary musical course. You do not need to be an able singer to join the club. If you are fond of music, go to the Association Hall every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Wasting Material

THE matter of wasting material is being investigated consistent with an order issued May 15 by Supt. A.W. Murray.

Foremen and Snappers are urged to exercise the utmost care in the handling of material orders. These orders are to be examined and the Snapper or Foreman authorizing the same, if they call for an excess amount of material than that used on the job, are to be severely dealt with.

It has been learned that orders have been made out "regardless of the quantity of material needed for the work, and unused material is never returned to the storeroom for credit."

Luncheon Aboard the S.S. Huron

IMMEDIATELY following the release from these yards of the S.S. Huron, officials of the Munson Steamship Line, in whose service the ship will operate, tendered a luncheon aboard the vessel as she lay at Pier 3, Hoboken. Frank C. Munson, president of the line, was toastmaster and included among his guests were Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, Admiral W.C. Benson, chairman of the U.S. Shipping Board, and representatives of South American governments.

When somebody suggested through the Yard Chips that Tim Hickey's Ingersoll might be replaced by a new one despite the fact that Tim had carried it only five years, there was some speculation in the Boiler Shop Tool Room as to just what Tim would do with it. Now The Dial has received this unsigned communication: "I think if Tim would send it over to Billy McEwen and Mr. Hegley, they would soon put in their estimate and drydock it on the old dock and get a gang of riveters to do the repairs. There is no good in sending it any place else."

Idleness is the holiday of fools.

Heroic Work Saves Dock

A FIRE, which might have threatened the destruction of our big 30,000-ton floating dry dock, broke out in the vicinity of the dock Sunday, May 16, and was quickly extinguished by Morse men who combined with our own department outside apparatus and the fireboat, to check the flames before they did the least damage.

On the dock at the time was the Standard Oil steamer *H.M. Flagler*, and the ship's destruction was as certain as that of the dock, had not our men and fire fighting system responded with the usual promptness and prevented the fire's head way.

With Charles Hallock, Billy McEwen and Joe McGuirk shouting directions and aiding in the work of getting hose and chemical lines playing, other Morse men were fighting the flames in every conceivable manner.

Morgan J. O'Brien rushed into the ship and ordered the men from the tanks. He sent men to flag the fireboat and assign a worker to an end of the dock to take the line when the boat appeared.

Harry and Dave Lyle and others went to the scene and did commendable work removing gas bottles used in the repair work. Austin Kennedy and Thomas Gocwin of the Burners, Harold Lynch, Chipper and Caulker; Joe Pennington, shipfitter, and Joe Deninger, shipfitter's helper, did good work. Other Morse men did heroic work and showed wonderful spirit in subduing the flames, and we regret that we are not informed as to their names that we might give them due credit.

Old Morse Employee Gone

ROBERT B. SLEIGH, aged 75 years, and one of the oldest employees of the company, died suddenly Friday evening after he had left the yard on his way home. His death occurred on a subway train and was presumably caused by heart disease, aggravated by the effect of a recent attack of flu.

The deceased was assistant to William Chambers, foreman of the Outside Machinists Department, and was a respected and popular member of our organization. Flags were at half-mast throughout the yard when news of Mr. Sleigh's death reached here.

The funeral services were held Monday evening, May 17, at 8 o'clock, from the home, 217 Claremont Avenue, Jersey City. A delegation from the yard, including those of the Masonic fraternity of which Mr. Sleigh was a member, attended.

Among those present were: William Andersen, Charles Pearson, John Starke, Chris. Larsen, Ernest Schramm, Sidne Munson, William Dunn, Fred Norby, Harry Erricson, Olie Hodgins, William Fraser, George Honeyman and George Timms.

The *S.S. Stavangerfjord*, a ship which was generally repaired in this yard, was chartered recently and steamed out of New York with 800 members of the Stavanger Society aboard, who were to visit their old homes in the vicinity of Stavanger, Norway. The party was composed of bankers, lawyers and business men who came to this country as immigrants and returned to visit their old homes as prosperous American citizens.

Your boss does not determine your salary—you do.

A Shipyard Fable

By J. L. M.

ONCE upon a time a money-hungry man named Avaricious Guyye heard that a shipyard would be a fine place for him because the workers there harvested all kinds of extra dough which, in a shipyard, is known as "soap."

Accordingly, he hied himself to the nearest shipyard and told the employment man that he was the right man in the right place. He said, "You'll always find me on the job. I'll work night or day or both. I am ambitious and you'll never hear me squawking about overtime work."

The employment man, thinking that he had a fellow who would go out and get repair contracts when there was nothing else to do, took him on and informed a certain department foreman that he was sending him a man who could be depended upon in any kind of a rush.

Avaricious soon learned the ways of the shipyard. He also met the lady of his heart, the apple of his eye, that lady to whom many men have paid court—"Sadie Soap."

He met her first on the night that the steamship *Clamshell* was towed in disabled, but loaded for sea, and anxious to get away again. "Sadie" presented herself to Avaricious through an introduction by the foreman.

Addressing "Avaricious" and the other boys, he said: "This ship, *Clamshell*, has got to get away in the morning. We'll have to work all night. There's \$3,000 on it for the company, and we get the soap. Now, get her out, boys. Let's show the company and the ship what we're there."

"Avaricious" worked like a demon, as did all the other boys on the job. But, toward morning, when he was getting fagged out and was held on the job only by the thoughts of a big week's envelope, he began to lope out a way in which he could stay up all night wooing "Sadie." He decided that to get the gravy nights, he'd have to take it easy in the day time. As there wasn't any "soap" in the regular day's run, this was a good plan.

So "Avaricious" began to stall and soldier. He found this was helpful in two ways. He was getting rested up for his dates with "Sadie" and he was also

creating a way to meet "Sadie" oftener. By stalling and soldiering, the repairs were delayed. The ship wouldn't leave in due time. There would have to be "soap" to conform with contract time.

He got away with it for a while. But one day the foreman, who was a wise egg, but a good fellow who wouldn't give anybody the gate without a chance, came to "Avaricious" and gave him the low-down on the whole thing. The foreman said:

"Say, 'Av,' I notice that you're always in the front line trenches when I'm handing out 'soap,' but, during the regular matinees, you don't play your part. Now this gal 'Sadie' likes a fellow that will play her steady, but she also wants a guy that is on the level."

"Whaddayu mean, George?" "Avaricious" interrupted. "I been on the level with her. Never disappointed her once."

"That's the trouble," the foreman continued. "You've been on the level about meetin' her, but she doesn't know that you've been untrue to her at other times. She's a funny Jane and she doesn't smile at those who woo her just for her money. No rich girl likes that, 'Av.'"

Well, the foreman spilled him an earful which, if it was heeded, would sure make "Avaricious" solid with

"Sadie." But the poor boob thought he had her copped and he continued his flirtation with "Sally Stall."

He never tumbled until the foreman gave him a list of names. "Them boys is goin' to a party that 'Sadie' is givin' tonight on the steamer *Pearl Diver*."

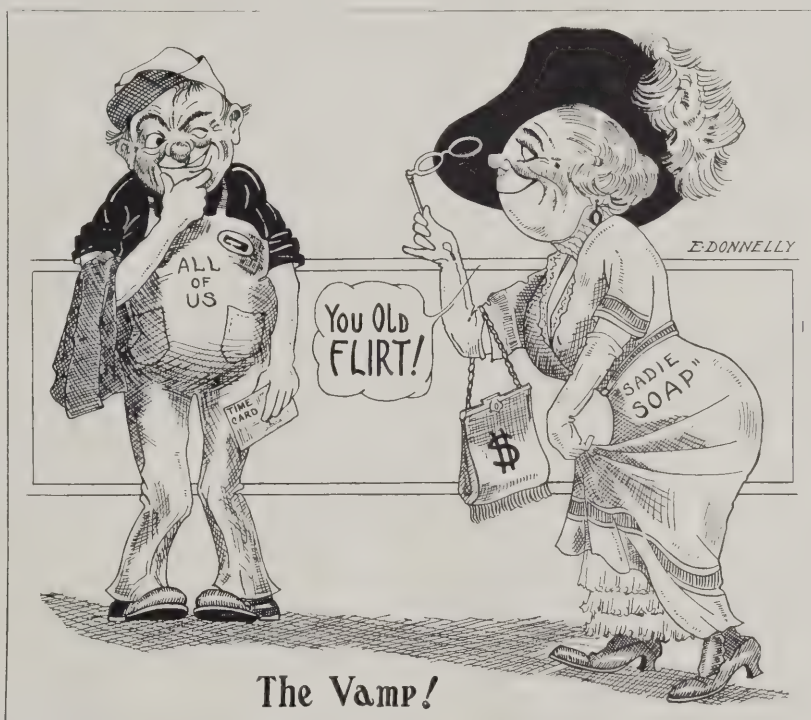
"And I ain't there?" "Avaricious" yelped.

"No, you ain't there!" the foreman was saying. "And it's the biggest party 'Sadie' ever gave. She'll be puttin' out presents for a week. The boys on this job ain't goin' to get their money in an envelope; they're goin' to have it sent home in a movin' van."

"What's the idea?" "Avaricious" asked.

"Well, the idea is this," the foreman said. "Soap and water goes well together, but soap and stallin' don't mix. 'Sadie's' found out that you're a fortune hunter; that you're playin' her just for her money."

MORAL: More than one guy has killed the goose that laid the golden egg.



The Vamp!

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

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VOL. 3 JUNE, 1920 No. 6

*"We must either wear out or rust out—every one of us. My choice is to wear out."
—Theodore Roosevelt.*

Strikes Hit Back

A STRIKE is like a boomerang. It hits back. If you are working in a sausage factory and decide to join several hundred co-workers in a walkout, production ceases and the price of sausage begins to soar. Your particular strike, participated in by a few men, may affect hundreds and perhaps thousands.

The garment worker likes his sausage in the morning. If he pays five cents a pound more some morning, let him blame the sausage makers. If the sausage maker pays no heed to the wail of the garment worker, let the garment worker go on strike and force the sausage makers to pay \$5 more for a suit of clothes.

Of course, the garment worker will have to stand the extra charge for clothes as well as paying a few cents more per pound for sausage. But he will have taught the sausage maker that strikes benefit none and hurt the many. Both being consumers, they are among the many and, like the many, they also must pay. It doesn't take a smart man

to get two nickels for a dime.

The boomerang characteristics of a strike were made plain to us with the May issue of The Dial. Many Dials were mailed out in paper wrappers rather than in the large envelopes in which they are usually inserted. These large envelopes keep The Dial clean and uncrumpled, while the other method of mailing necessitates the rolling of the magazine. But labor trouble in the form of a railway and truckmen's strike prohibited our getting a sufficient supply. As we did not regard this as a good excuse for delaying the mailing of The Dial, we resorted to the use of wrappers.

We do not know as to the number of men who joined in the strike. We do know that our mailing list of several thousand names was affected. There may have been other publications affected just as we were. It is reasonable to assume that there were. Therefore the number of persons hit mounts higher and higher.

A trivial matter, those paper envelopes, but they serve to illustrate a point. What is true of smaller things may apply to the larger—our food, clothing and vital necessities, all of which have been more or less affected in the same way. There should be some protection for the innocent bystander. If he is felled by the bullet from an unruly mob, we sympathize with him. If he is robbed and maltreated through the machinations of agitators and unruly workmen, we pay little or no heed. And yet we suffer, every one of us, through the outlaw acts of labor leaders who want to make their own berths softer. Gradually, the public is getting wise to their game. By and by such things will be stopped.

Back The Mail Men

SIGNS reading "More Pay For the Letter Carriers" with the sub-caption, "Write To Your Congressman" are to be seen on automobile trucks and in other places where "he who runs may read."

The Dial usually restricts its comment to matters which concern more directly the organization and the men of that organization whom it serves.

We are, however, prompted by a sense of fairness and good business policy to say a word for those other worthy servants, the letter carriers and postal employees.

By the manner in which they have gone about the matter of increased

pay, the letter carriers win our commendation. They have set an example that the men of industrial organizations may well follow if they would earn the good-will of employers and public.

The mail men seek more pay, but they do not press their demands beyond reason. They present their case to the government, and go on distributing mail, awaiting such time as the government can act.

While we are on the subject, we do not hesitate to say that our mailmen should have a good living wage that they may give good, honest conscientious service.

An underpaid force demoralize the mail service, and a demoralized mail service is a detriment to business. It is to the interests of all to give the postal employees their proper standing in the matter of pay, and we second the motion that you write to your congressman about it.

Don't Forget Your Benefactor

"I MUST hurry and get to the bank before it closes." How often we have heard a neighbor or fellow-workman say that by way of closing a conversation which started when we happened to accost him in the street. We, too, have hurried to the bank, that we might not be too late to deposit our weekly or monthly savings; that is, those of us who have been wise enough to make bank deposits.

The savings bank is a noble institution. It is our guarantee against that "rainy day." So we hurry to it, as we would hurry to greet an old friend. There is a lot of friendliness in that bank. It is always saying to you, "I'm with you, old boy, if every other friend turns against you." So why wouldn't you hurry to it?

We, however, must think beyond that bank. We must first think of our work and our employer and those who make those trips to the bank possible. Good pay and steady employment encourages the thrift through which we visit the bank. Therefore, our employer is our first benefactor, the man who helps swell our savings. Are we in such a hurry to get to his place of business? Aren't we apt to feel that with him we can be a little late? And, on some days, do we not remain away from him altogether?

As we hurry to the bank before it closes, why not hurry to work before it closes? By reaching our work and beginning it on time, we

lp keep open the channels through which our savings come. If we would continue to hurry to the bank, let us also hurry to work. Work and thrift are helpmates. If a man is habitually tardy at work, he is tardy in getting to the bank. If he presents himself from the bank, he is usually absent from work, and has nothing to deposit.

Do you ever pick up a newspaper without seeing an account of a fire which, ten chances to one, was caused by carelessness? Unless the account contained lurid word pictures, you probably skipped it and if you did peruse it, the facts probably did not bother you.

Quite different, though, isn't it, when it happens to be your own little home it took months of "soaping it up" to furnish—quite different when it's your own plant—the price you earn your bread and butter in.

Some guys live on the level all their lives—wouldn't do a dirty trick to an animal, let alone a human—yet, by one single act of thoughtlessness or carelessness, they would cause the death of many, and so a great financial loss.

Just a little spark is all that's necessary. Fire has gossip skinned to death for travelling. "Spontaneous Combustion" is merely "Confound Cussedness." A piece of waste soaked in oil and thoughtlessly thrown in or near a pile of rubbish can do a lot of harm.

Several ingredients making up that little ball of waste combine in a fight against each other, and the resulting friction causes a heat which in the course of a few minutes, causes a blaze. This is the beginning. The guy who threw it there "did not know it was loaded." There is an excuse for Mrs. O'Leary's cow, but not for an employee who's supposed to be human.

A little thought, a little care, a little "giveadamndness," and many serious fires might be averted. A spark by fire not only causes a cut in the bosses' profits, but also puts a cramp in your profits. What are you gonna do about it? Atta boy; go to it.—*Editorial by Tom Furlong.*

Be Cheerful

EVERYTHING we do affects somebody else, either for good or for ill. Your personality counts, no matter who you are. It either elevates or depresses,

strengthens or weakens, inspires or oppresses. So when you wake up tomorrow morning, just pause for a brief moment before going out among your fellow men and think over the things you can do to make yourself a force for good.

The world is full of trouble-sponges and misery-buzzards—people who are never so happy as when they have some distressing incident to pick to pieces or some sorry occurrence to paw over. Don't go around all day looking for decayed spots in this changing fabric of hopes and fears we call life. Take the cheerful view, radiate confidence and good cheer, make people feel better and happier for having met you.

Now this matter of being cheerful is largely an affair of habit. Nothing multiplies so rapidly as the mushrooms of gloom—their pale, sickly stems will sprout up in a few seconds, and before you know it, you will be lost in a forest of ghostly shadows and terrifying shapes. Cultivate the cheerful outlook and see how happy you will be. Don't allow yourself to be deceived. Cheerfulness leads to happiness, and all the moth-eaten gloom-artists in the world can't block the glowing path.

Look forward—Laugh and love—Work and hope—Be cheerful—Be generous—Forgive your enemies—Help your friends, and all kinds of good things will come your way.

Something For Nothing

THERE is no such animal. The law of compensation, slow in operation and clouded with many apparent false leads, still operates, and you must give something, either of good or evil in exchange for any good or evil given you, but there is a big percentage of us who go through life always hoping that the magic wand will lay in our lap all the things that our imagination conceives as pleasurable or advantageous.

This is the idea that actuates gamblers, and it has its bad effect in every walk of life, for it continuously preaches to us that we can slight our work, can waive aside our moral obligations, and some lucky day may make a big winning without corresponding effort. There are just enough examples of the apparent success of this idea to befuddle the minds of millions more.

There seems to be a "foolish" period in the lives of most of us wherein we place some dependence on this idea, but those who get over this attack the earliest are the luck-

iest. The "luck" idea leads into petty graft, small thievery, time wastage and shiftlessness, and unless it is overcome, it goes on into bigger thievery and its more cowardly companion, blackmail. He is lucky, indeed, who early eliminates "luck" as a factor in life.—*Safety Hints.*

Ladder Logic

LIFE is a ladder, and few of us care to go down. Life calls for steady and sure climbing—hand-over-hand human effort to get up.

You need not worry about the man ahead of you so long as he keeps climbing. The fellow above you cannot remain there unless he climbs faster than you. If he does climb faster than you, he should be a human inspiration and not a hindrance—your pacemaker.

So, you see, this ladder logic teaches a lot. It teaches us to shut up and keep climbing.

Some Day All Must Die

IF we give them time enough, our teeth can put us to bed.

And where do we go from there?

Millions of people like us have neuritis, rheumatism, and many common diseases of the stomach, intestines, kidneys, heart and lungs—all caused by infected teeth.

We know that illness is expensive, not only in cost of medicines and doctors' services, but in loss of time from work.

Yet few of us ever think of investing in the cheap and effective health insurance called dentistry.

We laugh and say, "Oh, I can wait." And echo answers, "Just too late!"

Do not wait until your teeth put you to bed. Make up your mind today and go to your dentist tomorrow.

Let him prevent, now, what may be hard to cure later.

Why Envy Success?

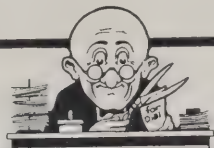
THE shirkers, slackers, drones and dubs are always complaining about what the boss has and what they have to do.

The honest employee knows that tired muscles and relaxed bodies give a man sound sleep and a good appetite.

The very nature of ownership calls for a mental strain that proves an enemy to sleep and appetite.

Why listen to the kicker, the complainer? It is not to your interest to envy success.

SCISSOR



THEFTS

Marine Finance

DID you ever stop to think what queer financing there is in the waves of the ocean? Although the waves always have a roll of green, you will mostly find them broke—or at least breaking; and this is especially strange, because most of them are near the bank and they are generally reputed to have the sand. But every time a wave comes to make a deposit on the bank it is merely to play a shell game and the long green rolls out as fast as it rolls in. All sorts of sharks and worthless skates are living every day upon its roll and they are responsible for large and heavy drafts upon it.

The ocean waves have large marine interests and claim thousands of ships as their property, but countless sales of these vessels are going on every day over their heads of which they get no benefit at all.

They are also said to be owners of valuable salt resources, but the funds are sunk so deeply and the stock is so highly watered that they are practically valueless.

But in spite of these financial handicaps the waves boast of a wonderful aristocracy. They have always been "in the swim," they have made countless splashes at the most fashionable seashore resorts of every country and their family crest is revered around the globe and dates back centuries to the days when their father Neptune was king of the heavens.

Attention Workers

SAFETY first requires self support. A living gained by fighting may soon be lost in Bolshevism.

Striking is righteous against sweat-shop systems. It is ruinous against fellow-workers.

Taking high wages by force favors the fighter—not the worker.

The labor leader of the future will be a producer. He will compete in place of fighting with business men. Workers will be organized to insure steady employment.

Employers and workers will meet on the level of independence. Each will be absolutely free to compete without interference.

Employers will become labor leaders and organize their own employees.

Good managers will train and develop those under them. The more advanced will not combine to hold back strong competitors. The less able will not combine to pull back those who get ahead.

Bolshevism is growing teeth on talking points. Removal of its ideals will leave only common criminals that can easily be dealt with. Murdering of managers will leave only the less fit to conduct business. Working people are better off under good managers.

Friends in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend
Do it that very moment!
Don't put it off—don't wait,
What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late?

—Charles Kingsley.

[The Land of "Petty Soon"]

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to
have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises
broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land
somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels, of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust,
And, oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never
get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining
strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it is at dawn
Farther at night, than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
—From "Answers," Burroughs Magazine.

Thoroughbred Code

I believe in work. For discontent and labor are not often companions.

I believe in leisure and in play. For neither mental nor physical development is possible without them.

I believe in thrift. For to store up a little regularly is to store up character as well.

I believe in simple living. For simplicity means health and health means happiness.

I believe in loyalty. For if I am not true to others I cannot be true to myself.

I believe in a cheerful countenance. For a sour face is the sign of a grouch.

I believe in holding up my chin. For self-respect commands respect from others.

I believe in keeping up my courage. For troubles flee before a brave front.

I believe in bracing up my brother. For an encouraging word may save the day for him.

I believe in living up to the best that is in me. For to lower the standard is to give up the fight.

These beliefs I shall keep always with me, and I shall strive to live up to them. For to do so is to be a THOROUGHbred.
—The Hudsonian.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who can't get SAFETY through his head—
Who will not BOOST the work along
Because he thinks the CAUSE is wrong?

If such a man be in OUR plant,
What is the reason why we can't
Treat him as junk—no more worth while,
And put him on the old SCRAP pile?
—Exchange.

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet and Doctor Merryman.

What America Has At Stake

IT is not merely for to-day, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed in our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen temporarily to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any of your children may look to come here as my father's child has.

It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a chance for industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations.

It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright, not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for, to secure such an inestimable jewel.—Abraham Lincoln, in an address to the 166th Ohio Regiment, August 22, 1864.

Why Men Fail

THE following tabulation of reasons why salesmen fail, made by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, New York, will apply to a greater or less degree to other lines of endeavor. It would be interesting to know how many of those who failed would have made good had they shifted to another branch of business.

One of the interesting facts to be noted is that over one-quarter of the failures are due to inability to follow instructions; that lack of courtesy played a part in the failure of twelve per cent. Two hundred and seven cases were observed.

Lack of industry, 30 per cent; failure to follow instructions, 26 per cent; lack of courtesy, 12 per cent; lack of stick-to-itiveness, 8 per cent; lack of confidence in holding qualities, 8 per cent; lack of knowledge regarding line, 7 per cent; unable to withstand the buyers' counter-offensive, 6 per cent; went stale, 4 per cent; poor health, 3 per cent; dishonesty, 2 per cent; miscellaneous, 2 per cent.

Taking No Chances

NOW, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a gentleman whose hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw down your tools and jump off the tracks. Run like blazes!"

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began swinging his pick.

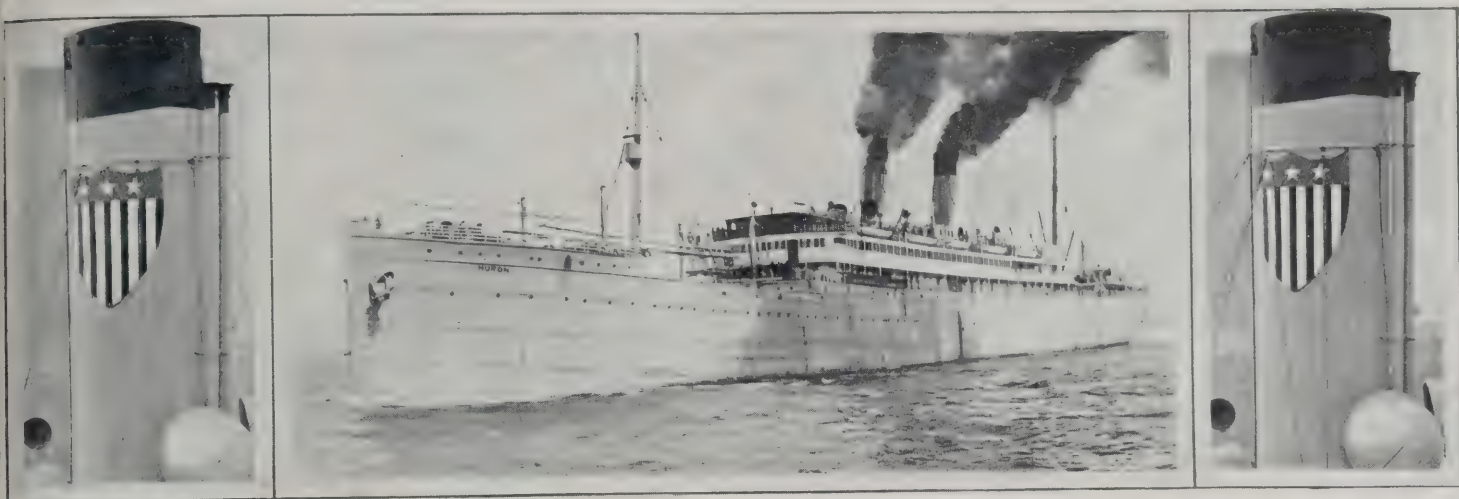
In a few minutes the express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot!" said the foreman. "Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas through his bandages on his chest. "Up the side of the hill? By the powers, I cannot bate it on the level, let alone run up-hill!"—New Ideas.

It Might—

"But should some power the giftie give
To see ourselves as others see us,
Methinks 'twould so reduce our chests
That some of us could wear our vests
Twice wrapped about and still so snug
That they would button up the back."



We Rebuild *S.S. Huron*, Completing Most Notable Ship Repair Contract

FOLLOWING closely the completion by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company of the luxuriantly appointed *S.S. Avalon* for William Wrigley, Jr., and associates, we released for service to the Munson Line the *S.S. Huron*, formerly the *Frederick Der Grosse*. The *Huron's* departure from these yards marked the end of a lengthy stay here, for the work upon the vessel constituted one of the most extensive ship repair and alteration jobs ever undertaken in America or elsewhere, and ranks next in size to the proposed reconditioning of the *Leviathan*.

Spick and span, her hull painted a battle gray and her superstructure a glossy, immaculate white, the *Huron's* exterior bespeaks the coziness and modernness within. Her two smokestacks bear American shields and proclaim to the world ports she may visit that she is an American ship, recreated in an American ship repair yard.

The vast volume of work carried on aboard the *Huron* as she lay at our piers may be visualized in the fact that for quite some few days as many as 1,400 Morse men worked upon the *Huron* alone. Her hull, decks and compartments were hives of industry. Tearing out and rebuilding were carried on simultaneously.

She was converted to an oil burner with a system of 24 furnace fronts, complete with burners to operate under natural draft, and three oil heaters, any two of which are capable of operating the entire plant. Provisions were made for the installation of a gyro-stabilizer, making the ship non-rolling. These two features are the greatest contributors to the ship's luxuriousness. Her passengers will not be stained by the smoke and soot of burning coal. On the high seas, the stabilizer will eliminate the groanings, creakings and rolling of a heavy laboring ship.

The erection of a gymnasium, a print shop, new houses for the first and second class hospitals and the

wireless room and the re-arranging of the entire after-end of the deckhouse as a library and reading room were other features embodied in the *Huron* contract. Fire indicating and extinguishing systems were installed. All this work was included in the general alteration and reconversion of the ship, which embraced the renovation and re-decoration of her interior, even to the smallest compartment.

There were provided suitable fastening and settings for the following auxiliary apparatus: One rotary converter, switchboard, two steam oil pumps, one strainer, one oil tank, one set of resistance grids, one vacuum pump, one control gyro, one cooler, and one steam-driven electric generator. The necessary steam and exhaust piping to pumps and generator and salt water supply and a drain to cooler were also furnished.

Hardwood wainscoting and pine panelling are used in some of the interior finishing. The second class smoking rooms are fitted with panelled oak settees with spring seats and upholstered backs, and the decks are protected by a tile covering of cork and rubber. The passenger rooms in general are fitted for the utmost cleanliness, sanitation and comfort.

The *Huron* is 545 feet long, of 17,000 tons displacement, has a beam of 60 feet and a depth of 33 feet 6 inches. She makes a speed of 14½ knots and has accommodations for 345 first class passengers. A large number of passenger bookings have already been entered for this ship on its South American runs.

Once a troop transport, the *Huron* is now divested of her war-time raiment and goes forth, oil-burning, non-rolling and the last word of modernness in American passenger and mercantile ships. In appearance and appointments she is a credit to the flag under which she is to operate, as well as to the Munson Steamship Line, which she serves, and the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, which rebuilt her.

Glimpses of Interior Splendor of the S. S. Huron

The Appointments aboard this vessel emulate those of the high-class hotel. Telephone service and other conveniences are provided the passenger. Aboard this ship one may have the comfort which comes from shelter-promenade decks and luxuriant dining saloons and smoking rooms.

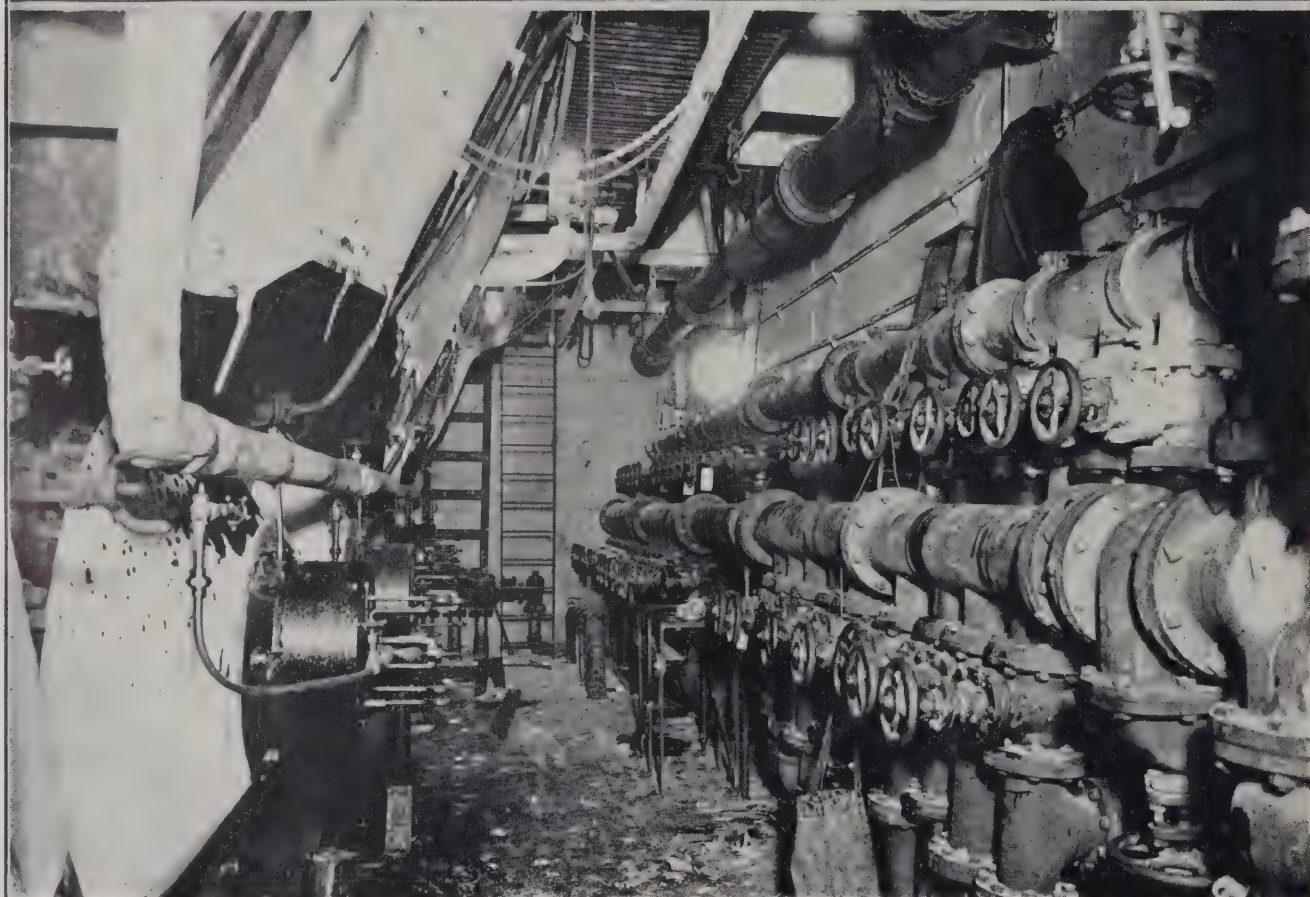
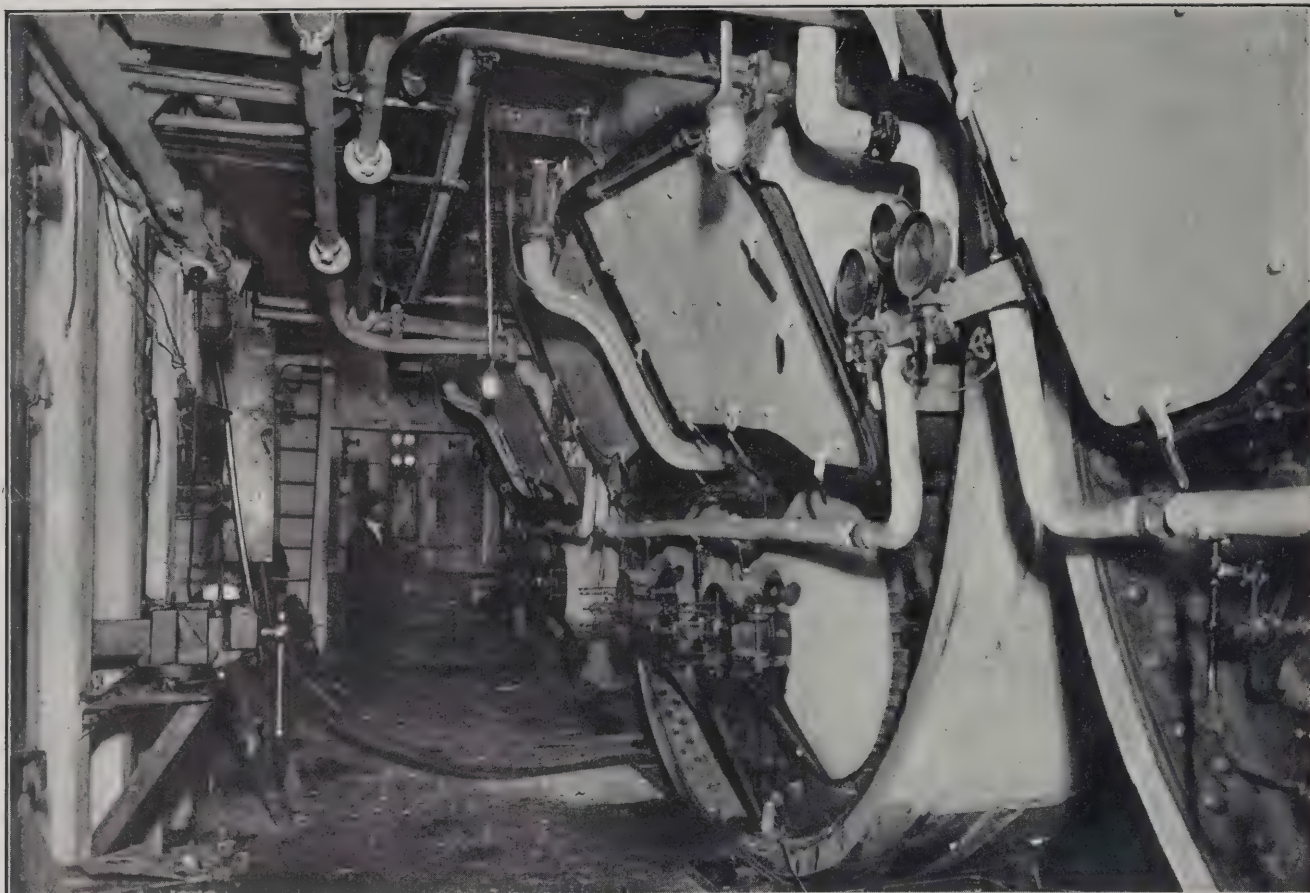




Some of the Huron's main compartments, designed by our Marine Architects, and completed here.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

No Smoke nor Soot to Discomfort Huron's Passengers



We installed, among other innovations, a complete oil burning system.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

A Farm Mystery Chapter I.

"QUICK, Watson, we must hasten to The Farm!"

Having spoken, Sherlock Holmes of The Dial staff urged his friend Watson to follow him to the Main Office on First Avenue. Holmes had previously arranged with his friend Mead, the taxi dispatcher, that a flivver be awaiting him.

As he prodded Watson to enter the machine, Holmes addressed the chauffeur. "The Farm," he said and, climbing into the car, he settled himself on the seat beside his friend.

The car proceeded slowly toward 67th Street. Watson waited for Holmes to speak. It was not often that Holmes failed to inform him of the object of their mission. He did not fail this time.

"Watson," he said, "I would prefer to solve the mystery without visiting the scene, but I have pondered to my wits' end." Slowly he spoke in a tone audible to Watson, the letters "M-A-C-A-R-T-E-D." Do they suggest to you the names of three men, Watson?" he asked.

Slow to attempt a solution that Holmes himself had not yet reached, Watson was slower still in answering. He noted the perplexed look upon the face of his chief and ventured to say that just then the letters did not hold for him the names of three men.

The car approached enclosed grounds. Holmes perceived this and ordered the chauffeur to stop. Alighting, with Watson at his heels, Holmes directed the chauffeur to return. "We shall walk the remaining distance," he said.

Leisurely, Holmes and Watson strolled through the gates of the grounds which from the outside might have been mistaken for a baseball or picnic plot. Small, square workshops dotted the place. Large piles of lumber obscured a waterfront. Indeed, neither Holmes or Watson had observed that New York's waterfront washed one side of the enclosure. They had stumbled upon the fact quite by accident, by following along a structure resembling a ways, such as is used for ship launching.

At one end of this structure, poised dangerously near the water's edge, loomed a dwelling which seemed to be supported by a ship's hull. Holmes and Watson walked toward the object of their attention. Holmes was quick to understand.

"Houseboat," he said in an undertone.

Turning to speak to Watson, Sherlock saw that his colleague was beckoning to him from a point of vantage several yards away. He directed his steps toward Watson, whose gaze had fastened on the name of the boat as it was painted in white letters upon the house proper. Holmes saw the letters which had possessed his thoughts since he had agreed to unravel the mystery.

"We are upon the scene, Watson," he said. "There is no mistaking

those letters M-A-C-A-R-T-E-D. Now to find out what they mean!"

Chapter II.

Holmes had determined to explore the interior of the house. Watson, ever confident of his chief's superior judgment, was certain that such procedure, while hazardous, offered a ready solution of the problem. They circled the boat and tried to discern if there was anyone within. Hearing and seeing nothing which would lead them to believe that there were occupants or visitors within, Holmes strode toward a door on the harbor side. Peering in, he motioned Watson to follow.

A pace or two beyond the threshold, they paused and listened for signs of occupancy. At length, Holmes spoke.

"We two are alone, Watson," he said. "We need exercise no further caution." Holmes spoke in his usual strong tones now.

Inspecting the first and second floors of the houseboat, and noting the conveniences and appointments within, Sherlock determined that no ordinary carpenters had performed the work. He noted, too, that the work had been performed at night and on Sundays, as luncheon cartons and near-beer bottles were strewn about, indicating that the workers had denied themselves the time usually taken to go to their homes for meals. He further deduced that the material used in the boat was mostly driftwood and odds and ends, which only excellent workmen could mould into such a fine structure.

As Holmes busied himself with his deductions, Watson explored the drawers of a desk which was included in the bare furnishings of the boat. A small memorandum book prompted him to turn its pages. Finding a list of names, he spoke to Holmes, who scanned them.

"The name MacLaurin in here, Watson; do you arrive at any conclusion?" Holmes asked.

The application was simple and Watson hastened to reply. "MacLaurin is Owner No. 1," he said.

"Of course, my dear Watson. And the second?" Holmes had already solved the problem and was having his sport with Watson's less keen powers.

As Watson did not answer, Holmes announced his summary. "Owner No. 2," he said, "is Arthur Myland, which eliminates the M-A-C-A-R-T-. Now," he continued, "the third and last owner can be no other than Edward Warden, whose name also appears in this book. The E-D gives us the completed word M-A-C-A-R-T-E-D,

and the three owners, whose identity we have been trying to establish."

"Wonderful!" Watson exclaimed, but Holmes did not hear. His marvelous mind was engrossed in another mystery which had been awaiting his master intellect.

Chapter III.

Sherlock Holmes and his friend and colleague Watson were discussing the "Mac-arted" Mystery some years after. "It was as simple as any I had ever been confronted with," Holmes said. "These three men George MacLaurin, Warden and Myland, all bosses at The Farm build the boat in their spare time, from lumber they collected here and there. Fine boat, Watson. Two stories and nicely laid out. Worth every cent of \$5,000."

(Chapter III is absolutely true. The other chapters explain the name of the boat. We would have to use that much space to make such explanation and we chose that way of doing it.)



American Legion Meeting

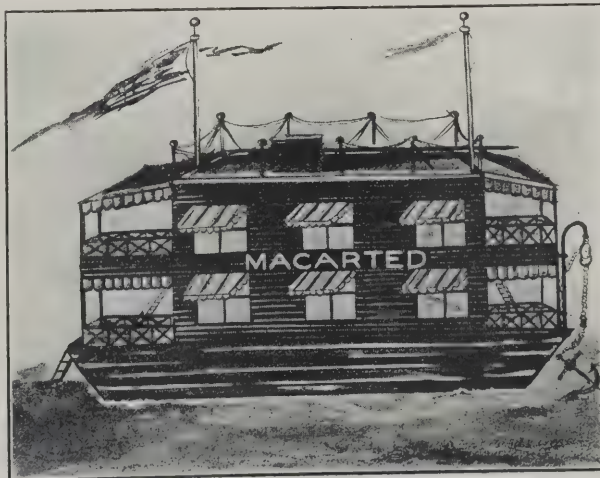
A MEETING to further the Morse Night at Luna Park, Saturday evening, May 22, was held from the yard bandstand Tuesday noon, May 18, at which Lieut. E.S. Mills and Major Brennan of the American Legion were the principal speakers. They were introduced by President Joe McGuirk, whose brother served as sergeant in one of the regiments commanded by Major Brennan.

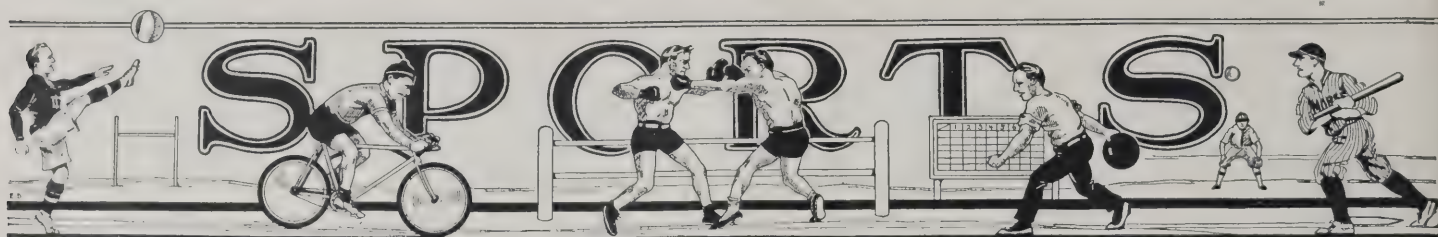
In the introduction given Major Brennan by Lieut. Mills, we were told that he was wounded several times in severe fighting on the Belgian and French fronts. He was cited for bravery and has been recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross.

Major Brennan recited the accomplishments of the 106th Infantry, covering those major engagements when they fought in Belgium and later, with the English, helped to break the Hindenburg Line. He said that the Brooklyn boys acquitted themselves as creditably as any body of men in France and saw as much fighting. He urged the Morse men to do their utmost in remembering Brooklyn and its boys by purchasing many tickets for the Luna Park night, as a result of which part of the proceeds went to the 106th Infantry Post building fund.

The speaker also asked for fair criticism of the American Legion, which some people were beginning to condemn for its efforts to gain a bonus for discharged soldiers. Major Brennan declared that the Legion was not composed of a bunch of "treasury raiders," but of men who spent much more than the \$60 bonus given them by the government to outfit themselves after discharge.

It was announced by one of the visiting speakers that the largest personal donation to the building fund of the Brooklyn American Legion post had come from Mr. Morse. The sum donated was \$200. In addition, Mr. Morse offered the services of the Morse Military Band for the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company's Night at Luna Park, Saturday, May 22.





Soccer Team Going Strong

THE Morse soccer team has been eliminated in the national league soccer championship, but is finishing up the season in a manner which leads many of the soccer fans of the country to believe that it is one of the strongest teams in the country. This belief is based on the fact that since we lost in the national league finals we held both the Bethlehem and Robins teams to ties.

Our tie game with the Bethlehem aggregation was played Sunday April 11, at Ulmer Park. On Sunday, May 9, we held the Robins to a tie, notwithstanding that they defeated the championship Bethlehem team in the national league race. On Sunday, May 16, we lost to the Robins team, but not without fighting hard to the finish.

Despite the fact that Connie Lynch and Parker were absent from the Morse lineup in the game of April 9, the Robins didn't score against us in four periods, for two extra periods of 15 minutes each were played in the hope of breaking the deadlock.

In a national league championship game on the Morse Oval, Sunday, January 11, the Morse team decisively defeated the Robins by a score of 1 to 0. This game went to protest because of Joe Kershaw's playing with the Morse team. It so happened that Kershaw put over the winning shot. Had some other Morse man scored the tally, the protest, we believe, would have been entered just the same. It would not have been the first time that the Robins had lodged a protest against Morse victories.

The replay of the Morse-Robins protested game took place Sunday, March 28, and the Robins turned the tables with a 2 to 1 score. This replay eliminated the Morse team from the national league finals, but left it a contender for the Southern New York State Cup championship.

The season as a whole was the worst that soccer has experienced in eight years. Bad weather covering an unbroken stretch of several weeks, entirely disrupted the playing schedule, and cooled the interest of the fans.

Soccer fans will not soon forget the valiant spirit of the Morse soccer team throughout the year of 1920. It is not intended to offer an alibi for losing the national league championship, but in justice to the team, it should be known that it didn't always get the best breaks. Its players suffered injuries on the eve of important contests; it was hampered by a protest and changes in the line-up. But it was always feared for its strength and championship possibilities.

The success of the eleven is due to a number of men whose faith in the ability of the players did not falter. Of late the managerial duties have fallen to Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital. His enthusiasm has done much to stimulate the players.

Others who have been devoted to the

team are: President Walter Crawford, Vice-President Billy McEwen, Trainer Jim Connolly of the Hull Department, Treasurer Fred Wiles and Committeemen Tom Andersen and Dave Maltman.

Neil O'Donnell and Robert Gore were fans who, in the early part of the season, gave their time and energies in making the Morse eleven of championship calibre.

In a replayed game with the Astoria eleven of Long Island, the Morse Dry Dock team defeated their opponents Sunday afternoon, April 25, and thereby qualified for the semi-final of the Southern New York State Cup. The final tally was 4 to 1. The game was staged at Ulmer Park where the same teams had previously contested to a tie score. McLoughlin, Bustard, Rorke and Kershaw scored for Morse, while Frost was the only one to connect for Astoria.

In a replay of the tie game of the previous Sunday, the Morse and Robins soccer teams contested Sunday, May 16, at Todd Field in the semi-final of the Southern New York State Championship, the Robins winning by a score of 4 to 2.

In the first 15 minutes, the Robins took the Morse defense by surprise and in very open play started to threaten the Morse goal. Lennon, Morse's center forward, failed to take advantage of several opportunities and was switched to McLaughlin's place at inside left.

McLaughlin scored immediately after, and the Morse defense was strengthened. The half ended: Robins 2, Morse 1. McLaughlin scored again in the second half and was much in evidence during the game.

A large crowd witnessed the game, and many were of the opinion that the switching of McLaughlin and Lennon's positions would have resulted in a Morse victory had it come before the Robins had scored.

Pipe Shop Gets the Cup

DURING the distribution of prizes at the April monthly meeting, a cup was awarded the Pipe Shop for a championship inter-shop baseball league team for the season of 1919. As the cup was being accepted by representatives of the Pipe Shop, the presentation was interrupted by an issue which was wholly unexpected. The rightful ownership of the cup was questioned in view of the fact that the league did not finish its schedule. Following a lively debate, it was decided to appoint a committee to investigate the standing of the teams with a view to awarding the cup.

The committee appointed included: George McKay, chairman, who declined in favor of Henry Rochelle; William Jarrol of the Carpenters; Frank Abrams, Burner, and Hugh McQuinlan, of the Inside Machinists. Referring to the standing, the committee noted that the Pipe Shop team had seven games won and none lost when the league suspended, and now the cup, a fine one, occupies a conspicuous place in the Pipe Shop.

Swappin' Swats

AT the April meeting, Frankie Sullivan and Irish Jack Smith staged the first set-to. The argument lasted for three rounds, with Frankie having the better of the debate. Smith was fat and slow while Frankie seemed to be at his best. He hit Smith at will and could have dispatched his hay-maker at any stage of the game. The exhibition was well worth that jitney.

Frankie Mack of the Hull and Al Freedman of the Riveters went four rounds to what was generally accepted as a draw. Both boys landed and took some healthy wallops and generally mused each other up. As this bout was also worth a nickel, we owe the Association a "jit."

When Frankie Fay and Willie Jones started exchanging compliments, we were treated to a three-round clash that couldn't be staged any better at a three-dollar show. Willie showed Frankie that he possessed a lot of ring generalship. He feinted and used his hands cleverly. Frankie, however, was just as good on the defense as he was in bull-dogging Willie along. Frankie's superior strength and coolness was beginning to count when the gong announced the curtains for that mill.

The next argument had as its principals the "beloved" Young Monday and Bert Myers, wrestlers. The former agreed to throw the soldier wrestler in 15 minutes. Between barking at the crowd and Billy Burke, the referee, and at the same time trying to flop his opponent, Young Monday was as busy as a one-armed painter with the hives. When Henry Rochelle, official timer, had clocked off a quarter of an hour, Young Monday was still giving imitations of a gorilla eating peanuts.

A slashing bout was staged between Kid Twist of the Riggers and Young McGowan, a Bay Ridge battler. The latter is a clever, aggressive mauler, but he met his equal in our brother of the Rigging department. Twist took some punishment and administered quite a bit in return. We liked Kid Twist's performance and we go on record as saying that, with the proper handling, he has the qualities that make a top-notch battler.

Young Levine of the Pipe Shop danced all 'round Farmer Kelly of Long Island. The "farmer" was "hog fat" and had a paunch that seemed to be well taken care of despite the hycostalivin. Levine fought the Long Island "pug" like Corbett worried John L.—dancing and jabbing and rarely getting hit himself.

Young Menzies of the Hull and Dave Bono of the same department had a quarrel that was as interesting as it was fast. Both boys went at it in earnest. The gong at the finale of the 1st round found both very tired after the workout.

Oscar Johnson and Teddy Niquist, both Riggers, grappled for 15 minutes, closing the show. They put up a good exhibition, although many of the boys walked out on 'em, leavin' 'em to settle it themselves.

Keep your head—and go ahead.

Boxing Show A Success

By Thos. J. Plunkett

A MONSTER boxing show was held Saturday evening, May 8, in the Association Rooms. The affair was handled by the Entertainment Committee in conjunction with the Boxing Committee. From those who were present we have heard nothing but praise and requests for another show of this kind in the near future. The bouts were the real goods and equal to any pugilistic show pulled off at Madison Square Garden. The proceeds of the affair, after expenses of the boxers and music, were donated to the widows and children of the men who lost their lives in the recent Brooklyn Union Gas conflagration.

There were some new faces among the performers on that night but the star bouts brought together the respective champions and near-champions of the yard. The star bouts were between Young Tack of the Hull Department and Al. Fields, the Electrician; Young Happy of the Hull Department and Johnny LeVein of the Pipe Shop. These two bouts were a treat in themselves. You never saw such contests before in the history of Morse Employees' Association scraps. Tack and Fields fought 6 fast rounds with honors even at the end. Some say that Tack would have defeated Fields decisively if the bout were longer. Others might contend that Fields would have been victorious in a longer bout.

It was a pleasure to watch these two and it will be long remembered that they furnished plenty of excitement and both were roundly applauded when they left the ring.

The other championship tussle between Happy and LeVein was also a six round affair and the referee conceded that Happy was a little too strong for Johnny. It was a fine exhibition. First Happy seemed to have the upper hand, but Johnny would recover from the ropes and catch him with one of his jolts and even things up. LeVein tired somewhat toward the end of the bout but was still there when the final bell rang.

Other performers included Carl Brodd of the Outside Machinists who mixed with K.O. Ryan of the Army Base; Kid Kramer and Young Webb, both local boys; Frankie Fay, premier featherweight, who stopped Farmer Kelly in two rounds; Phil Franchini and Kid Bono. The performance concluded in a wrestling bout called a draw between Pete Daniels, the strong amateur middleweight, and Sailor Sanders.

Al. Fields, Young Happy and Young Menzies are sporting signet rings with cut stones, the "hoops" being given them by the Association at the April monthly meeting, when prizes for the consistent winners in the noon-day boxing tournament were awarded. Strong programs of vaudeville and boxing are being arranged for future meetings and a good attendance is wanted at each.

Wherry Pushing Ahead

IN one of the first bicycle road races of the season, conducted under the auspices of the Century Road Club of America, Bill Wherry, Hull department, won second place in a field of about 70 starters. The race was held Sunday, April 25, on the Hudson County Boulevard in New Jersey and was a 10 mile open handicap.

Another second place was captured by Bill on Saturday, April 24, in the three mile handicap race at the 47th Regiment Armory games. He won second place from a handicap position of 40 yards.

Wherry's success this season on the indoor tracks has been remarkable despite the fact that he was the victim of illness which seriously interfered with his training. He has had some tempting offers to invade the professional field in the six-day grinds at Madison Square Garden, and next season, with a team mate, Bill will probably defend the American colors.

With the Fight Fans

LEW RITCHIE, brother of the famous Willie, is taking a keen interest in Young Happy, and is angling for matches for the Hull Department mauler. Ritchie claims that he has been in touch with some Jersey promoters who have promised to use Happy about the first of June. A delegation of the boys of the yard will journey to the neighboring state when Happy is due to show.

Frankie Fay is to show in Trenton, N. J., in the near future. He is seeking matches with some of the top-notchers.

Charlie Goldman of the Outside Machinists is managing a heavyweight, whom he is touting as a coming champ. Charlie's man has a fight on and Charlie is trying to persuade the boys of the yard to give him the once-over on his trial trips.

Gunboat Smith in the Movies

THE Pacific coast papers are kidding Gunboat Smith, who's out around Frisco, whither he went after leaving the Morse yards to try and stage a come-back. The come-back was staged, but it wasn't one that placed the Gunner back as a champion contender, for Fred Fulton flattened him in two rounds.

But we are getting away from the subject. We started to say that the papers were kidding the Gunboat. Hark to these from the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

"Gunboat Smith is posing for the movies. The Gunner's first picture is a composite one, exemplifying 'Youth, Grace and Humility.'"

"Isn't it funny how the women fall for such movie guys as Robert Warwick, Bert Lytell, Eugene O'Brien and Gunboat Smith?"

Baseball Situation Gloomy

THE baseball situation as it affects our yard is at a standstill, due, in a great measure, to the fact that we have been denied the use of the Morse Oval, and have no home grounds. It was thought some few weeks ago that a team should be organized despite this fact, but baseball wisecracks claim that it would have little or no support when travelling to visiting grounds for each and every game.

Henry Crist and Pete Grant had entertained the proposition of launching a Morse nine, but it seems to have fallen through. Crist is playing third base for the Bushwicks, and is tied up for the season. Pete Grant must have abandoned his intention of entering the game, for thus far the baseball uniforms are still in the possession of the Association, although the Board of Directors offered the boys the use of them.

George Keenan, official scorer of the former Morse nines, is doing scoring and publicity for the St. Agathas.

Bill Dahlen, our one-time baseball manager and late member of the Hull Department has been called back to service by his old friend, John McGraw. Bill is now assistant superintendent of the Polo Grounds, and his friends here wish him success.

"Bobby" Emmerich, our star catcher and outfielder, is "going great" with the Bridgeport Club. Bobby is having a reunion up in New England. He ran into Micky Damm and George Pennington, our 1918 battery in Hartford. Bobby further states that the Bridgeport Club are some hitters.

The baseball fever has hit the North Building. Every noon hour the riggers, painters and pipe coverers may be seen tossing the pill around. Some of the Employment Office and Payroll Department hands spend their noon hour looking them over.

And so it goes! Instead of cracking peanuts and yelling for a Morse team on Sundays throughout the summer, we may peruse the sport columns or beat it to the Polo Grounds.



Pictures by Morse Employees

Bottom Row, left to right: Jos. Kershaw, O. L., Wm. Markie, C. F., James Rorke, I. R., Bernard McLoughlin, I. L., John Gallaway, O. L., S. Bustard, C. H. Top Row, left to right: Ed. MacPherson, R. H., Walter E. Page, L. B., Thos. Whalen, Goal, John Lindsay, R. B., Matthew Reed, L. H.

Paint Department Notes

By Tom Furlong

Bill Currie of the Painters is in charge of the work on the *Powhatan*. Bill has only a dozen men under him, but the results Bill produces by his tactful, manlike leadership are noticeable. Even with no "soap" on the job, every paint slinger on the *Powhatan* is with Bill heart and soul and they show their spirit by the co-operation they give him.

Young George Conway, one of the *Powhatan* painters, is not yet 20 years old, but is a World War Vet, having spent 22 months overseas with the famous 9th Infantry of the 2d Division, taking part in the Verdun, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel and Argonne activities. George is rapidly becoming an expert brush wielder.

Frank Mohl is back in the Paint Department after several months with Robins Dry Dock. Mr. Mohl is well liked by his co-workers. While with this company before, he had charge of several important painting jobs, among which was the *George Washington*, which carried President Wilson to the Peace Conference.

Did you notice that Painters Snapper on the *Huron* who was busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger with the hives? That's Walter Crabbe. Walter is only a youngster but he is a hustler. As assistant foreman under Mr. Mullaly he has produced results of which older mechanics would be proud. He has the happy knack of working with his men instead of over them, and much of the credit of the record made by the painters on the *Huron* was due to his efforts.

Louis Bruns, material man of the Paint Shop, is about the busiest man in the outfit. Mixing and dispensing color and outfits for the painters is Louis' job, and the courteous, efficient manner in which he does it is appreciated by his co-workers. A pot of green for the *Huron*, Louis!

Oscar Kruger, our sign king, lies awake nights lately trying to conceive a masterpiece for the coming outing of the Employees' Association which will outshine his former successes. Have to go some, Oscar.

Joe Whitley, foreman painter, who has his quarters over the Carpenter Shop, is pleased with the congenial spirit there. Sure, why wouldn't the spirit be congenial, Joe, with an assistant by the name of O'Mahoney? More power to him!

We decline to name the painter on the *Achilles* who, when asked what boat he was working on replied, "Oh, I'm on the *Ash Heels*." If we did, they might transfer him to her sister ship, and he'd write her name down, "Useless."

A couple of old-timers were talking of the old days in the yard, when the arrival of Louis DeGroot, one of our champ rivetters, recalled a story about Louis in the long past days when he was a heater-boy. Louis was heating rivets on the top deck of the *Missouri* one hot summer day 15 years ago when, in endeavoring to pass one of the rivets, he lost his balance and fell overboard. When he came to the surface, he still grasped his tongs with the rivet held by them, and looking up at his rivetter, hollered to him, "Hey, what the bloody —, ain't anybody gonna take this rivet before it gets cold?"

Nothing comes from wishes.



William Wood

William Wood Killed

MEMBERS of the Traffic Department and other friends of William Wood, a Morse chauffeur, were both surprised and grieved Sunday, May 16, when they learned of his death as the result of being crushed beneath the wheels of a Broadway elevated train at Jefferson Avenue and Broadway.

The deceased, who lived at 981 President Street, Park Slope, Brooklyn, was one of the most likeable young men of his department, and was equally popular with the many friends he had made throughout the yard. He was about 20 years of age and had been employed by the company for about two years. During that time he had earned the respect and trust of his employers and the good will of his co-workers.

Flags on the buildings in the yard were placed at half-mast when news of his death was received. Members of the Traffic Department paid tribute with floral pieces and condolences. Among the employees throughout the different departments there was shown a deep feeling of sincere grief for the young man who had so completely won those who were privileged to know him.

New Device For Ships' Navigation

A NEW aid to marine navigation was tested recently when the United States Cruiser *Breckenridge*, cruising at sea, demonstrated the M.V. type of hydroplane, an electrical instrument which will soon be installed on merchant ships, giving them ears at sea, and defeating the fog. The instrument makes it possible to know the depth of water without taking soundings, enables the vessel to detect other craft passing within a radius of several miles and gives data from which a steamer may work out its position at any time. It was evolved by the Scientific Branch of the U. S. Naval Service.



Officers and crew of S.S. Megali Hellas

Printers' Picas

The "Jolly Printers" accuse Harry Watson of buying a Big Ben.

A recent visitor to the Print Shop asked Mr. Enkler whether anyone ever slept on the bed of the cylinder press.

Who's the guy that hollered, "Wait a minute, Bailey; I hit my finger," when the "Morse Photographer" was taking a picture of the Printing Department?

Mr. Beukalaer asked the Operator why metal pots were put on typesetting machines, to which he replied that they were put there merely for operators to roast chestnuts on.

Miss Davis, of The Dial office, became interested in the new typesetting machine recently, and requested that we demonstrate to her just why we couldn't shove 42 letters into a line that would only hold 31.

Now we know why the several clock companies in Brooklyn have declared extra dividends to stockholders. Since May 17, every member of the Print Shop has reported to Mr. Mead at 7.50 a. m. Another month to go yet, fellows!

Tom Furlong, of the Paint Shop, having recently severed connections with the Printing Department, cannot keep out of the game. He has contributed several articles for the June Dial and they are a credit to his literary abilities.

Several members of the Printing Department were narrating experiences one noon hour. The conversation drifted into accidents. The winner of the brown derby was the gentleman who claimed he had two fingers broken in an attempt to put a form in a job press while the press was in motion. For further information, telephone the Volunteer Hospital, N. Y. C., and ask for details concerning case 999.

Mr. Teichert claims Harry Watson is a "wrong font."

Grecian Navigators Visit Us

THE Greek steamship *Megali Hellas*, carrying in itself and officers a bit of interesting history, was among the recent arrivals in our yard, where she had come to receive repairs of a general nature. Owned by the National Navigation Company of Greece, the ship formerly bore the name of *Vasilef Constantinos*, after the former King Constantine. Upon his dethronement, she was renamed to that she now bears.

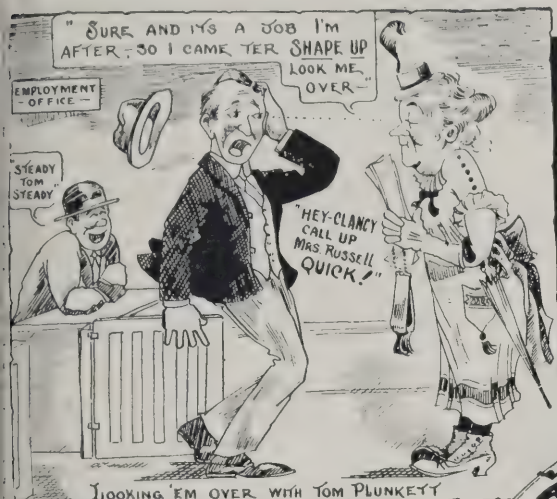
She is 650 feet long, of 13,000 gross tons and has a speed of 20 knots. Her cabins, originally fitted for royal personages are now occupied by travellers between this country and Greece. She has a capacity for about 2000 passengers including first and second class.

The *Magali Hellas* was a war transport, being used by the French government, and her commander, Capt. Kassapis, is a war veteran and the possessor of a thrilling bit of experience gained from being in command of the ill-fated *Joaninna* when she was torpedoed 400 miles from Gibraltar.

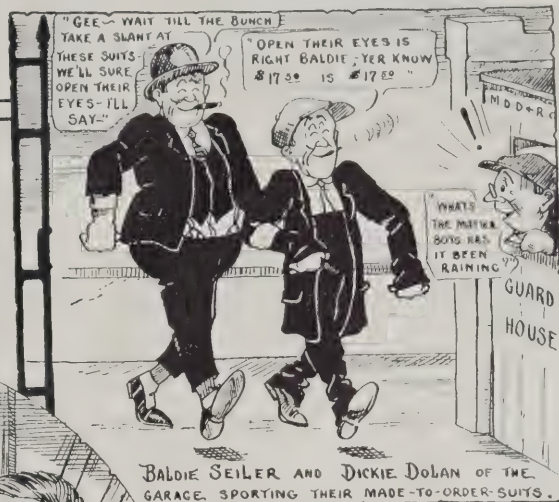
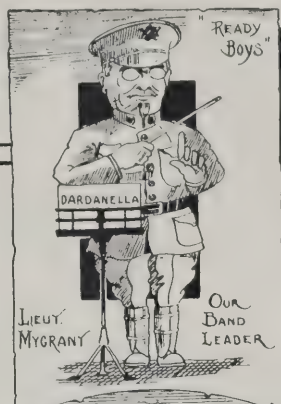
Constantine Nickolaides, wireless operator on the *Megali Hellas*, among others of the crew was with Capt. Kassapis upon the torpedoed *Joaninna* and often they have recounted the 48 hours spent upon the seas in open boats before being picked up by the British steamer *Herschel*.

ON THE JOB

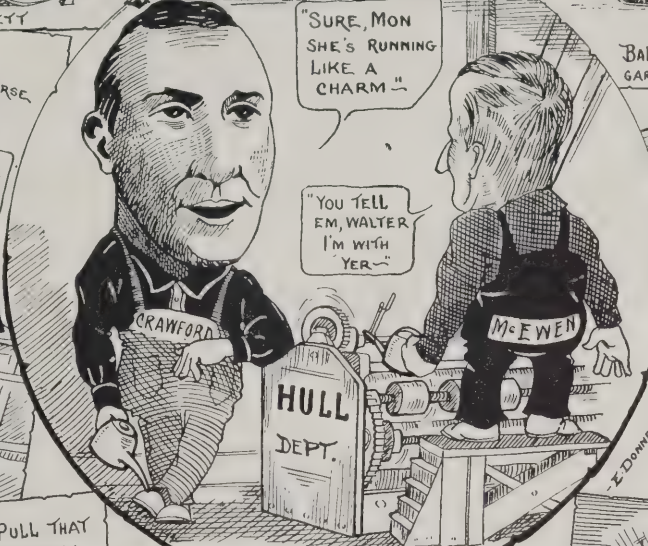
By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



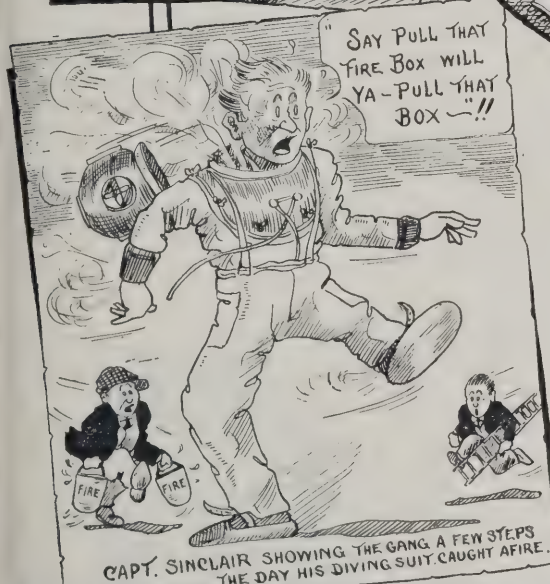
Looking 'em over with TOM PLUNKETT



BALDIE SEILER AND DICKIE DOLAN OF THE GARAGE, SPORTING THEIR MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS.



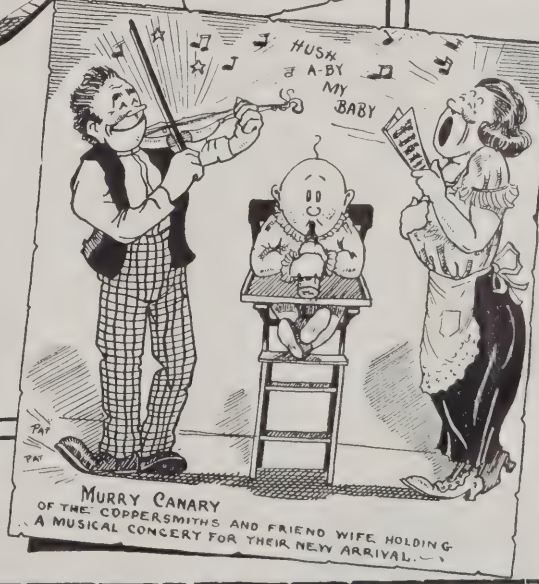
KEEPING THE BIG MACH. IN ACTION.



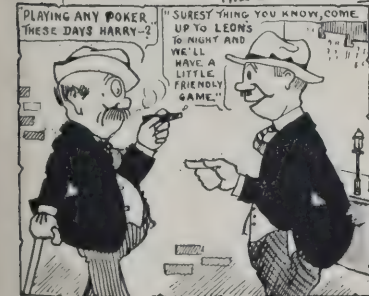
CAPT. SINCLAIR SHOWING THE GANG A FEW STEPS THE DAY HIS DIVING SUIT CAUGHT AFIRE.



RINGING THEIR TIME.



MURRY CANARY OF THE COPPERSMITHS AND FRIEND WIFE HOLDING A MUSICAL CONCERT FOR THEIR NEW ARRIVAL.



Some of Our Old Timers

Do you know an old-timer in the Morse service? If you are an old-timer yourself, send your story to The Dial before the series of personality sketches of the Morse veterans is brought to a close. Have you been with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company for or about twenty years?

The Siamese Twins

"THE TWO LOUIES" are dubbed by their more intimate friends in the yard as "The Siamese Twins." They are not as inseparable as were the famous twins. Flesh and bone do not join them so that they cannot be put asunder. True, they are both named Louis. Also, they are both water-tenders, occupying the same little shanty at one end of the old dry dock. We present for your approval, Louis Hohorst and Louis Kruse, old-timers from the standpoint of service with Mr. Morse and the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

In the days when the older dry dock of the Morse Company was lifting all of the tonnage in the way of ships, "The Two Louies" were dock hands. In those times there were some very busy days. There were also some very dull days, when "The Louies," in order to keep busy, would turn their attention to some other work in the yard. Both being mechanics, they could lend a ready hand in most any other branch of the work.

It was Louie Kruse who began reciting of those days when the arrival of a steamer in the Morse yard was more or less of an event. He was saying, "Yes, the boss wouldn't send us home because a ship might come when we were away."

"Sure," Louie Hohorst chimed in, "we didn't get so many those days that we could afford to lose 'em. Remember, Louie, we would go to the end of the dock with a heaving line and try to lasso a ship to bring her in and fix her up, whether she needed it or not?"

"Sure I remember!" the other Louie said as we caught him winking.

Louis Hohorst came here about 20 years ago when he was in the employ of an engineering concern which had been engaged to work on the old dry dock. He worked for the engineering company connecting the pipes and pumps of the deck, and when that work was completed, he was affixed to the Morse payroll.

For about eight years, he was a Morse dock hand and as such he can recount many a bitter cold job and a few exceptionally risky ones. He has been water-tender for a period of about 12 years and in that capacity, he directs the work of

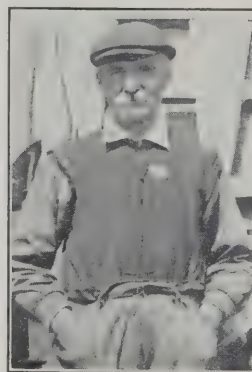
keeping filled the fresh water tanks of those ships which lay at our docks and piers undergoing or waiting for repairs. He also tests ships' tanks in addition to attending to their fresh and salt water supply.

"Tell him, Louie, how you crawled in the pipes," Louie

Kruse was urging his partner and refreshing his memory.

"Oh, that's nothing," Louie said. "It was a 22-inch pipe on the old dry dock. Once every so often I had to crawl in there. It would have been all off if someone started the pumps 'cause of the suction."

Eighteen years Louis Kruse has been here. His story is much the same as his friend Louie's. They were dock hands together. Louie Kruse worked as such for 14 years. He has been on the water-tending job for three years.



Louis Kruse

Wanderlust

TAD tells a story about an old buck sheep they used to have on the farm, back home. There was a fine pasture out on the hills, but every now and again this old sheep would break out and travel the countryside—usually ending up by getting into some other pasture where he couldn't get out.

When he found himself locked in, he would roam around with an air which plainly told that he wanted to be back in his old pasture.

I can sympathize with that sheep, and I feel quite sure that many of you will do the same. Every now and again I get the feeling that I want to get away into some other business. Someone comes along and dangles a position in front of me and tells me what wonderful possibilities there are and just about as I decide that I will make the change, a sentence comes to me from a letter that I got from my brother Tom, when I was in the tender age. He told me that I could find success right in the job I had if I would make up my mind to get busy and look for it.

And then I tell my tempter to get behind me. I find that there is plenty to do right here and the longer I stay the more people will know about me, and the harder I work the better I will get.

—Sterling Mark.

Levy Airs His Views

MORRIS LEVY (9050) of the Rigging department submitted to the Board of Directors at a May meeting some suggestions and resolutions covering different phases of company and Association activities. Principal among these was a resolution providing for two Association meetings per month, one to be called a "Men's Meeting" and the other an "Open Meeting," at which prominent men would be invited to address the members of the Association. The resolutions were held over for further consideration.

To Restrict Collections

THE matter of yard collections was dealt with at the April meeting of the Employees' Association and a statement concerning the same was given the members by W. Jackson of the Boiler makers, chairman of the committee, which is further composed of J. Sweeney of the Inside Machinists and Frank Falconer of the yard hospital.

Mr. Jackson declared that a systematic investigation and procedure will be carried out in the matter of proposed collections. He further said that it was the intention of the committee to visit the home of men for whom collections had been suggested. The committee, he said, would keep a record of those receiving assistance and would act always with a view towards assisting the needy members of the Association and their families.

He cited several instances in which collections had been made for unworthy persons. In one case, a man seeking aid owned and maintained an automobile. During his talk, Chairman Jackson provoked much mirth when he depicted a man remaining at home, yawning and stretching himself while he said, "Gee, I wish they would hurry up and send that money from the yard."

That the committee is on the job in a capable way was demonstrated about the first week of May when typewritten notices were posted about the yard, asking the members to contribute to the aid of a family which had been dependent upon a former employee, who was injured recently.

This radical change from the old order of things has been received with general favor. The men of this yard are generous to the extreme. They have never shown any hesitancy in responding to a good and worthy cause. That they have been imposed upon in some instances is the belief of many who contributed, but under the new arrangement they will be protected from such impositions.

Morse men do not intend to support drones and leeches, but they would regret having a worthy cause escape their attention. They have faith in the committee representing them in this phase of humane activity and when that committee asks them to give, they are going to do so freely.



Frank Whitman, Chief Time-keeper, isn't one of the oldest of old-timers, but, as he has been here for quite some years, we thought we'd spring this picture. Never mind where we got it, Frank!



Louis Hohorst

Pipe Benders Plucky Performers

WHEN, during the latter part of April, the *S.S. Muskogee* came to these yards, a pipe job that had all the appearances of the impossible presented itself. The heating coils in 18 tanks required renewing besides the vent lines, smothering lines and ten-inch cargo lines. In all, 1,800 bends had to be gotten out in eight days. These included a ten-inch bend and a 90-degree bend on standard pipe. This work was done on time. In 24 hours, 200 lengths of pipe were bended, taking about 500 bends. The bends were made cold around pins and not by machine.

Another very creditable performance on the part of the pipers was made on Saturday, April 24, in connection with the work on the *S.S. Huron*. An outside concern was asked to figure on this job and claimed that the only way it could be accomplished was to make the bends, cut them, and then weld together the whole job. This would have taken from four to five days.

Our department was called upon to tackle the work. The bend was made, and in one piece. After eight hours' pounding, the pipe was loaded and went on the bending block the following Monday morning. At 2.30 o'clock on the same day, the bend was finished and laying in the wooden target ready for the flanges.

Tool Lifters Please Copy

MIKE CULLEN typifies the honest workman. Mr. Cullen, we are proud to say, is one of our riggers. That you may identify him clearly, he is wearing yard number 9119, and he lives at 1211 61st Street, Brooklyn. Capt. Miller of the Guards, and A. Andersen (23150) of 71st Street, Brooklyn, will testify to his honesty.

Andersen lost a lady's gold watch while at work on the *Huron*. It was the property of Mrs. Andersen. Mr. Andersen had taken it to work because it was less valuable than a very fine watch he owns and cherishes because of its association with his life in the Spanish-American War. Mr. Cullen found the lost watch and turned it over to Capt. Miller, who posted notices about it. Mr. Andersen claims that Mr. Cullen is a square fellow and we wish that there were a helluva lot more like him.

Recent Visitors to Our Yard

The *S.S. Clan MacMillan*, hailing from Glasgow, Scotland, entered these yards about the last of April, following a cruise which covered a period of nine months, during which ports in India, Africa, South America and Cuba were touched. A general cargo was taken to India, after which a cargo of gunny sacks were taken from India to South America. Wheat and beef were carried from South America to Cuba. One incident marred the voyage, the vessel taking fire four days out of Cape Town, and was forced to put back. Among the crew members is Third Mate A.G. MacPherson, who was a member of the crew of the torpedoed *Clan Murray*. Captured by a German submarine, MacPherson passed two and one-half years in a German military prison.

The cry of the age is more for fraternity than for charity. If one exists, the other will follow, or, better still, will not be needed—Dr. Henry D. Chapin.



ME and the feller at the bench across the way has got to have a better understandin' of things 'fore we can reduce the cost of livin'. He's smart, Bill is, and he's in earnest about the thing. He would fight this thing right out—take it to the state legislature and to Congress, and have laws made to stop this profiteering. Bill gets so heated on the subject that he forgets to wait until the noon-hour to expound his views. Stops right in the midst of his work. Now, there's where we disagree, and so one day I told him.

"Bill," says I, "let's fight the thing right out in this shop. They ain't no good in stoppin' production to take a soap box on the street corner and wail against the thing. You and me by producin' more can do the trick. If there's profiteers, the loafer is makin' 'em. Eggs wouldn't be a dollar a dozen if the hens were layin' good."

Ship Built In Japan

IN the feverish excitement of war, many people failed to note that shipbuilding yards in Japan contributed to the carrying out of the United States Shipping Board's programme of building ships to meet the emergency. In the *S.S. Eastern Coast*, one of the Japanese-built ships came to our yards about the last of April, following her maiden ocean voyage. She came here to be overhauled and generally repaired to conform with American ship standards. This work was done by Morse mechanics.

The *Eastern Coast* was built in Yokohama and was completed in November, 1919, too late to be of service as a transport. She is 345 feet long, of 4,080 gross tons, and a 50 foot beam. She made 14 knots an hour on her trial trip and can make 10 knots an hour loaded.

The steamship *Champion* which, with the Morse tugs *E.P. Morse* and *Eileen Morse*, towed the *S.S. Minnesota* in from sea after the big cargo carrier had developed machinery trouble, came to these yards a few days after her cargo discharge. The *Champion* was dry-docked, painted and scraped and generally tuned up for further transatlantic cruises.

Mrs. Reinhart, widow of the late Charles Reinhart, has gratefully acknowledged the receipt of \$110.25 collected by the boys of the Rigging Department, in which Mr. Reinhart had been employed. She extends her thanks to all men of the department.

High Cost of Wastage

"WE can't loaf and waste and build ships that will sell," says an article in the *Bethlehem Ship News*, of the Sparrows Point Plant. A reproduction of a photograph taken at the plant accompanies the article.

"This picture wasn't posed for," says the *News*. "The men didn't know it was being snapped; yet not one single man in the group is producing. Not one. And the picture is typical, not special."

"The average rate in the yard is 65 cents an hour. Just imagine what a factor loafing is in ship costs!"

"We will pass over the careless condition the picture shows—gas bottles tossed any old place, and how this disorder interferes with everybody's work—and take up the wastage shown around the heating forge."

"By actual count—no guesswork about it—there were 245 rivets thrown around and three pounds of coal wasted. Forty-seven of the rivets were burned and of no further value."

"Now this is probably below average in a day's work. But for 200 gangs of riveters—over a year—the wastage in burned rivets would be 1,596,000, or 713 tons, or \$63,840. The wastage in coal—at three pounds per gang per day—for 200 gangs for a working year—would be only \$532.00—that's all. Now, then, the cost of reclaiming 245 rivets per gang for the year—3,025 tons of rivets—would amount to \$135,660."

"Now the entire cost of the wastage—not counting the loafing—is \$200,032.00. And this is just one angle of the wastage problem. There are many others, and they all shove up the cost of ships."

Sails for Japan

Leif E. Anderson, who, shortly after coming from Norway accepted work in the Employment Department of the company, left during the week of April 26 in answer to the call of the sea. With a first mate friend of his Leif shipped on the *S.S. Nile* for Japan. The steamer was scheduled to go to Seattle, Wash., after leaving Nippon. It was Leif's intention to work in Seattle for a while and then go to Norway where, Clancy and the boys say, he has a sweetheart and a prospective father-in-law who wants him to enter business there.

Acknowledgements

Mr. and Mrs. Gillis send the following to the members of the Pipe Shop: "We are taking this means of thanking you for your kind remembrance. It could not be for a more worthy cause. We wish you all prosperity and health, and we greatly appreciate your kindness."

Writing to William Chambers, Richard Bord (4104) of the Outside Machinists, thanks the men of that department for their "extreme kindness and generous support" in his time of ill health. Mr. Bord wrote:

"What is more wonderful than to know you have such good friends in the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co? I find it impossible to express my deep feelings in writing, but may one and all be spared the misfortune of ill health. I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

"Richard Bord."

A clear conscience and a clean desk are positive cures for insomnia.

OVER the BACK YARD FENCE



EDITED BY JOAN C. SHARP

Week End Trips

I AM talking to you, big brother and sister, as well as to mother and father. Aren't you looking forward to those Saturday afternoon and Sunday trips and an occasional week-end visit? But do you ever think of taking little brother or sister? The little ones' strength is taxed during the school year as much as yours is during your business year, and though they have all week in which to play, the change and excitement of trips up the Hudson, to the beaches and parks and if possible to a not too distant farm for a week-end does them more good than that whole week at home.

You know, too, that being at home and on the street playing with just anybody isn't the best for them, and if you keep them indoors they get restless and fretty and of course the indoors isn't the place for them in hot weather.

Mother doesn't get much time during the week, with her housework, and when Dad comes home Saturday he has so much to do around the house. So, brother and sister, don't you think you might take an occasional trip with the children? Did you ever see two or more kiddies on one of the boats or on the beach? Did you ever hear their delightful original little conversations? They see more things to talk about and they remember so much to recall all during the week that you would feel more than repaid for any little inconvenience you were caused. A big hit with the kiddies is the package luncheon—it isn't very expensive to make up some sandwiches; you had better take a lot because the air is a good appetizer, some crackers and a little fruit but, oh, what a party they have when it's time to open the box and eat.

You will find that you, too, will enjoy it a lot more to see their enthusiasm. The little ones are so expressive of their feelings, they don't fail to show their happiness, and to bring home a tired but happy youngster is a pleasure worth experiencing.

E.M.

Practical Gloves

MANY women do not discriminate sufficiently with regard to choosing gloves, but wear white kid for occasions when a colored kid or suede would be far more appropriate. Fine French suede gloves, in gray and tan, in a wide variety of shades, are correct for fine wear. Slip-on gloves of mocha, in faisan and beaver brown, and in lighter gray and tan, and stitched with two shades of silk, are popular for street wear. Cape sports gloves, of the five-button length, are good-looking and practical because they are washable.

Born leaders of men—women.

Household Notes

Cakes with baking powder in them must be placed in the oven as soon as possible after mixing. Never beat a cake of this kind; merely mix it well.

If a cloth is placed over a basin of freshly made starch there will be no skin on the top, as is the case when it is left to cool uncovered.

When boiling a ham allow it to simmer twenty minutes for every pound it weighs after the water has boiled up. Leave it in the water until it has become quite cold. This ensures its being juicy and tender.

To tighten a cane bottom chair wash it in a strong solution of soda and water and let it get thoroughly dry. It will then be found that the cane has shrunk and the seat tightened.

When too much salt has been added to soup slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb most of the salt.

An excellent furniture polish can be made by mixing two parts of castor oil with one part of vinegar. Rub over the furniture with a soft rag and polish with a duster.

To mend broken glass and china melt common alum in an old iron spoon over the fire, and apply to the pieces of china or glass. When dry, the articles can be washed in hot water and the cement will not melt.

To prevent a saucepan containing cabbage or cauliflower from boiling over, add to the water a piece of butter the size of a walnut. This will make the vegetables cook steadily, and they will not require watching.

To make boots waterproof remove all mud and old blacking by rubbing them well with a rag dipped in warm water. Allow to dry thoroughly, then rub half an ounce of castor oil into the leather. Let the oil dry in, and the boots will be quite waterproof and will polish easily.

A quick and easy way to measure shortening. When one-half cup of shortening is called for, fill the measuring cup one-half full of water, then drop in shortening until the water comes to the top. Drain this off, and one-half cup of shortening remains. It takes far less time than to pack it down into the cup and it really conserves fat, because there is none lost by sticking to the sides of the cup.

Always examine your children's toys before allowing them to play with them. The paint may come off with sucking, or there may be rusty projecting nails in them.

To dry shoes quickly stuff them with paper and put near fire; in a short while the shoes will be ready to wear again; also stuff new shoes, while not in use, to keep their shape.

An eight- or ten-foot section of the bamboo tree takes the place of a bucket for carrying water in the Hawaiian Islands.

Wash the piano keys with a damp rather than a wet cloth.

Every Man Thinks

THAT if a woman tells her age she must be fibbing, and if she doesn't she must be antique.

That if she is sweet and cordial to him, she is trying to arouse his interest, and if she is cold and indifferent, she is trying to pique his vanity.

That if she believes all the flattering things he says, she must be a soft-headed little fool, and if she doesn't, she must be a hard-hearted cynic.

That if she is arrayed and ready to receive him when he calls, she has been sitting there waiting for him, and if she isn't, she is upstairs primping for him.

That if she permits him to kiss her, any man could, and if she doesn't, no man could.

That if he offers her an inexpensive gift, she will think him penurious, and if he offers her a costly one, she will think him serious.

That if she wears fluffy clothes and high French heels, she is probably frivolous and vain, and if she goes in for mannish suits and common sense shoes, she is probably unfeminine and unnatural.

That if she agrees with everything he says, she is angling for him, and if she disagrees with anything he says, she is "nagging" him.

That if she isn't in love with him, she must be in love with somebody else, and if she isn't in love with somebody else, she must eventually fall in love with him.

That there are only two kinds of women in the world: Those who talk Ibsen and Schopenhauer and feminism, and those who talk styles and baby-talk and read Harold Bell Wright.

And the only thing that no man ever thinks about a woman is that she may possibly be just plain human.

—Exchange.

Fudge

(Will keep moist indefinitely)

Sugar, 2 cups (half-brown may be used); Karo corn syrup, 2 large tablespoons; butter, ½ teaspoon; milk, ¾ cup (water may be used); chocolate, large square. Boil rather slowly until the mixture reaches the soft ball stage. Set aside without stirring, until cool, then add vanilla, ½ teaspoon of vinegar and a pinch of salt. Beat until stiff, adding chopped nuts when nearly stiff.

Salted Almonds

First pour boiling water over shelled almonds and then rub off the skins. When the almonds are thoroughly blanched, put them in boiling olive oil, just enough to cover the nuts, and brown on the stove, or the nuts can be put in a hot oven in a pan in which there is enough boiling olive oil to cover the nuts. When they are brown, spread on a piece of brown paper to cool and drain, then sprinkle them with salt.

Stuffed Dates

Dates stuffed with nuts or peanut butter and rolled in powdered sugar are very good. Large prunes, steamed until rather soft, may be used in the same manner.

To remove cobwebs tie a clean duster around the head of a broom and sweep the webs up toward the ceiling instead of down.

A scraped or grated raw potato, applied like a poultice, to a burn will prove a very good remedy.

The High Cost of Living

"YES, same old subject once more," no doubt many of you will exclaim when you read the heading, but wait, before your patience is exhausted, we may have a message for you. We know full well that every paper you pick up has something to say about the high cost of living or, should we say, the cost of high living.

Recently we have had evidence of one very effective way to beat the profiteer at his own game. Some of the larger department stores have been advertising their merchandise for sale at a discount. Their advertisements would have you think that they are seeking themselves to lower the cost of living. In our humble judgment, the truth of the matter is just this:

In recent months people have begun to refuse to pay the exorbitant prices demanded. Go into any large store, in the men's clothing department, for instance, and what do you see? There are a dozen clerks standing around with their hands in their pockets, gossiping. Perhaps there are one or two customers, but seldom more than that. Now and then some chump with more money than brains comes in and pays \$80 or \$100 for a suit that is worth no more than \$40 or \$50, but the few sales that are made at no matter how much profit, are not going to pay for the tremendous overhead expenses and the result is that the high prices won't stay put. This is our theory of the thing—we may be wrong, but it seems logical to believe that just as fast as these chumps squander their money, the faster the cost of living will come down.

The thing to do now-a-days to put the profiteer out of existence is to buy actually what you need and no more. If you can make little old last year's suit or garment do, it is your duty in behalf of your fellow men to do so. How many women do you know who have bought expensive gowns or suits in these hard times, not because they needed them, but just because So-and-so bought one? Quite a few, we dare say. They are the very ones who are helping the profiteer most.

Don't let the big merchants bunko you into the belief that their discount sales are prompted by any philanthropic motives. The concerns that are hollering the loudest about it are the concerns that in normal times make very much more than do the smaller merchants. Their discount sales are due to nothing more or less than the fact that the chumps are becoming fewer, that the public has begun to see the folly of submitting to exorbitant prices and have begun to curtail their expenditures, to restrict themselves to the actual necessities of life.

If we and everybody else will unite in the plan of buying only such things as are absolutely necessary and put the rest of our money in a bank, it will come in mighty handy later on.



HERE is Charles Reilly (20930) rivetter, listening to son, Harry, aged two years, delivering an address on "The American Merchant Marine." The picture was taken in the Reilly yard at 328 Miller Avenue, Brooklyn. Son Harry is greatly interested in the Merchant Marine and predicts a busy future for riveters, who must keep our big merchant fleet in condition.

Telling Time

The time of day I do not tell,
As some do by the clock;
Or by the distant chiming bells,
Set on some steeple rock,
But by the progress that I see,
In what I have to do;
It's either Done o'clock to me,
Or only Half-past Through.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Most of the great inventions of the world are due to men. They haven't any hairpins to do things with.

We Want Baby Pictures

WE want a whole lot of 'em. You fellows who have been telling us about those wonderful kiddies of yours, get busy. You Morse mothers, we want your interest in this matter, too. Send us the picture of that bit of Sunshine you are so proud of.

If we get enough pictures in response to this call, we may run a Baby Contest. Wouldn't it be interesting to use a whole page of baby pictures at once and then have some committee of judges pick out the prize winners? We could do this to the enjoyment of all concerned, if we could get your co-operation. Show us that you are interested in the plan and we will go ahead with it.

If you haven't a good picture of Baby, we will give you a note to a good photographer in the neighborhood who will take a picture for you at a special price. K.A. Falkenberg, who has two fine studios, one at 295 Columbia Street, and the other at 5314 Fifth Avenue, has offered to do work for anyone The Dial sends to him at 10 per cent less than his regular prices. Other photographers in the neighborhood may be willing to do the same thing.

All you've got to do to get the advantage of a 10 per cent discount is to apply at The Dial office for a card or note which will show the photographer that you are a Morse employee. If you haven't time to call at The Dial office for a note send us a postal card, saying that you would like to take advantage of this offer. State the badge number, full name and home address, and we will mail the note to you. Then call on the photographer and have the picture taken.

Address all communications to The Dial Editor, Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. We will return your pictures in good condition if you write your name on the back of them.—The Dial Editor.

What A Baby Costs

By Edgar A. Guest

"How much do babies cost?" said he
The other night upon my knee;
And then I said, "They cost a lot;
A lot of watching by the cot,
A lot of sleepless hours and care,
A lot of heartache and despair,
A lot of fear and trying dread,
And sometimes many tears are shed
In payment for our babies small,
But every one is worth it all.

"For babies people have to pay
A heavy price from day to day—
There is no way to get one cheap.
Why, sometimes, when they're fast asleep,
You have to get up in the night
And go and see if they're all right;
But what they cost in constant care
And worry, does not half compare
With what they bring of joy and bliss—
You'd pay much more for just a kiss.

"Who buys a baby has to pay
A portion of the bill each day;
He has to give his time and thought
Unto the little one he's bought.
He has to stand a lot of pain
Inside his heart and not complain;
And pay with lonely days and sad
For all the happy hours he's had.
All this a baby costs, and yet
His smile is worth it all, you bet."

B-C-A News.

Maline Hats

For summer wear the big transparent hats of hair braid or maline promise to be great favorites. The old-fashioned leg-horn is again with us, flower or ribbon trimmed. For sports wear, angora hats are now being brought out, to be matched exactly in sweaters, the two forming very attractive accommodations for the all-white summer sports skirt.

Doesn't Like Our Cooking

A French lady of high degree has gone back to her own country and written a book in which she criticizes our cookery. Our butter, she says, is poor, and so is our cheese. Our chickens are characterized as so emaciated and scrawny that one has the feeling it is a cruelty to put a knife into them. About the only things that escape condemnation are our red bananas, California apples and oranges and Virginia hams. Her final criticism is that Americans regard the "necessity of eating" as a "sort of monotonous and obligatory annoyance."

In a sense, perhaps we do. Remember how surprised American war workers were in France at the two-hours-for-lunch arrangement? They ate their lunch in twenty minutes and didn't know what to do with the rest of the time. Incidentally, their remarks on French cookery might be enlightening to that same French lady.



Powell's "Patter"

By John Powell, Dry Dock Poet

Tabulator Tessie's
Tribulation

Chapter I.

T'WAS a cold and stormy night in the quietest corner of the city, at Atlantic Avenue and Pacific Street. A motley crowd had gathered to discuss the wonderful event of a Long Island train coming in from Freeport on time. A little girl twelve years, three months and eleven days old, stood on the corner selling ice cream cones and hot coffee.

Just then a lady who lived in a mansion in the fashionable district of Canarsie, passed by (evidently the reason she passed was because she was going somewhere). To her the little girl cried, "Ma-dam, Ma-dam." The lady turned and said, "Don't swear like that!" The little girl replied, "I am not swearing, that is Swedish for Mrs. but won't you buy some hot coffee before I scream?"

"Coffee," said the lady, "it has been ascertained, is injurious to mankind, so much so that some Doctor in Battle Creek, Michigan, has advertised the fact to 'Post'em.'"

The little girl, who had never read the cereal stories in the magazines, pondered and then said, "On the grounds of what you have told me, I will give the business up and lead an honest life."

With this good intention, she started to cross the street when a seven passenger Ford, which a blind man said was exceeding the speed limit by sixty miles, dashed by. One moment more and her frail body would be under the cruel starboard wheels, but with presence of mind and from her experience of shimmying on the dollar excursions of the *Mandalay*, she extricated herself from the impending danger and was soon lost in the crowd which gathers so quickly and leaves disappointed if the coroner isn't invited.

Chapter II.

Two months have elapsed since Tab—for such we shall choose to call her—applied and was accepted to join the forces of the Tabulating department of the ship repair yard situated at the foot, or feet, of so many streets and facing beautiful First Avenue. 'Tis noon hour and the girls are discussing in whispers the coming dance of the Six Jolly Strangers whose crest on the announcement cards was an arm and hammer to show what they were strangers to. It was to be a benefit dance.

All the girls had received invitations and were worrying about what to wear. Everything was done by the rest of the girls to persuade Tab not to go as they were jealous lest the president of the Jolly Six, whose name was Benson Hurst, might fall in love with her.

Chapter III.

The lights in front of Hangman's Hall were burning brightly, crowds were clam-

oring to be first inside. 'Tis the night of the Six Jolly Strangers' Ball, and ten policemen were on duty. Soon all inside is aglow with lights, everyone is seated but all arise when the strain of the grand march is poured forth from an orchestra composed of a piccolo and bass drum. All is confusion, each one seeking a partner.

Who is that young girl who seems to know nary a creature? Is she asleep? No, stranger; just because she has dreamy eyes is no reason that she's asleep. 'Tis none other than Tab.

As the grand march ends, all eyes are turned on a tall stranger who has just entered, dressed in the uniform of a first lieutenant. He has the looks of a gentleman. The Six Jolly Strangers whisper to one another, "Who is he; how did he get the invitation?"

Then the eyes of the stranger met those of Tab's and, walking over to her, he says in the gentle tone of a fog horn, "I am a stranger here and was on my way home, but having just missed a Thirty-ninth Street car and knowing that there would not be another for a couple of hours, I thought I'd come inside out of the cold to wait. I hope you'll favor me with the next dance."

Tab looked at the stranger; it was love at first sight, and as they danced to the envy of the rest of the girls, the gallant officer begged for her name and address. But Tab, afraid of parental opposition, declined to give it to him and at twelve o'clock she bid him good-bye and departed.

The keen eyes of the officer had seen her drop a sheet of paper from the pocket of her cloak. Walking outside where it's dark as pitch and detection impossible, he read: "Week of January 15th 1900 Martin Monohan, 132 hours."

"Cruel fate," he means, "she has another and must meet him 132 hours from now. Oh, why did I ever don the uniform and brave the perils of shore duty in Hoboken? But I'll find her, I swear." A Thirty-ninth Street car came along which he boarded and all the way to the water front he was heard to murmur: "Martin Monohan 132 hours, Martin Monohan."

Chapter IV.

On the morning after the dance, the stern face of the man in charge of the Tabulating department wore a look of gloom, and well it might. The clock showed eight-thirty (D. S. T.) Daylight Saving Time, and not a girl at work. Slowly they wander in, each one receiving a reprimand. Last but not least our heroine, Tab, whom the boss approaches and says, "Tab, what time did you get in yesterday?"

"Half-past eight," she replied.

"And this morning you got here a quarter of nine. Tab, you're later."

Then he laughed so heartily at his tabulator joke he forgot to discharge her.

Chapter V.

A large government ship is being towed into a pier at the shipyard. The pilot has the bow almost in when the stern swings

out and on account of this and the tide, the ship has to go to Quarantine and start all over again. The pilot is furious and shouting aft to a two-stripe lieutenant, says, (with a few other things which are too naughty to print) "Why didn't you put out a stern line?" All he gets back in reply is, "Martin Monohan—132 hours."

The pilot said to himself, "That's the first time I ever saw a timekeeper in uniform."

Yes, it was the young officer of the night before. When he'd report soundings of the bilges in the Log Book he'd put down "Martin Monohan—132 hours." When asked how long he'd been in the Naval Academy, he'd answer "132 hours." When a gob would ask for liberty he'd get 132 hours and when he broke the rules he'd get 132 hours. Oh, if he could only see her again!—this was ever in his thoughts.

Once more the ship approaches the dock. Another officer has charge of the stern and slowly but surely the ship is made fast. The gangplank is aboard and swarms of men climb up to her decks to begin, hoping there'll be soap. Drills are soon buzzing, hammers are banging and all is confusion. A group of boiler makers are in the fire room ripping out defective flues. A figure in white passes quickly in front of them making for the starboard bunker. It is the young lieutenant.

One of the boilermakers remarked to the other, "Say, Bill, that's strange to see a deck officer down here."

It is our hero who, bowed with grief and despair, has made up his mind to do without her. He will end it all and, so resolved, he has brought his trusty navy Colt and in the bunker among the soft coal he will die a hard death.

He has raised his weapon of destruction to his temple and is about to pull the trigger when one boilermaker shouts to another, "Say, Martin Monohan, how many hours did you have last week?" and the magic answer came, "132 hours."

With a cry, our hero dropped his revolver and rushed among the excited mechanics shrieking, "Martin Monohan—132 hours! Where is she?"

A sturdy mechanic stepped forth with blood in his eye and said, "I'm Monohan." When our hero explained his case, he was advised to take his scrap of paper to the North Building and there inquire for his affinity.

It is five minutes to five o'clock in the Tabulating department and the girls are preparing to go home. The boss remembers that he had failed to discharge Tab and, calling her to him with a chilly look, he said, "Tab, you are from now taboored. The moving picture studios don't start work until nine a.m."

Poor Tab, the humiliation was more than she could bear; it was not enough for the envious girls to laugh, but when she had reached the door, all in chorus cried, "Where is your sailor friend now?"

"Here!" came like a thunderbolt from the sky as the door flew open, breaking both hinges and there stood her hero towering above them all, shouting "Martin Monohan—132 hours."

There is very little else to tell. The foreman died from drinking wood alcohol; the Six Jolly Strangers have joined the Mutual Welfare League and the girls, mad with envy and remorse, have moved to Ridgewood. Mack, the carpenter, put two new hinges on the door; Martin Monohan is afraid to work soap. Tab and Lieutenant Loft have taken a life's voyage on the sea of matrimony.

The OFFICE CAT

SCRATCHES and PURRS



Miss Kelleher, one night while shopping, accidentally kicked over a large supply of tin ware. Some kick, we'll say.

Esther Olsen had a "shower" given in her honor Saturday evening, May 15th. All present had an enjoyable time and the bride-to-be received many beautiful gifts.

Members of the office forces are glad to learn that William S. Donner, former head of the Disbursing Department, has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia which necessitated a sojourn to Atlantic City.

Mr. White, the new man in the Billing Department, is said to be an exhibition dancer. Line forms on the right.

Miss Anderson, a newcomer in the Cost Department, isn't very big but, oh, those eyes!

Some of our office girls are still thinking of the "joke" Mr. Finneran played on them one day. After being seated comfortably in the car, he demanded that they treat or walk. The girls rode, so we take it for granted he collected the bribe.

Mr. Petil of the Billing Department has been very praiseworthy of a certain young lady of late.

We hear that Mr. Glynn has a new brown derby. We thought this was the season for straw hats.

Mr. Macauley has a cute way of answering the 'phone. Notice his polite, "Hello, Morse Dry Dock."

The Sewing Circle has given way to the Sweater Club. At noon hour, one sees sweaters of every color and design.

Bill Daly should worry about this prohibition stuff! And besides, he lives in Jersey.

Mr. Goldman, of the Printing Office, realizing that the price of a haircut was soon to be considerably advanced, visited the barber who has shaved him for the past six years, and instructed him to clip his hair close to the scalp. He can now go twice as long without visiting his barber again. Economical efficiency, eh?

Miss Ulmer, of the Print Shop, recently received an offer to enter the moving picture field.

Miss Dorothea Gatje of Auditor Miller's office is away on her vacation.

The other day a member of The Dial staff heard a story which promised to be a real good safety-first item. It was about a certain young lady and a crochet needle, but Miss Jensen wouldn't give us the details though we tried as hard to extract them from her as she did the crochet needle from the young lady.

Mr. Piper: "I heard that Reinhart has quite an addition to his family, a 15-pound boy."

Mr. Tedder: "What! Fifteen pounds! They must have weighed Reinhart instead of the baby."

Mrs. Waterman asked us to print an item to the effect that she and Miss Jensen are thinking of advertising in "Matrimonial News" but we think we had better not say anything about it.

Tony Frazitta has recently been added to the Office Boy force. Tony is some hustler, we'll say.

George Hanson, formerly an office boy, has been transferred to the Disbursement Department where he is doing filing and clerical work. We hear very good reports about George.

James Mann, who has been employed in Dick Allen's Department, is taking a vacation in Pennsylvania to recuperate from a recent sickness.

Charles G. Hall has joined the ranks of the Plutocrats. He recently bought a "limousine."

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Frances R. Deller and Miss Mildred Anderson, recently employed by the company. Miss Deller has been with the Navy since July, 1918, working both in Washington and New York, severing her connections there to come to the Morse yard as Attorney Benton's secretary. Miss Anderson has joined our stenographic force, having recently graduated from Drake's Business School of New York.

Miss Estelle Kelsey, one of the popular young ladies of the Disbursing Department has left our employ to join another Brooklyn concern.

Charlie Richardson of the Employment Office missed a pair of shoes which he had placed in a drawer of his desk. He posted a notice in the employment office and the "sandals" were returned two days later. Now Charlie believes that it pays to advertise.

Lieut. Mygrant's hobby, we have learned, is fishing. The lieutenant likes to cast a line and fish and fish and fish—whether he gets 'em or not.

John Costello now spends his weekends with an automobile accessories firm in Trenton, New Jersey. John says they wreck a train purposely when he is travelling so that he can have a good excuse for lateness.

"Chief" Devlin is still having trouble with that pair of shoes he got from Chicago. They are on exhibition in the Employment Office and to quote the famous fire fighter, "the soles resemble blotting paper."

Payroll Department Notes

Miss Irene McMann is fond of cross-country walking. She insists on walking through the lot every night. What's the matter with Fifty-fifth Street?

If you want to know the real truth about yourself, ask Miss Pam Boyes.

Does anyone know what a blue note is? Ask Miss Nutt to sing "When I Sailed Away from Norway."

The ballot box is open as to whether Miss Gloecher or Miss Badger is the steutest.

Just try to keep Dan O'Donnell after the 4 o'clock whistle on Wednesday evening.

What will you have for lunch, Miss Dolan? Answer: "Four bananas." We are told they are fattening. See Miss Dolan for results.

Little Jimmy is playing cupid. It is suggested that he open a matrimonial bureau; he's so fond of match-making.

Miss Bauer chose a May vacation so she could see her brother, who is in the hospital. We all hope he will recover very soon.

Best Wishes From Us All

Harry Rathburn, one of the popular members of the Drafting Room, 1st Lieutenant in the U.S. Reserves, former 2d Lieutenant in the U.S. Army in France and choir singer of considerable note, married Miss Gladys Fisher of Salt Lake City, on Monday, May 17th. The young lady has established quite a reputation in New York circles as a concert singer. Mr. Rathburn's co-workers in the Drafting Department, despite the high cost of such things, showered liberal quantities of rice as the happy couple came from the church and departed on a honeymoon trip which took them to the delightful environs of Glen Sparta, N. J.

Another Version

If a chicken smiles at you,
Safety first.
Please be careful what you do,
Safety first.
You may not mean any wrong,
She's but one girl in a throng,
But your wife may come along,
Safety first.
—The Bethlehem Booster.

Famous Sayings

"My bureau of Information is working well" Mrs. Waterman
"Going for a walk?" Mr. Mead
"Good Morning, Mr. Day, any stencils today?" Miss Davis
"Nope, I'm isolated," Miss Travers

Teddy Returns to Us

Teddy Siller, one of the four best office boys in the world, has returned to his old job in The Dial office after a short absence during which he worked for the telephone company, Teddy says he'd rather be an editor than a lineman and besides there's more fun in a shipyard than in a New York sky scraper. Welcome home; we're glad you're back.



TEDDY WITH THE SOULFUL EYES, THINGS THAT LADIES ALWAYS PRIZE. ROSEY LIPS AND RUDDY FACE. READY FOR THE GIRLS EMBRACE.



William Reinhart of the Paymasters' Office has received into the family circle a son and heir. The reception was held Friday night, May 7, and the said son weighed 15 pounds. Papa Reinhart has been giving the boy much attention, walking with him nights, etc. Bill thinks it's a joke. Ah, Bill, you will soon cease to think it a joke!

The man who stoops to revenge will bite a dog because the dog bit him.

They call Tom Wixted of the Burners Shop a long distance patriot. He never tires talking about the Emerald Isle.

Joe McGuirk says: "The other morning I came in and a fellow asked me if I had heard about the fire. I told him no, and he said that the dredge had burned UP. I met another fellow and he said that the dredge had burned DOWN. Now who are you gonna believe?"

Joe Evans, shipfitter, is now sporting a new cap. It is said he won it in a raffle, but Joe claims he won it by hard-earned soap.

Paddy Dornan, shipfitter, and his helper Eddie Scully, say that shipyard soap is better than any other brand and that they always refuse substitutes.

Charley Richardson had a bad attack of neuralgia some time ago. Since that attack Charley has taken out life insurance as he intends to visit a few dentists in the near future.

Tom Cavanaugh's garden in front of the Plate Shop office was put in by a regular florist. Tom had the work done. We asked Tom what his favorite flower was and he said "Buckwheat." Some one else told us he intends to plant hops.

Martin Erickson, dock hand for Capt. Carmichael of the *E.P. Morse*, was telling the captain something like this: "That fellow from The Dial what was mitt the boot ven ve vuz after the *Minnesoota* wuz yust like the fellow what went mitt us to Wirginia—seasick from smookin' cigarettes."

Frank McQuaid, the insurance clerk, says that with the yard insurance you don't have to die to win. He claims that seven dollars isn't a big roll but it's worth four jitneys a week.

"Just Wait and See" is said to be the favorite song of George Rothwell of the Hull department.

Joe Lowe of the Pipe Shop made a hit at the April monthly meeting with his "All Americans" speech during the debate about the American Legion benefit.

Lieut. Mygrant has one of the largest bee hives in the United States, and in addition to knowing the temperament and disposition of his bees, he can call them by their first names.

When it is dull in the Machine Shop, Happy Phil Sexton starts cleaning windows. Phil worked as a chambermaid in 1900, but it was on a canal boat.

The Chauffeurs are discussing "The Progress of Evolution" or "From Roller Skates To Automobiles." They suggest that those interested ask Jim.

Harry Watson claims he threw the "Office Cat" "Over the Back Yard Fence" into a pile of "Yard Chips" within one complete round of the "Dial."

Joe Tuft of the Electrical Department has been struck with the idea that soon big ocean liners will be propelled by electric power. "Gee," says Joe, "I hope I'm here then; think of all the 'soap.'" You tell 'em, Electricity, my mouth's full of currants.

John Francis Burke, brother of "Our Willie" of the Carpenter Shop, has been promoted. He is now with the ship caulkers, and with such an asset as the Burke smile and under the tutelage of Mr. Minette and Wallace Livermore, "Burkie" should make a corker.

Red Hot says the green time cards are for green hands. Then a yellow slip or a ticket to White ought to make a guy blue.

Why worry about Prohibition? Morse spirit is a good stimulant.

Jimmy MacFarlane's election smile hasn't come off yet. We who know him know that Mac's smile is as true as the heart of the "mon" and "ye can hae no doots abou' that!"

You tell 'em, White; I'm a little blue.

Joe Orio of the Rigging Department is now a property owner. He has a bungalow at South Beach. The boys advise him to build a fence around it as bungalows are very scarce.

Whitey Olsen is considered the strongest man in the yard. Some day, after a good dinner, he will attempt to lift Derrick No. 1 with his left hand.

A. McCarthy of 527 Fifty-seventh St., Brooklyn, a former Morse man, won Joe McGuirk's monkey in the drawing which took place in the Assembly Room, Friday, May 14. Pete Lorenz, Al. Simendinger, Billy Burke and William Carr were the committee in charge of the drawing.

Billy Burke and the boys are planning another monster stag. It is said that the tickets will be a dollar a copy but oh, boy, they'll be worth it. The last stag was for the benefit of the Greenpoint fire victims.

J. Parisi (7230) and A. Rosalia (8204) mingle the piping strains of the flute with the voice. They were caught practicing on the first floor of the Carpenter Shop. The place in which they rehearsed was probably responsible for the bad air.

Several carpenters on the *Powhatan* were kneeling down tacking canvas on the decks. Charley Kellerman of the Carpenters, who was working nearby remarked, "Gee, that's the first time those guys have been down on their knees since they went to Sunday school."

Handsome Harry of the Carpenters said he got "nervous perspiration" one noon time listening to one burner telling another how he had his watch stolen and how the Brooklyn police located the thief and had him "extracted" from New Jersey, although he was there under a "consumed" name.

Joe Nelson of the Hull Department was asked what kind of an automobile he was going to buy. "Well," said Joe, "I don't care much for those gas buggies; I guess I'll get one of those Chewterbacker Electrics."

Dukie Tester and Willie Wallaber, both of the Shipfitters, were arguing as to who was the most popular soldier today. Duke was for General Pershing and Wally was for General O'Ryan. Joe Deniger, formerly of the 27th Division, happened along and Wally, thinking to gain a supporter, said, "Hey, Joe, who's the greatest soldier today?" "Private Stock" was Joe's immediate reply.

Bill Kiernan of the Hull Department has the reputation of being one of the most efficient rivet-heaters in the yard. The reason several of the lads in Bill's department refuse to work "soap" lately may be found in the fact that many of them spend their evenings out in Bill's new Overland.

John Griffin of the Boiler Shop has a new mail order scheme. For ten cents in stamps he sends you "Learn to Shimmy"—a book on the latest dance craze.

You tell 'em Kane; I'm a crutch.

"Why You Should Eat Crullers For Breakfast" is the title of a new book by George Rothwell of the Hull Department.

It is said that William Porter of the Traffic Department is going to the Rocky Mountains on his vacation. He has promised to bring "Red Hot" some rock candy.

Victor Nygren of the Hull Department has gone into the "hot dog" business. He has a kennel on the *Achilles* hatch cover. They're red hot, and every time he sells one, he wraps it up between two rolls.

You tell 'em, Roth-well; I'm sick.

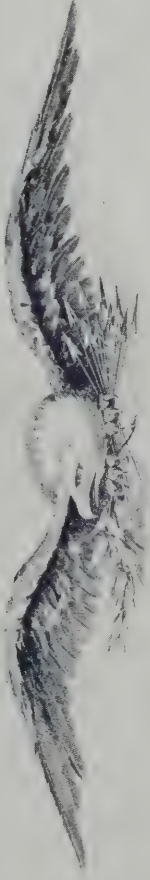
You tell 'em, Wink-e; I can't move my eye.

You tell 'em, Craw-ford; I'm a Packard.

You tell 'em, Carr; I'm a wheelbarrow.

You tell 'em, Joe Lowe; I'm too tall.

Instead of trying to mend their ways some people would save a lot of time by getting new ones.



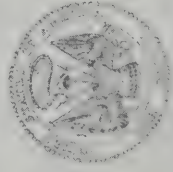
THE WAR DEPARTMENT OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

RECOGNIZES IN THIS AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
THE LOYALTY ENERGY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE PERFORMANCE

OF THE WAR WORK BY WHICH

Morse Dry Dock and Repair Company

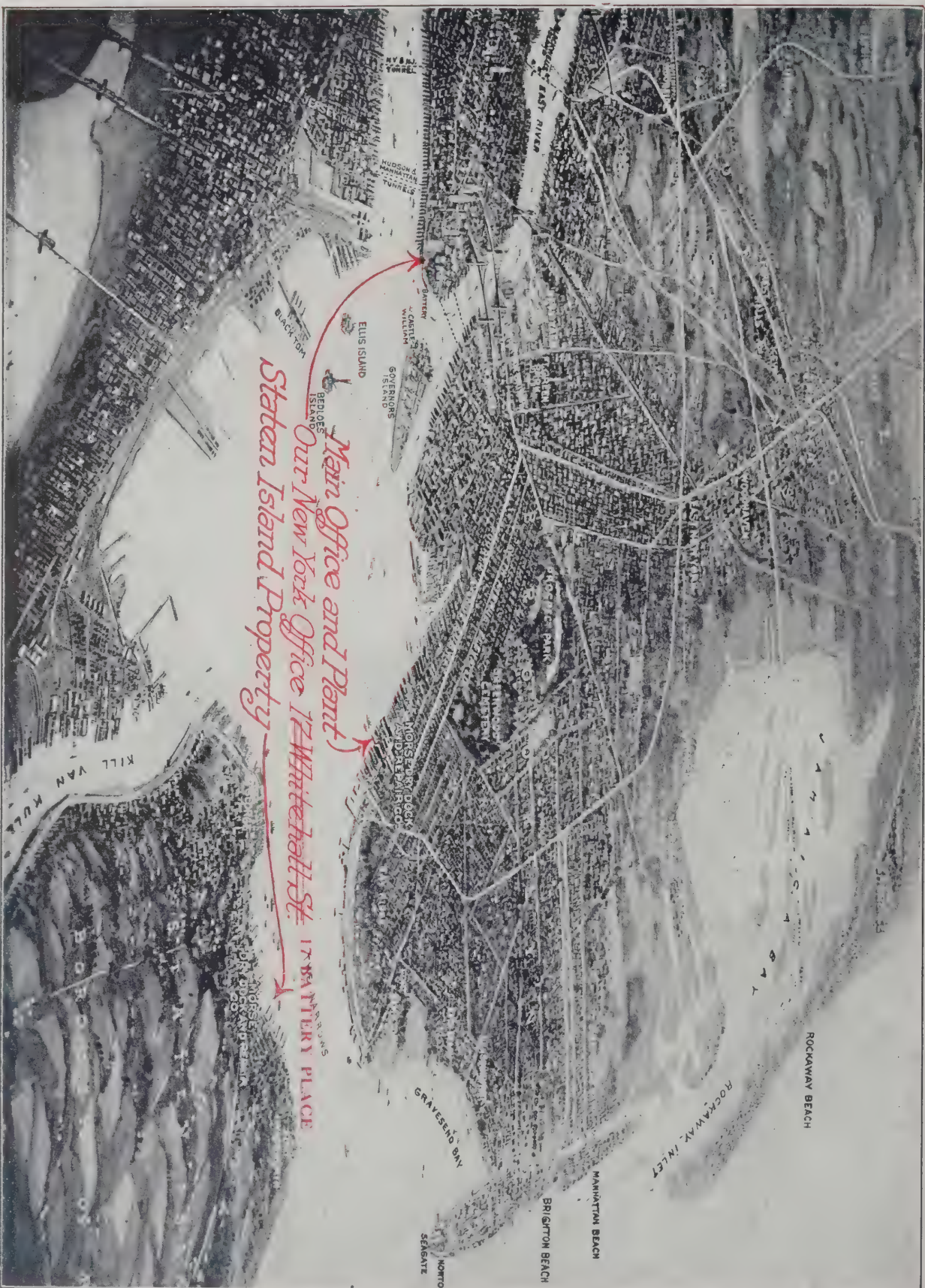
AIDED MATERIALLY IN OBTAINING VICTORY FOR THE ARMS
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE WAR WITH
THE IMPERIAL GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE IMPERIAL
AND ROYAL AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT



Wm. D. Morrison
SECRETARY OF WAR

AS VICE-CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY AND MARINE CORPS

PATRIOTISM AND INDUSTRY RECEIVE THEIR JUST REWARD



Birdseye view of New York Harbor showing the accessibility of plant and offices of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., South Brooklyn, N. Y. Note the convenient location on both land and water. Ships from North River Piers come to our yard by direct route in less time than to other points.

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The
**MORSE
DIAL**

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

JUL 1 1920

JULY, 1920



E. HOPPER

A Resolution

*Adopted by the Employees' Association
of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., at
its regular monthly meeting Wednesday,
June 30, 1920.*

WHEREAS, we as members of the Employees' Association and the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, now in meeting assembled, feel that the unpleasant events recently transpired, greatly concern us, and

WHEREAS, in our opinion it is incumbent upon us at this time to express our confidence, loyalty and trust in our General Manager, Mr. Edward P. Morse, Sr., whose good character was revealed in greater goodness by the ordeal through which he has just passed, and

WHEREAS, we sincerely believe that by his unselfish attitude in remaining silent in the face of statements made in Court rather than to attack those who made them, he left undefended the unwarranted action which resulted in a decision being rendered against him, and

WHEREAS, we feel that this unfortunate affair has been an unscrupulous and ill-advised attack against one whose friendship has been an inspiration and a help to those associated with him; therefore be it

RESOLVED: That we extend to our General Manager, Edward P. Morse, Sr., this testimonial of our absolute confidence in him, and be it further

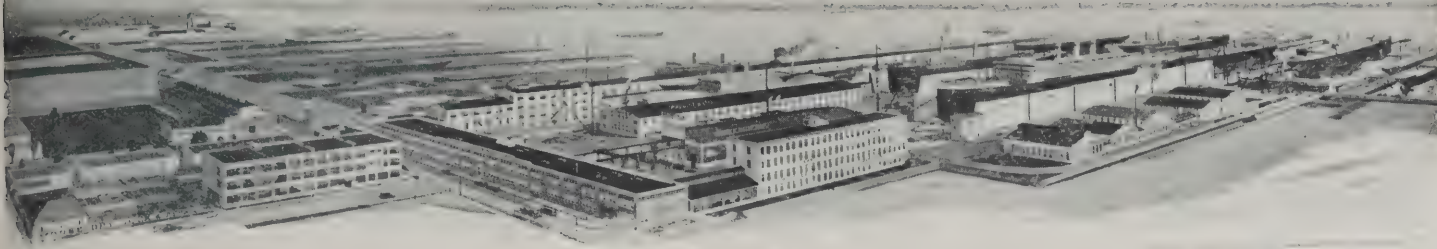
RESOLVED: That this resolution be spread over the records of our Association, and that a copy thereof be sent to Mr. Morse, Sr.

Signed: Edward Haunivan, Secretary
Employees' Association

Committee on Resolutions:
James MacFarlane Thomas Smith, Sr. James McLaughlin

(See Page 17)

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

July, 1920

No. 7

IN THE DAYS OF THE SQUARE-RIGGER

IN a quiet corner of the Rigging Loft on the fourth floor of the North Building, a man of short stature, with keen gray eyes and grayer hair and moustache, works alone, weaving fantastic forms from Manila rope, splicing steel cables and doing other work which requires unusual skill and patience.

When rope weaving, his movements are mechanical and uniform in the rapidity with which they are executed. Never does he have to undo what has gone before. As one watches him, there comes the realization that such skill, such precision of motion can come only from years and years of practice.

With Charles Johnson—that is the man's name—skill came in the way we suspected. He had been doing such work for years. Many of those years he did it aboard square-rigged sailing ships. Upon learning this, we no longer marvelled at the silent, steady operation.

We could see him alone on the deck of a sailing ship, sitting in a secluded corner, weaving and splicing rope while his mates crooned a lilting sea song or busied themselves in the calm that precedes the storm.

It's more than 30 years now since Charlie Johnson was at sea, but we know that, as he weaves, he recounts his days before the mast. One can't do that sort of work without

recalling the days of his apprenticeship, when he spliced the tow line for the old *Sea Gull* or made a new line to hoist the colors to the monkey-gaff of the *Heron*. Besides, Charlie Johnson could weave that rope blindfolded; so we know that his mind must oft' be carried far, far out at sea.

"Blast my mizzentopgallant-stay, but Charlie Johnson's a sailor!" Twenty years he sailed the briny, and never once did he sign as a seaman on a steamship—that is, sign for a cruise. He signed as an able seaman in the United States Navy, but only that he might get to China, where he was stationed for four years.

It was before the mast that Charlie liked to scan the ocean. His hat hanging in the cabin of a square-rigger was "Home, Sweet Home" to him. Let the younger men sign articles for a steamer trip. "Drat his topgallant-backstays!", Charlie was a sailor, and what would a sailor be doing aboard one of Hell's floating furnaces? "No, sir! Better to meet Davy Jones in his locker than be cremated in the shell of a fiery steamship."

"In 20 years, then, you've been shipwrecked more than once?" we asked Charlie.

"No, just once," he said. "We left Bremen, Germany, on a square-rigger loaded with rum. (Good rum it was, too. One barrel would make four of today.) North of the Azores, we ran into a storm. The captain was drunk along with some of me mates, and we sheered off course.

(Continued on Page 2)



Family Picnic August 28

IT is going to be a family picnic and field day this year. The date is August 28 and the place Ulmer Park. The price is fifty cents a ticket, children free.

The Employees' Association Outing Committee has finally decided upon its plans and is going ahead with arrangements for a big time. The outing proposition was first discussed at the April meeting of the Employees' Association at which time a special committee was named to consider the question of whether the get-together would be a family picnic, an excursion, a stag or what not.

The committee met two or three times but was unable to reach a decision. The matter was thereupon presented to the members of the Association by ballot. The ballot showed a majority in favor of a family excursion.

When the committee investigated the feasibility of running a big family excursion, they found that to hire an excursion boat would cost \$1,200. In addition to that, they were confronted by the liability of accidents and uncertainty as to whether a family excursion could be made a success or not. The high expenses involved would make it necessary for the committee to charge considerable for the tickets, which didn't seem right because of the high cost of living, etc. The committee thereupon decided that a family picnic and field day would be best.

Objection was raised, however, by those in favor of an excursion and a meeting of the entire conference board was called to straighten the matter out. At the meeting, which was attended by all of the representatives of the different departments, the question was thoroughly thrashed out and it was definitely decided that an excursion was out of the question and that the family picnic and field day was more practical.

The original committee consisted of James MacFarlane, Hugh McQuillan, George Drew, William Dunn, Tim Cronin, Mortimer Mead, George Keenan, Pete Bresnan, Harry Anderson, Fred Wiles, Paul Gingras. This committee was dismissed with a vote of thanks and a new committee was appointed by President McGuirk to handle the picnic and field day: Charles Pearson, chairman; George Jennings, Thomas Furlong, George Gardner, Milton Heinze, Hugh McQuillan, George Drew, William Dunn, Mortimer Mead, Pete Bresnan, Harry Anderson and Paul Gingras.

The committee has held several meetings and has secured Ulmer Park for August 28th.

The plans the committee have in mind include an extensive program of athletic events for both the men and the women, with suitable prizes to be awarded, and many other forms of entertainment. Special attention will be devoted to that part of the program which will attract and interest the children. Free ice cream and refreshments will be distributed and everything will be done to make the day a joyful one for the Morse families.

One big feature of the field events will be a tug-o-war. Before the picnic, departmental contests will be held in the yard and the final pull will be staged at the outing.

Harry Anderson of the Carpenter Shop is in charge of the athletic program.

President Joe McGuirk and every officer of the Association is working hard on plans to make the field day one to be remembered. Dancing, band concerts and the like will be included in the program.

In the Days of the Square Rigger

(Continued from Page 1)

"First thing we knew, we were on the rocks. And we stayed there for 14 days, 'til the ship was pounded to pieces. We were close to the mainland and didn't have any trouble beaching the barrels. Well, sir, that rum came in good and handy, too, lower my foretopsail-yard if it didn't! We'd set a barrel upright, knock the head in and dip our cups. The idea for punch bowls started soon after that, I guess."

The fantastic creations woven by Charlie's deft fingers are called fenders and are used on tugboats of our fleet that they may absorb the shocks attending the tugs' contact with piers and vessels which they are serving. These fenders of solid rope (he makes cork fenders, too) are a layer on layer of hitched hemp strands. It takes between four and five days to complete one of these fenders which, when it has been given its last hitch, weighs about 400 pounds. On a tug's side after it has been water-soaked, it weighs considerably more, and two or more sturdy deckhands are needed to throw it over the tug's side when vessel or pier is approached.

Charlie has been in our Rigging Loft for the past three years. He is an acclimated landsman now, but the work he is doing is of and for the sea. Therefore he is not entirely removed from the atmosphere of wind and wave, such as he knew in earlier days of seafaring.

The Dial Boxes

THE attention of the men of the yard is called to The Dial boxes that have been placed at the Main Gate, and on the North Building near the stairway entrance. These boxes, as the sign upon them informs you, are put out to receive contributions to The Dial and changes of addresses.

Cards for the changes of addresses are contained in one section of the box. All you need do is to fill out the blank spaces as requested on the card and then drop the card into the box. Don't delay in recording any change of address, if you would have The Dial come regularly to your home.

As for contributions, we shall expect more of them. If you know of any news of interest to your fellow worker or to the company, write it down and put it in the box. If it is of general interest, and worthy of publication, you will see it in The Dial. If you write at all, contribute something helpful, interesting and inspiring.

Do not use The Dial boxes for knocking and for vulgar jokes. They will get no farther than the waste basket, and you will have spent your time for naught. The boxes have been put out for your convenience; so that you would not have to walk up to the fourth floor of the North building during the noon-hour or after 4 P.M. As you may be helped by the arrangement, please try to help The Dial by clean and wholesome news, and by filling out a card if you desire to have your Dial mailed to a new address.

Team work is what makes the Paint Shop go. Foreman Mullaly, who has charge of that department, appreciates the co-operation of his snappers, one of the oldest of whom is Joe Whitley, Paint Shop building.

Harry Simpson of the Burners can burn the buffalo from a nickel without mutilating the coin.

Association Honors Its Dead

THE graves of several of the boys from the yard who died in the service of their country, and also those of other Morse employees, were decorated on Memorial Day by a committee from the Employees' Association, consisting of Charles Pearson, chairman; Edward McGibney, Charles Jennings, Jack Lansing, Morgan J. O'Brien and George Gardner of the Garage and Tom Furlong of the Painters.

A wreath of fresh roses, beautifully arranged, was placed on the grave of each employee. Each wreath bore the inscription "From Members of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co."

Greenwood, Holy Cross, Evergreen, St. John's, Cypress Hills and Calvary cemeteries were visited and the spirit behind the floral tributes was greatly appreciated by the relatives of the deceased.

The former employees whose graves were decorated were the late John Hallock, William Wood, Otto VanRippen, Frank Ratigan, Frank E. Barwig, Jr.; David McLintock, John Coffey, James E. Wynne, George Cossey, Fred Olson, John Hungland, Charles Reinhart, John Frey and Carlo Maientta.

The placing of the wreaths upon the graves of the deceased occasioned much comment among those present at the graves of their loved ones. After decorating the grave of Mr. Hallock at Greenwood, the committee was approached by a Civil War veteran, who said:

"Boys, I am just after decorating the grave of my two boys who gave their lives for their country. I'm proud of the spirit they showed but, young fellows, the spirit behind the organization that sent you here is the spirit that made Uncle Sam the man he is today."

Other wreaths were delivered to the homes of the parents of deceased employees and the tablet in front of the Main Office, in commemoration of employees who gave their lives for their country, was also decorated.

The committee which carried the wreaths to the different cemeteries in a large Morse truck are deserving of thanks and appreciation of every member of the Association for the thoroughness in which they handled their work and for the unselfish and whole-hearted interest they manifested.

The Standard Oil steamship *Tiger* came to these yards for general repairs Wednesday, June 16, following a trip around the globe of five months and 18 days' duration. Leaving here about Thanksgiving Day with between 400,000 and 500,000 cases of oil, the vessel touched many ports in the Far East and, returning, brought back one of the richest cargoes taken into New York in quite a few months. She had aboard tea, silks, rubber, sugar and other products. Favorable weather attended the voyage throughout.

Several carpenters working on the S.S. *Powhatan* lost tools during the fire on June 1. President McGuirk of the Employees' Association has appointed the following committee to look into the merit of the claims and recommend satisfactory adjustments: George MacLaurin, chairman; George McKay, Thomas Nesbitt, Harry Andersen and Sam Samuels.

Make one person happy each day, and in forty years you have made 14,600 human beings happy, for a little time at least.

Powhatan Fire

A FIRE which would have been very disastrous and which would have resulted in a loss of life but for the timely and heroic action of Morse employees and the city fire apparatus, broke out on the S.S. *Powhatan* Tuesday morning, June 1, at 10.30 o'clock as the ship lay on the new dry dock.

The blaze was discovered by John Murphy, foreman of the Pipe Shop. Frank Dintruff of the same department, turned in the alarm from box 26. Lines from the Pipe Shop and the Plate Shop Companies were soon playing on the fire as were lines from the Morse tugs *Ada* and *Jessie Morse* and *John Hallock* and the fireboat *William J. Gaynor*. Later a city alarm was sounded by Watchman F. Brayton, at the direction of Charles Hallock.

Superintendent Murray, Mr. Hallock, Billy McEwen, James MacFarlane, Mr. Tedder and other heads of departments combined with the rank and file of the men of the yard in subduing the flames, which imprisoned, for a brief time, several men in the ship's tanks where they had been working.

Acting upon the advice of Fire Chief Devlin, Deputy Chiefs O'Hara and Langford, finally Mr. Hallock had the dry dock submerged in record time, flooding the lower compartments of the ship, where the fire was raging.

Foreman MacFarlane of the Burners had made preparations during the course of the fire to burn plates to release the imprisoned men, but all of the men got out safely.

Too much praise cannot be given Supts. Murray and Hallock, Foremen Murphy and MacFarlane and Frank Dintruff, and Chief Devlin and his men of the Morse Fire Brigade, but the thanks of Mr. Morse is extended to each and every man who fought the fire and attempted the rescue of their fellows.

The personal thanks of Mr. Morse was extended, through Mr. Benner, to many of the men, including the following, who helped stretch and operate the hose lines which were directed on the blaze: Foreman Murphy of the Pipe Shop, Frank Whitman of the Timekeepers, Joe Lowe of the Pipe Shop, L. Leiser of the Plate Shop, J. Bayliss of the Construction Department, Joe McGuirk of the Hull Department, J. Ambriane and M. Musallo of the Machine Shop, Alfred Winbar (Frankie Mack) of the Hull Department, William Carr of the Pipe Shop, R. Grossman of the Outside Machinists, Billy McEwen, M. Higbee and G. Seiferth of the Hull Department and T. Fox of the Riggers.

Among the men overcome by smoke were Robert Grossman (444) a machinist, who did good work in attempting the removal of the men from the tank, and Charles Aubiman, a machinist's help-

er, and a member of the Morse Fire Department (162) who was overcome while trying to reach the imprisoned men.

John McAvoy, a rivetter, (20730) Harry Frey, a driller, (21342) and William Conlan, a burner, (2447) were overcome while working in the ship. They and others were attended by Dr. Wynne and Misses Jensen and Simpson of the yard hospital, all of whom deserve special praise for their timely work in giving first aid. The above named men revived almost instantly after receiving first aid, but Jacob Bayliss (8920) was sent to the Norwegian Hospital, where he soon recovered.

Huron Makes Record

A NEWS dispatch from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, under date of May 31, stated that the "Munson Line steamship *Huron*, on her maiden voyage from New York to South American ports, arrived in Rio de Janeiro, a distance of 4,900 miles, in 14 days and 14 hours, record time between New York and Rio, southbound."

The *Huron* averaged a little less than 14 knots for the trip, and the dispatch further stated that "the passengers expressed themselves as delighted with the vessel and the time made."

As stated in the last issue of *The Dial*, the steamer *Huron*, formerly the *Friedrich der Grosse*, was reconditioned by this company and the contract was one of the most extensive ever undertaken by a ship repair company here or abroad.

The Morse Military Band, under the leadership of Lieut. Mygrant, participated in the Memorial Day parade in connection with the laying of the cornerstone of the Ridgewood Memorial, which will be unveiled on Labor Day, as a tribute to the Ridgewood boys who gave their lives in the great war. The band was enthusiastically received all along the line and a selection by our band preceded the opening of the exercises.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

May Cabaret Enjoyed

THE presentation of gifts to last year's officers of the Employees' Association, a fine vaudeville show, dancing and a concert by the Morse Military Band contributed to an enjoyable program given under the auspices of our Association, Thursday night, May 27, in Prospect Hall. The occasion was a "Cabaret Entertainment" complimentary to members, and about 400 couples were present.

Past officers, H.G. Hoover and James Donovan, respectively vice-president and secretary, and President Joseph McGuirk and Treasurer M.W. Mead who served with them throughout the year were the recipients of the gifts. Gold watches were presented to the three former, while Mr. Mead received a handsome Gladstone bag. The presentation speech was made by James MacFarlane in his amusing, inimitable style.

Lieut. Mygrant directed the band which rendered popular melodies and furnished a brand of "jazz" that kept the assembled members in a happy frame of mind. It was a merry gathering and informal good-fellowship was the keynote.

Honor A Departed Friend

The flag on the Main Office building was at half-mast on Saturday, May 29th as a tribute to George S. Dearborn, President of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co., who died at his country residence in Rye on that day. Mr. Dearborn, who was a native of Brooklyn, was 62 years old. He organized the first mail steamship line between New York and the Hawaiian Islands and was identified with many other large ship operations. He was a personal friend of Mr. Edward P. Morse.

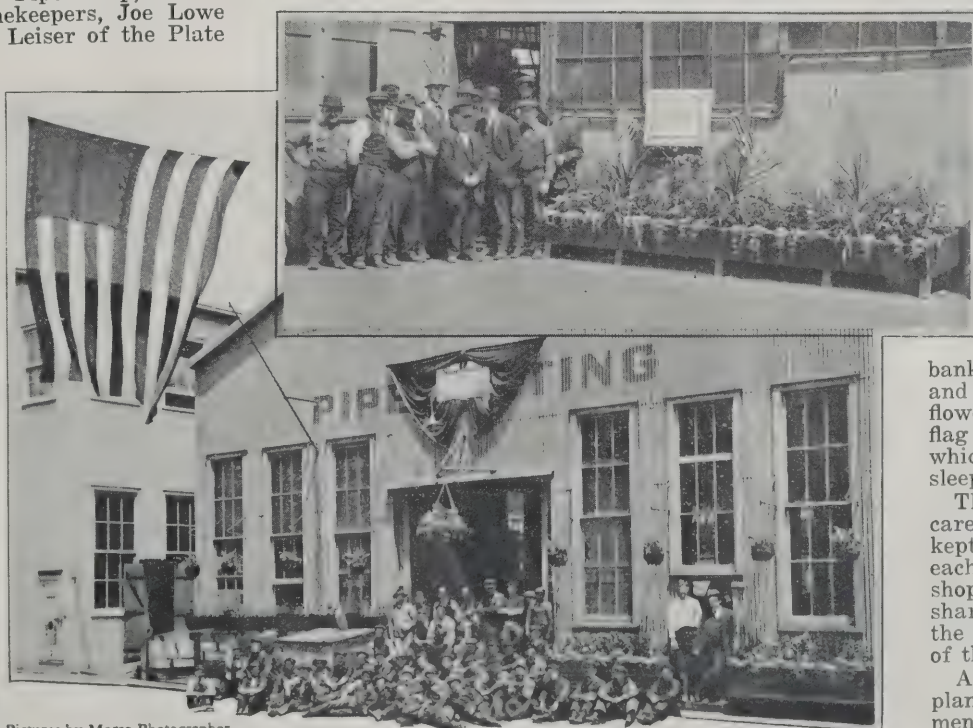
Tribute to Our Heroes

A TOUCH of beauty has been given the yard in the vicinity of the new dry dock by the Plate and Pipe Shop gardens. The former garden, in front of the Plate Shop and facing the big dock, is dedicated to the former Morse employees who made the supreme sacrifice during the World War. A nicely lettered sign has been posted over the garden trough, and intermingled with the floral growth are palms, one for each of the men to whom the garden is dedicated.

The front of the Pipe Shop is fairly banked with flowers, ferns and palms, while hanging flower pots flank a large flag bearing a placard which pays tribute to "our sleeping warriors."

These gardens are very carefully laid out and well kept, and it is said that each and every man of the shops which they adorn shares his fellow's pride in the beauty and inspiration of the gardens.

Another plot is being planned near the Employment Office.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Thrift Meeting

"WORK and Save" was the key note of an address by George H. Mooser from the Second Federal Reserve District at a noon-hour concert and meeting at the band stand on May 27th. Mr. Mooser came at the solicitation of the Employees' Association to talk to the Morse employees on the very vital subject of "Thrift." His message made a deep impression on those who heard him talk and he was roundly applauded.

"Wages," said Mr. Mooser, "were never higher than at the present time and while you and I help to spend \$7,000,000 yearly for chewing gum, movies and other amusements and luxuries we give very little or no thought whatever to the matter of saving for a rainy day.

"At the present time, one dollar is worth only about forty-seven cents, but the day will soon come when it will represent full value and you will be glad of your showing in the bank, or the life insurance that you carry or the amount of money you have invested in a home. Today we are sending tremendous amounts of exports to various countries and our shops are running on full time.

"A man with only one arm and only one leg will find work now-a-days, the demand for labor is so great, but when foreign competition returns we will have to compete with other countries, not only in the markets over there but in the markets at home, and there will be less demands for labor and conditions won't be as prosperous.

"This means that it is very important to save now. Don't give your earnings to promoters of oil fields and get rich quick schemes. Be satisfied with the safe investments offered to you by the banks at four and six per cent and in U. S. securities.

"Work, Win and Save" should be the slogan of everyone while the times are good, for the rainy day will surely come and it will give less chances to save and provide for your family. Don't work four days and loaf two, even if you do manage to pull through that way, work the other two and save what they bring you for when you arrive at old age your savings

now will decide your ability to be self-supporting then."



Pictures by
Morse
Photographer

George H. Mooser of the Second Federal Reserve District addressing Morse employees on thrift.



Riggers Turn Out En Masse

THE Riggers rigged up a party in that exclusive hostelry, the Villa Penza, Coney Island, Saturday evening, May 22, and it was a merry event for Frank Russell, the doughty skipper, and his band of former seafaring men. From the petite Larry Grafton to the Herculean Harry Carlson, the Riggers were well represented as they swarmed about the festive board.

Gus Mathsen caused a little disappointment by his presence in an ordinary business suit. He had said that the occasion was one of great moment and that he would wear a silk hat and a claw-hammer.

The disappointing incident was forgotten when the Italian (perhaps they were French) waiters hove in sight. The cuisine was excellent and was most tastefully served. The spoons were provided with silencers as other music was furnished for the event. The knives and forks bore a non-skid arrangement which gained the appreciation of those present, especially when the macaroni made its appearance.

John Sundly, that genial old-timer who lost a home when the *S.S. Huron* sailed, created some excitement by asking for molasses so that the peas would not roll off his knife, but he was quietly advised by H. Hanwick, the game old navigator from the *Game Cock*, to mix them with his potatoes.

The crack shot of the U. S. Marines, Frank Rice, was adjudged the most popular man at the banquet. He has a "taking" way with him, and the boys all hope that his wife will like the napkins.

Martin Natne gave an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in a pie throwing specialty. He used Oscar Munson for the target, and as a result there will be a duel at The Farm. The weapons chosen were chain hooks at close range. Jim Flynn represented the Irish Republic and smoked stogies throughout the session. Eric Andersen remarked that Jim usually makes his own cigars as he knows all the ropes.

Frank Russell in a short speech outlined the reason for the "get-together." He urged carefulness as well as faithfulness in the performance of work. He warned his listeners to scorn the wail of the agitator, but instead increase production that ships and cargoes may help enrich the country.

It was unanimously voted to hold similar affairs on the last Saturdays of each month, and it is quite probable that the next

gathering will be something of a different nature, with the women folk of the members present.



Mr. Mooser and President McGuirk.

Board of Directors Active

AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association held on the afternoon of May 2, Finance committee was named as follows: Charles Menzies (Welding Dept.), Harry Anderson (Carpenters), Michael Flannery (Air Plant), Henry Rochelle (Office) and Thomas Smith, Sr., (Joiners).

Subsequently it was found that the constitution and by-laws of the Association call for a committee of three instead of five and Mr. Smith and Mr. Rochelle were withdrawn, they being the last named.

At this same meeting, it was voted to name a special Athletic committee to have supervision over the baseball and football uniforms and other athletic paraphernalia and Michael O'Day (Pipe Shop), Harry Jost (Electricians) and Peter Bresnahan (Carpenters) were chosen. They will be responsible for the safekeeping of the athletic property of the Association and all requests for use of the uniforms, bats, balls, etc.

At this meeting of the Board, a committee in charge of presentations to the officers of the Association who served during the past year, was named as follows: James MacFarlane (Burners), Al Sindinger (Hull Dept.) and John Sweet (Machinists). At a meeting of last year the Board of Directors it was voted to present the retiring officers suitable gifts each year for their work in behalf of the Association. This action was confirmed by the Board this year and the above committee purchased gifts which were presented last year's officers at the May Party of the Association in Prospect Hall, which is reported in this issue of The Dial.

The Board decided to continue in the same Entertainment committee that has been serving for the past year: Thomas Plunkett (Office), William Busby (Carpenter Shop) and Thomas Whelan (Hull Department). The committee has won the hearty endorsement of the Board of Directors for the able way in which it has conducted the entertainment features of the monthly meetings in the past year.

Subsequently Mr. Plunkett resigned from the Committee and the Board of Directors appointed James Weldon to succeed him.

A sailor on the *Jufuku Maru* told Kiernan that "Ohio" meant "Good morning" in the Japanese language. "Good," said Bill, "I suppose if you wanted to say 'Good Night' you'd say 'Philadelphia'."

A certain laborer of Hibernian lineage was boasting of his sons. Said he, "I got foive foine boys, and niver had to raise me hand to one av thim yet—only in self defence."

When a party of Electricians went fishing one Sunday on the *Capt. Bill*, one of the gang suggested a pool of money to bet on the one getting the largest fish, and a booby prize for the smallest. Bill Voight said, "Where are we going to get scales to weigh the fish?" and somebody said, "Use the fish scales." Al Chisholm won the second prize, but was too sick to claim it.

Joe Pennington of the Shipfitters' Department copped another bonus for production in the month. Third time is lucky, Score: Make First!

Charlie Menzies and Charlie Hansen matched for the long distance talking championship of the Welding Dept.

Insurance Committee Reports

THE special insurance committee named by the Board of Directors to look into the question of having the association operate its own benefit plan, has been very active and has held frequent meetings, and finally has concluded that it is not practical for the Association to operate its own relief policy.

The subject is such an important one the committee has felt disposed to take ample time in which to make its investigations. At one of its recent meetings, it was proposed that advice be obtained from the state insurance commission as to the advisability of having an actuary come to the plant and go over the whole proposition to ascertain from an accounting of the insurance books and from the Association's past experience whether it is safer for the organization to undertake its own plan.

Word was received back that an expense of \$250 would be involved to get this special investigation by an experienced actuary and the committee decided that the expense did not seem warranted. Secretary McQuaid suggested that he might be able to obtain such an investigation by having it done by a Columbia University student who was experienced in that sort of work.

This individual offered to do the work for \$50, if it could be done evenings. The committee decided that the results would be rather uncertain and that it would be better to seek some other way out. The matter was thereupon put over to a special meeting of the Board of Directors.

In its investigations, the Insurance Committee learned that many of the larger concerns have found it impractical to handle their own insurance plan, whereas there are also some big concerns which are successfully doing so. Every effort has been made by the committee to obtain records and reports on insurance plans in force in different industrial organizations and every suggestion made by employees which seemed worth anything at all has been followed through.

Lawrence Wallace and Fred Kenney of the Draughting Room have had their vacations, the former spending his at Daytona Beach, Florida, the latter in South Carolina.

New Committees Named

A COMMITTEE to be known as the Relief Committee and composed of Morris Levy of the Riggers, A. Campbell of the Carpenters and Otto Romelle of the Inside Machinists, was appointed at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association, Thursday afternoon, June 10.

This committee will work in conjunction with the Welfare Committee which is composed of Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital, W. Jackson of the Boilermakers and J. Sweeney of the Inside Machinists, and as in charge of the yard collections.

As provided by the by-laws of the Association, the matter of relief work will be handled through these committees. The new committee will investigate the claims for aid and make recommendations to the Welfare Committee.

On Friday evening, June 11, a boxing show was held in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of raising funds for the relief work. This method of raising money was suggested with a view to discontinuing yard collections, and it was hoped that a good sum would be realized. The attend-



Major Brennan of the 106th Infantry Regt., and an active member of the American Legion addressing Morse employees.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

ance at the stage was small however, and only a few dollars over expenses were made. The committee is hopeful that a better response to its appeals will be made later and that a relief fund will eventually be raised so that a few, if any, yard collections need be taken up.

Legion Drive A Success

THE MORSE EMPLOYEES contributed very liberally to the American Legion drive at Luna Park on the night of May 22nd. The drive resulted in the sale of 263 tickets at \$1.10 a piece.

Many of the departments in the yard had large delegations in attendance but generally those who bought tickets went with their families and friends. There were such crowds at the park that it was hard for the Morse employees to keep very much together but on every hand one was bound to bump into some co-worker from the yard.

Lieut. E.S. Mills, who was in the Navy Cost Department here during the war, wishes The Dial to thank the members of the Employees' Association for their very liberal support to the American Legion drive.

Peter Lallande, the Southern Shipyard Shark has been transferred from the Employment Office to the Outside Machinists. "Yassah," he says, "ah laks the outside work heaps bettah."

Lenox Day, the Painting Estimator, has left the Company for a flying trip to New Orleans. He expects to return to Brooklyn shortly.

Frank Wittmann, the Guard at the Employment Gate, is a proud grandfather. Both of his daughters have recently presented him with additions to the high cost of living.

One of the Main Office girls told her young man he might call, but informed him that the lights went out at 10 o'clock. "All right," said he. "I'll call at 10.30."

Relaxation is the first requirement of strength.

The Rose of the Dry Dock

This contribution came to us from an employee who did not wish to have his name used. Because of the splendid tribute it pays to one of the hardest and most enthusiastic employees of this Company, we are more than pleased to receive the article.—Editor.

MANY of you have seen the Rose of No Man's Land. I didn't have that honor. But listen, Buddy, I saw her double. Saw her on the dry dock on June 1st, as the *Powhatan* was burning. I saw her with two hundred men around her. They were shouting orders, screaming, pleading, sometimes cursing. The *Powhatan*, which was a hulk when we started on her, and now nearing completion, was burning. Men and boys were frantically endeavoring to overpower the fire.

She alone was calm. Men to whom Morse spirit meant something would enter the burning ship, only to emerge stifling and gasping. A woman's hand would grasp their arms, or perhaps a soft hand would dress a bleeding, smutty brow with a soothing lotion.

Firemen of the Wonder City of the World fared no better in the dense smoke which filled the *Powhatan*. To them also she administered. More than once she alone adjusted and manipulated the pulmotor. She was everywhere. Not a motion of hers was wasted. Every move meant action properly directed and actuated by a desire to serve.

We take our hat off to the Rose of No Man's Land—but we'll throw it twenty feet in the air for the Rose of Our Dry Dock.

The *Powhatan* we were becoming so proud of was not destroyed, thanks to the gallant city fire department, assisted by a loyal bunch from the yard and—the Rose of Our Dry Dock.

God bless you, Miss Jensen of the Yard Hospital. As we say in the land where all good riveters come from, "More power to you!"

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

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and Margaret McCarthy,
Associate Editors

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Vol. 3 JULY, 1920 No. 7

*But true expression like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon.*
—Pope.

The Floaters

EMPLOYEES of the Terry Shipbuilding Corporation of Savannah, Ga., are having quite a time through the columns of their official paper, *The Terry Times*, discussing the merits and demerits of "the floater."

It is not our desire to engage in the discussion. The floater, in our opinion, is "his own worst enemy." He has done good; perhaps a little harm. Here is what one fellow in *The Terry Times* says of "the floater":

"The average floater wants the yard made over the day after he arrives. Nothing suits him. The tools are no good, the air pressure is punk, the piece work price is wrong; in fact, there are so many kicks coming that the old adage keeps running through one's mind: 'A poor mechanic quarrels with his tools.' He walks around the yard with a chip on his shoulder and tells everybody how they built ships in Podunk or some other mushroom yard, but very rarely one of them springs an idea that is not already ancient history.

"They tell of records they have seen put up, but never speak of the weekly and monthly averages. They forget them.

"The local boys look for their averages by the week and pull together for one common end. Lately they have nothing to be ashamed of and will, no doubt, do better.

"So let the floater cut out the hot air, adapt himself to conditions and show us some speed."

—:—

Mr. Thoughtless Guy

WHEN it comes to habits some fellows are like the chap who had to get a job in a powder mill to overcome his cravings for cigarette smoking.

There is one bad habit characteristic of many employees in this company and that habit is the waste habit. It is probably no worse here than any where else, but that is no excuse for its being so pronounced here.

And we don't want to be in the position of saying that all of the wastefulness is in the yard and the shops. We know as a matter of fact that right in the offices there is altogether too much indifference to the value of material which costs the Company good round dollars.

We ourselves frequently get unimportant communications written on expensive letterheads and enclosed in the best envelopes the Company uses in its business correspondence. Scratchpads are available; so are cheaper envelopes, but thoughtfulness seems to be lacking.

To reach *The Dial* office we frequently have to climb the cement stairway in the middle of the building. It is very seldom that we don't find them smeared over with paint carelessly spilled from a workman's pail. Go down through the yard almost any time and you can find a streak of red lead which has dripped from the brush of some one too lazy or too careless to wipe off the surplus.

We have been told of individuals so indifferent to the value of material and so lazy that they have thrown overboard from a ship they were at work on, quantities of material that should have been returned to the store room.

The waste in rubber gaskets alone has been frightful, and if we had a nickle for every electric light bulb that is carelessly broken, or that disappears through theft, we could in time buy a buzz wagon.

Lumber too, despite its high cost, is frequently sawed up in wasteful lengths. We could tell of instances

in which men working on a boat have taken Company time to saw up wood for use in stools, benches and pieces of furniture they were constructing for themselves. By carrying out a piece or two at a time they would soon accumulate enough to build the articles they desired.

The other day a carpenter presented a pass giving him permission to take out his tool box, supposedly full of tools. When the box was inspected it was found to contain selected pieces of hardwood. We have known of employees making tool boxes and selling them on the outside. These are reasons why orders have been issued prohibiting employees from taking home firewood.

Material that disappears either through theft or through waste is a dead loss to the Company; anything that is a loss to the Company is a loss to the men who draw their pay from the Company. Somewhere along the line that waste, multiplied by the waste in other industries, has something to do with the high cost of living today. Thoughtfulness will help to overcome the waste problem here in this plant.

—:—

Gray Man of Christ

F OCH, the great French general who led the allied armies to victory, has been called the Gray Man of Christ. A California boy who served in the American Expeditionary Forces, tells of an experience which shows how truly religious the great French leader is.

The youth had gone into an old church to look it over, and as he stood there with bared head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform entered. One orderly accompanied him. There was no glittering staff of officers, no gold-laced aides.

The boy paid little attention to the newcomers until he noticed the gray man kneel in prayer. The minutes passed until three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the supplicant at the shrine of Christ arose, turned from the altar and walked with bowed head to the street.

Following him, the youth was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stop in their tracks as he passed. The gray man was Foch. The California boy counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

Foch, the man revered by the entire peace-loving world, thus revealed one of the secrets of his great power and personality.

The Fire Hazard

A SHORT time ago, when the *Huron* was being rebuilt here, we had a fire which caused a \$5,000 damage. Following this, the *S.S. St. Louis* burned in another ship repair yard and had to be scrapped. Now, we have the *Powhatan* fresh in our minds.

This latter fire will linger in our memories for some time, because some of our fellows of the yard were trapped in the ship and, but for good fortune, combined with the heroism of the boys of the yard, they would have perished a horrible and very untimely death.

Let us present to you as best we can some of the facts in connection with this *Powhatan* fire. The origin is not definitely known. Some say it was caused by a hot rivet. Other causes for its start were advanced.

What *did* start the *Powhatan* fire? Was it smoking? If so, every man of this company should take a personal stand against the man who endangers his fellows by smoking on a ship in these yards, where gases, oil pools, paints and all the inflammable ingredients that make up paints are found.

The writer does not know that smoking caused the blaze aboard the ship. He does know, though, that a riveter and his holder-on were reported for smoking under the fuel oil tanks of the ship on Saturday, May 29th.

The fire broke out on June 1st, about 10.30 o'clock in the morning, about two days after the men were found smoking and were reported for the offense. Could the fire have been smoldering for two days, waiting for sufficient air circulation to fan the heat into flames? We claim it could, though it is improbable that such was the case.

We know that some workers smoke at work aboard ships. These smokers are doing an injustice to the company, but they are doing a greater injustice to the men with whom they work. It is not enough that they be reprimanded or receive an "efficiency" slip. They should be discharged immediately upon being caught in the act.

Picture Bill Conlin and Tom Murtha, burners, down in the smoke-filled hatch with tongues of flame leaping at them, and no way of escape. Listen to one of them telling a Brooklyn reporter how they tried to climb up through the hatchway: "We were making the try when the ladder broke and we fell to the bottom of the ship. The ladder was then on fire. I guess we all thought

the same thing—that it wasn't worth while trying to get up again. There we were lying on the bottom when a cool stream of water fell on us."

If the *Powhatan* fire was caused by smoking and these men had perished in the flames, can you picture the anguish of their families? Can you imagine the troubled conscience of the man who discarded a lighted cigarette when he was caught smoking?

There is but one stand to take against the smoker. Tell him to cut it out. Make him see the value of life and property. If you do not, some day we may have a big fire which will burn up his job and yours.

A number of slackers who thought themselves indispensable during the war are now looking for work.

Occupation alone is happiness.

Calendar and Tide Table		JULY						High Water, Governors Island	
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.			
				1 8:16	2 8:32	3 9:24			
4 9:33	5 10:25	6 10:38	7 11:39	8 12:28 PM	9 0:36	10 1:34			
11 2:45	12 4:02	13 5:20	14 6:37	15 7:29	16 8:25	17 9:19			
18 10:12	19 11:04	20 11:56	21 0:10	22 1:03	23 1:59	24 2:57			
25 3:55	26 4:49	27 5:41	28 6:27	29 7:09	30 7:48	31 8:23			

Association Calendar

Collection Committee meets every Tuesday at 4 p.m.

Outing Committee meets every Wednesday. Finance Committee meets last Tuesday of every month.

Directors meet last Wednesday of every month.

Association entertainment and business meeting last Wednesday of every month, unless otherwise announced.

Picnic and Field Day at Ulmer Park, August 28th, for employees and their families and friends.



Employees' Association Directory

OFFICERS

President—JOSEPH MCGUIRK
Hull Department

Vice President—JOSEPH QUINN
Burning Department

Secretary—EDWARD HANNIVAN
Brass Storeroom

Treasurer—MORTIMER W. MEAD
Office

Directors and Conference Board Members
(d) for Director; (c) for Conference Board

CARPENTERS, JOINERS, PAINTERS
AND WOOD CAULKERS—Peter Bresnan
(d) Harry Anderson (c) Patrick O'Mahoney (c).

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS—Charles Pearson
(d) Al. Cumming (c). New member to Conference Board is to be elected to succeed Jack Louis, who has left the Company.

INSIDE MACHINISTS—John Sweeney (d)
Hugh McQuillan (c) Frank Ulsmer (c).
PIPEFITTERS—Michael O'Day (d) Jos.
Lowe (c) Charles Davis (c).

BLACKSMITHS—Arthur Fallon (d) Adolph
Rental (c) Robert McQueen (c).

RIGGERS AND DRY DOCK HANDS—
Edward Kelley (d) Eugene Callahan (c)
Harry Carlson (c).

COPPERSMITHS, PLUMBERS, PIPE
COVERERS—Thomas Hayes (d) Joseph
Herzog (c). Nelson Jacobs (c) succeeding
Fred Wiles, who has left the Company.

BOILERMAKERS—William Jackson (d)
Harry Beattie (c). New member of Conference
Board to be elected to succeed
Arthur Sylvester, who has left the Company.

OFFICE ESTIMATORS AND SOLICITORS
—Frank Falconer (d) Marjorie Davis (c)
George Keenan (c).

DRAUGHTSMEN, PATTERN MAKERS,
INSPECTORS—James M. Donovan (d)
Leonard Wallace (c) Thomas C. Rathbone (c).

SHEET METAL WORKERS—C. S. Carman
(d) J. O'Brien (c) Joseph Bovine (c).

PLATE SHOP—Edward McGibney (d)
George Drew (c) Louis Leiser (c) succeeding
George Petley, resigned.

ELECTRICIANS—Harry Jost (d) Thos.
White (c) Al. Chisholm (c).

HULL DEPARTMENT—Al. Simendinger
(d) Daniel Ditter (c). John Whalen (c)
succeeding John Peterson, who has left
the Company.

BURNERS AND WELDERS—James MacFarlane
(d) John Beverley (c). William Dralle (c)
succeeding Patrick Devitt, who has left
the Company.

MISCELLANEOUS—Including Chauffeurs,
Storeroom Hands, Garage Mechanics,
Crews of Launches, Timekeepers and
Watchmen—Carlisle R. Stecker, succeeding
William O'Donnell, formerly of the Store-
room, who has been transferred to the
office force and has, therefore, resigned
as Director. John Finneran (c) William
A. Jarrell (c).

COMMITTEES

RELIEF COMMITTEE—Morris Levy (Riggers)
Archie Campbell (Carpenters) Otto
Rochelle (Inside Machinists).

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—
Frank Falconer (Hospital) Joseph Quinn
(Burners) David Lysle (Hull Dept.) Samuel
Olsen (Chain Gang) Harry Beck
(Carpenters) Ernest Harvey (Outside Machinists)
Joseph Bayliss (Laborers).

SANITATION COMMITTEE—To be appointed.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—Thomas
J. Plunkett (Office) William Burke (Carpenters)
Thomas Whalen (Hull Dept.).

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Charles Menzies
(Welders) Harry Anderson (Carpenters)
Michael Flarthy (Air Plant).

WELFARE COMMITTEE (Embracing Yard
Collections)—Frank Falconer (Hospital)
William Jackson (Boiler Shop) John
Sweeney (Machinists).

SPECIAL COMMITTEES

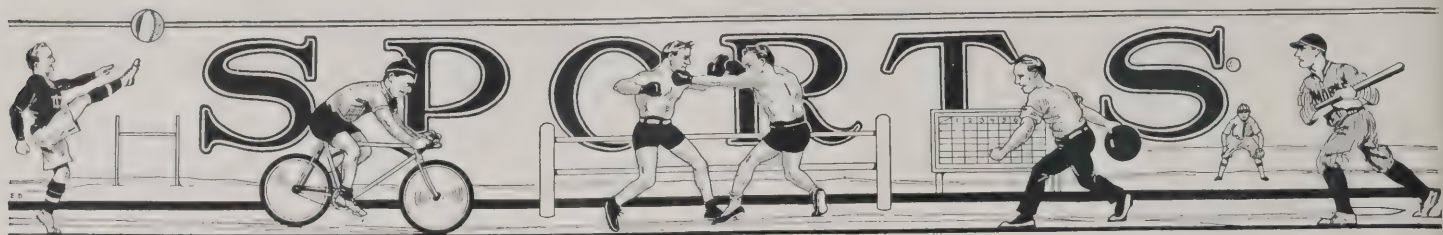
INSURANCE COMMITTEE—Joseph Lowe
(Pipe Shop) Chairman; Frank O. McQuaid
(Insurance Clerk) Secretary; Cyrus
MacLaurin (Office) Jack Beyers (Store-
room) Atty. Stuart H. Benton (Office)
Leon F. Lundmark (Office) Otto Rochelle
(Machinist) Arthur Fallon (Blacksmith)
Miss Kirsten Jensen (Hospital) Charles
Pearson (Outside Machinist) William
Burke (Carpenter) Albert Jacobson (Coppersmiths).

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—Michael O'Day
(Pipe Shop) Harry Jost (Electricians)
Peter Bresnan (Carpenters).

CO-OPERATIVE STORE COMMITTEE—
Fred Wood (Pattern Shop) Paul Gingrass
(Sheet Metal Shop) Mortimer W. Mead
(Office) Jack Beyers (Storeroom). Fifth
member to be appointed to fill vacancy
made by departure of Fred Wiles (Plumbing
Shop).

PICNIC AND FIELD DAY COMMITTEE—
Charles Pearson (Outside Machinist)
Chairman; George Gardner (Hull Dept.)
Thomas Furlong (Paint Shop) Milton
Heinze (Hull Dept.) William Dunn (Outside
Machinists) Hugh McQuillan (Inside
Machinists) George Drew (Plate Shop)
Mortimer W. Mead (Office) Peter Bresnan
(Carpenters) Harry Anderson (Carpenters)
Paul Gingrass (Sheet Metal Shop)
George Jennings (Boilermakers).

FIRE PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Joseph
Lowe (Pipe Shop) Chairman; William
Leiser (Plate Shop) Harry Gardner
(Burners).



Soccer Season Over

FINISHING in fourth place in the National League soccer standing, the Morse team has abandoned attempt to complete its soccer schedule owing to its inability to procure good playing grounds.

Since the Morse Oval was discontinued as the Association athletic field, some of the Morse soccer games were played at outside grounds. But these were discontinued with the start of the baseball season, due to the fact that baseball and picnic dates had been arranged for long before the soccer season would close.

Frank Falconer, who has been at the helm of soccer activities since the Association withdrew from active participation, has expressed the hope that the company will be represented in soccer again next season.

He said, "It would be too bad to discontinue a Morse eleven now when the game is becoming very popular, and the Morse reputation for fast soccer players now firmly established."

Kershaw and other players are in receipt of offers to go elsewhere to play, but they express the preference of playing with the Morse team, if one is to be entered for the next soccer season.

Morse soccer players figured in the international series of games played recently under the auspices of the New York Footballers' Protective Association. T. Whalen and Sam Bustard played with Ireland; Lindsay, Stradan, MacPherson and Rorke played with Scotland, and Page and Kershaw were among the players on the eleven representing England.

Kershaw and Lindsay, forward and full-back respectively of the Morse soccer team, have, according to the New York Evening Post, received offers to play with the soccer team of the Goodrich Tire Co., Akron, Ohio, next season.

Yard Sports Quiet

WITH the soccer season closed as far as the Morse team is concerned, and with no baseball nine to represent us in the semi-professional leagues of the section, things are very quiet as concerns our interest in athletics.

The fact that we are not up and doing in the athletic line is not due to lack of spirit. Morse men can never be accused of that. It is simply because we have lost the Morse Oval, and are handicapped by inability to make good arrangements for other grounds.

Some of the soccer games on the Morse Schedule were played at Ulmer Park following the expiration of the lease on the Morse Oval, but no permanent arrangement which would not seriously interfere with the playing schedule could be arranged. Consequently, the team served notice on the soccer association that the schedule as far as the Morse team would be discontinued.

Mr Benner, Frank Falconer, Tom Plunkett and other officers and members of the

Association who are responsible for the interest that has been created in the Morse athletics are keeping their weather eyes peeled for grounds nearby. While no suitable plot has as yet been sighted, there is no need to despair. We may have grounds yet.

With the Fight Fans

Jack Sexton of the Hull Department, formerly an amateur lightweight boxing champion, went to New Bedford, Mass., with Frankie Fay, Monday night, June 14, and sat in Frankie's corner while the little bantam went 12 rounds to a draw with Knockout Bobby Dyson of New Bedford.

According to the New Bedford papers, the Dyson-Fay bout was the best that has been seen in New Bedford in many moons. It was nip and tuck in every round of the twelve and if Dyson had shaded Frankie by the slightest margin, he would surely have been given the decision, being a local boy.

The splendid showing made by Frankie Fay in this match has won him great favor with promoters and his services for other fight clubs and a return match with Dyson were eagerly sought. Dyson has met the best men of his weight, including Jimmy Wilde, the English champion, who recently returned to his native land after meeting many in this country.

Another pugilist, Louis Friedman, riveter, has developed in the world of fisticuffs to the point of leaving this company to make prize-fighting his means of livelihood. Louie's last encounter before the Association was at the last meeting, when he went four exciting rounds with Frankie Mack. Louis was a likeable fellow-worker in addition to being very handy with his mitts, and if the wishes of Morse men count for anything, Louie will reach the heights of pugdom.

Pete Drum who used to be in the Pay-roll Dept. of the Company, and who now supervises the Knights of Columbus Employment Bureau in Brooklyn, is in charge of the Hughie McQuillan Celebration at the Polo Grounds, July 3rd.

Happiness is the reward of hard work.



Carpenters Crack Bowling Team

(Left to right) Sandy Devine, Tom Smith Jr., Geo. MacLaurin, Cy MacLaurin, Harry Andersen, Tom Smith Sr.

Carpenters Beat Picked Bowlers

THE Carpenters' bowling team again demonstrated on Thursday evening, May 20, that they were the champion pin knockers of the yard, when, at the American Alleys at 51st Street and Third Ave., they defeated the Hull Department in a three-string match game by 44 pins.

By a small margin of 18 pins, the Carpenters won the first string of the trio. Cy MacLaurin and Andersen pulled the Carpenters out of the hole by hitting 221 and 200 respectively. Petry and Lester, with 191 and 189, excelled for the Hull.

The Hull Department got the jump on their opponents in the second string, and Cavanaugh and Banks maintained a terrific clip through the ten boxes, which gave the Hull the second round by 66 pins. Cavanaugh rolled 202 and Banks trailed close with 197. Tom Smith, Jr., and Cy MacLaurin led the way for the Carpenters in this spasm, Smith getting 181 and MacLaurin 167.

A garrison finish was made by the Carpenters in the third round, when the whole team pelted the pins for good sized scores and won the string by 92 pins and the three strings by 44 pins. Andersen set the pace for the Carpenters with a score of 220. Cy MacLaurin was nosing him down the stretch with a tally of 191. Tom Smith, Sr., and Cullen went a dead heat with 180 apiece, and Tom Smith, Jr., came under the wire with 159.

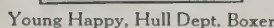
Bert Banks hit a 180 clip for the Hull in the third chapter. Lester was at his heels with 178. Petry came through with 168. Mitchell trailed in with 167, and Tom Cavanaugh, the 200 bird, finished weakly with 145.

The match game was the result of the close rivalry which existed between the teams during the yard bowling tournament. The Carpenters copped first honors, with the Hull right up in the first division. The Hull rollers, however, weren't certain that the woodworkers were the better bowlers. The Hull sent out a challenge. The Clan of Smith accepted eagerly, and the game was on.

Henry Rochelle was among the fans present at the game. He extended a challenge to the winners, and now Rochelle and an unbeatable (?) quintet which he will pick from the yard is going after the Carpenter Shop.

Fullerton, who pitched for the Plate Shop Baseball Team last year and is employed in the Hull Department, threw a no-hit game for Jeff Tessereau's Bears against the Norfolk Giants at Tessereau's Field, New York, on Sunday, June 13th.

Many Morse men saw their old yard-mate Chad See, formerly of the Morse team when he was here, recently playing with Cincinnati in the Brooklyn series at Ebbets field. Chad used to work in the Painting and Hull departments. He is utility outfielder for the world's champs. He also twirls a bit to the batters, and can be sent on to the mound in a pinch.



Hugo Clements threw up the sponge in the first round of his scheduled four round encounter with Kid Richter. Just why Hugo didn't go on with his part of the performance was not understood by the ringsiders, although it was said that it was the boy's first fight. It was his finale, too, according to some of the dope, and it

Frankie Fields challenged Frankie Sullivan to ten rounds to be fought before the Association, and Young Sailor Burke hurled a defi at Young Happy to fight for the shipyard championship at their weight.

Received from Sale of Tickets, \$359.00; Expenses, \$322.00; Balance, \$27.00. Boxers and Wrestlers, \$270.00; Music, \$20.00; Guards, \$15.00; Dr. Wynne, \$5.00; Tickets, \$12.00—\$322.00.

Jack Johnson wants to fight a good heavyweight down in Tia Juana, Mexico, where Jack is running a cafe. He has had trouble getting somebody to meet him, so Tom Jones asked Gunboat Smith if he would meet the negro. The Gunner wired in reply: "Will accept if you guarantee \$5,000, two round-trip tickets, 30 per cent and deed to Tia Juana."

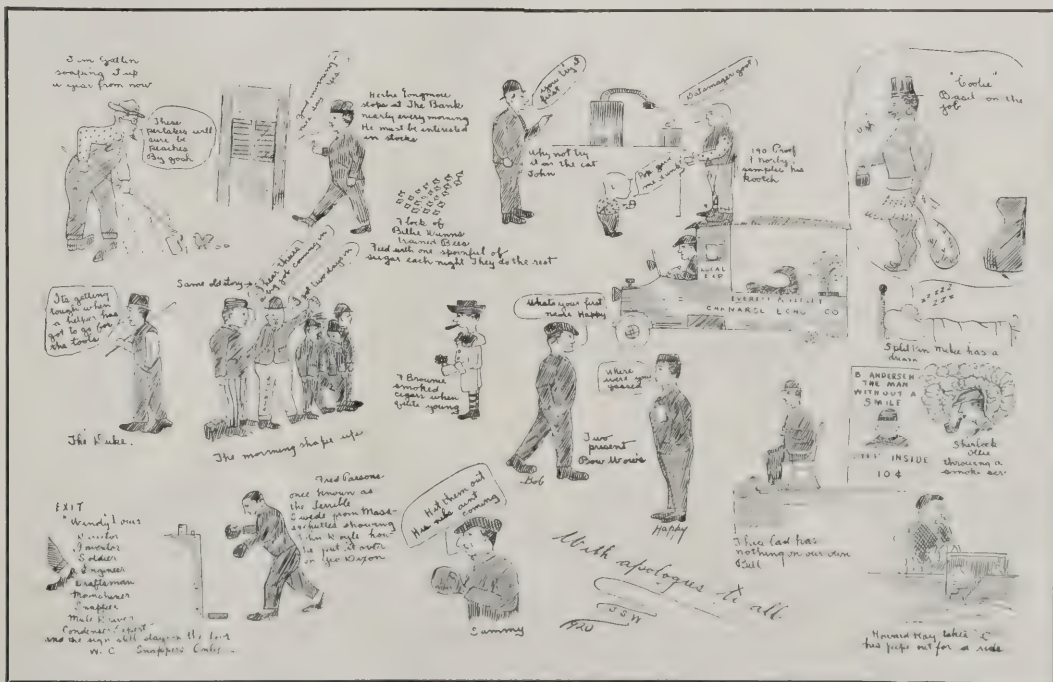
Lansing, Olmsen, Rose, Hughes and Rochelle composed the losers, while Cullen, Tom Smith, Jr., George and Cy MacLaurin and Andersen represented the unbeatable Carpenters.

"Didja ever work here before?" asked Tom Plunkett. "No," said the applicant. Immediate investigation. "You worked here in 1917," said Tom. "No," said the job-seeker. "I was a shipfitter's helper."

Billy Burke of the Carpenter Shop, stage manager for the Association boxing shows, is angling for a short term lease on Ulmer Park with a view to running outdoor boxing bouts during the summer months. Billy has received quite a little publicity in the Brooklyn papers in connection with the proposed venture.

If you saw a couple of crippled soldiers at the last boxing stag of the Association, you are now informed that they were the guests of Billy McEwen. Billy didn't know anybody had seen him accost the soldiers and ask them if they wanted to go to the stag. The boys said "Ticked," and Billy put out two bucks for the tickets.

Tomorrow I'll reform, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late; the wise did yester-
day.—*Poor Richard.*



Give This Cartoon a Title and Win a Prize



Send to The Dial office what you think is the best name for this cartoon. We will choose the one best suited and the original drawing, 19 x 15 inches in size, handsomely mounted on stiff cardboard, will be given to the winner. The prize can be seen at The Dial office. All titles must be in not later than July 20. Be sure and write your full name, badge number and address on your contributions. Put them in The Dial box at the main gate, or send them to The Dial office.

Store Plan Inadvisable

THE Board of Directors of the Employees' Association, at a meeting Thursday afternoon, June 10, voted to defer action on the co-operative store plan and the proposed project of placing the insurance system under the direct responsibility of the Association.

The committees were thanked for their efforts, but it was deemed inadvisable to adopt the store plan, which required, in addition to considerable speculation, the possible outlay of a good sum of money.

Officers and members of the Association are, however, striving to make a reduction in the cost of living as affecting Morse men. On Saturday, June 19, between 12 and 1 o'clock in our Assembly Hall, representatives and salesmen of a clothing company exhibited a line of men's furnishings, the prices of which ranged from \$17.50 to \$36. By special arrangement with the company, suits were purchased upon the deposit of \$5, the balance payable upon delivery of the suit.

A representative of a dairy concern had been invited to address the Directors with a view towards selling to the Association butter and eggs at wholesale cost. It was decided that negotiations with that firm would not be taken up this summer as the storage of the goods during the summer months would require a refrigerating plant. It is quite probable that an arrangement will be made later.

The homes of four Morse men were blessed by the visit of the stork during the latter part of May and the early part of June. Statistics compiled by The Dial show that the births were evenly divided between boys and girls. Bill Daley, purchasing agent, and Charlie Jennings, shipfitter, will worry about the cost of toy pistols and baseball bats, while Mr. Benner of the Employment Office and his assistant, Tom Plunkett, will be interested in the price of dolls and carriages.

Tutti of the Paint Dept. said he'd like a job painting the crow's nest on the *Say When*.

Tom Cavanaugh has a disposition as bright and cheerful as his "posies."

Where's that famous Pipe Shop B.B. Team Joe Martin had last year?

Howard Canning of the Welders has bought a self-starting, twin cylinder perambulator.

Hughie Pace of the Pipe Shop asked Joe Lowe if he'd feed a hen flour and milk would it layer cake? Joe didn't know. And we thought he knew everything.

Joe Burns of the Hull Dept. was asked by a young lady if clever men make good husbands. "Clever men don't marry," said Joe.

Joe Pennington of the Shipfitters received two bottles of home made l—r b—r from a friend, and there was such a kick in 'em that, after putting the two away, Joe was Governor of New York State. "Gee," said Joe; "if I only had another, I'd have been President of the United States."

Dick Umland, driller boss, has an uncle who has been in this country twenty years, made a fortune in business and can't speak a word of English. He lives in Hoboken.

IN the next or the following issue of The Dial we expect to run a full page of baby pictures. Be sure and send us a picture of your kiddie to include in it. We have room for several more. Our notice in the June issue brought in quite a few responses but we still need more pictures.

Several have taken advantage of our arrangement with K. A. Falkenberg, who has two photographic studios, one at 295 Columbia Street and the other at 5314 Fifth Avenue, to do work for Morse employees at 10% less than his regular prices. Call at The Dial office and we will give you a card which will entitle you to the discount.

STRIKE and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone; our souls are ablaze with a Bolshevik craze—the wildest that ever was known. Groan and there'll be a chorus, smile and you make no hit; for we've grown long hair and we preach despair and show you a daily fit. Spend and the gang will cheer you, save and you have no friend; for we throw our bucks to birds and ducks, and borrow from all who'll lend. Knock and you'll be a winner, boost and you'll be a frost; for the old sane ways of pre-war days are now from the program lost. Strike and the world strikes with you, work and you work alone; for we'd rather yell and raise blue hell than strive for an honest bone. Rest and you are a leader, toil and you are a nut; 'twas a bitter day when he pulled away from the old-time workday rut. Wait and there'll be a blow-up, watch and you'll see a slump, and the fads and crimes of these crazy times will go to the nation's dump.

—Sun-Herald.

Calls "Avalon" Safest Boat Afloat

W.B. Prince of our Advertising Department, happened into the Pennsylvania Hotel recently and his artistic eye was attracted to a folder exploiting the beauty of the Santa Catalina Islands in California. Scanning the folder, he found a picture of the S.S. *Avalon*, which was created in our yards for William Wrigley, Jr., and his associates interested in the development of the islands. Speaking of this beautiful excursion ship, the folder said, "Experts affirm that there is no safer craft afloat of any size or displacement." The *Avalon* has a double bottom and is equipped with lifeboats and rafts in ample quantity and of latest design.

Frank Crossen of the Garage watches every mail wagon that passes his house. He's expecting a Ford by parcel post.

Eddie "Chuck" Ennis recently passed the physical examination for policeman. When it came to the mental test, Ed quit because the first question they asked him was how far it was from New York to Salt Lake City. "If they give you beats like that," said Chuck, "they won't get little Eddie."

This daylight saving is great, but it's the only thing a lot of us ever saved.

Capt. Kirby, according to Tom Cavanaugh, is as greedy as the old King Midas. Not satisfied with his own garden containing coffee plants grown from the grounds he threw away all winter, Kirby tried to appropriate Cavanaugh's garden by sending some riggers after it, to move it to Pier 3.

Fire Committee Named

THE matter of accident and fire prevention was taken up at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association, Thursday afternoon, June 10, and at that time committees were appointed to investigate the causes of accidents and fires and to recommend and suggest methods toward reducing the number of them.

Joe Lowe of the Pipe Shop was made chairman of the fire prevention committee, assisted by Lewis Leiser of the Plate Shop and Harry Garner of the Burners.

A representative of a fire mask concern has interested Mr. Benner and others in the proposed purchase of fire masks, and the matter of organizing a rescue squad for fire work is under consideration.

The Accident prevention committee appointed at the meeting was as follows: Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital, chairman; Joseph Quinn of the Burners, David Lyle and Sam Olsen of the Hull Dept., Harry Beck of the Carpenters, E. Harvey of the Outside Machinists and J. Bayliss of the Laborers.

The following are active members of the yard fire department, who are to work in conjunction with the fire prevention committee: Pipe Shop, Joe Lowe, J. Kelly, R. Stanton, P. Cinisky, A. Frank, W. Carr, L.C. Jaccarini.

Plate Shop—L. Leiser, Joe McGuirk, A. Winbar (Frankie Mack) J. Toomey, E. Leland and J. Singer.

Carpenter Shop—A. Muller, G. Fowler, E. Mahoney, W. Fogarty, L. Holmes and J. Ridley.

Machine Shop—J. Gilchrist, M. Musallo, L. Privatera, J. Collette and C. Ambriana.

These men are the regular members of the department and are authorized to answer all alarms from company boxes.

It is said over in the Carpenter Shop that George McKay and Roy Carter are thinking of going to Paris, now that the Star Theatre is closed for the season.

Mr. Appleby of the Pacific Railway Co. wants to know why "Red Hot" showed up with a big cigar to fill a date Ben had made with his (Ben's) girl in front of the Norwegian Hospital.

George Rothwell was seen aboard the *Cristobal* studying railroad time-tables and steamship folders. Somebody told him that Niagara Falls was a great place for honeymooners.

You tell 'em, towboat; you've got the drag.

Joe Martin of the Pipe Shop has invented a cough syrup. He tried it on one of the pipefitters and it was so good the guy coughed up two bucks he owed Joe for the past year.

Capt. Malcolm J. L. Carmichael, commanding the *Eileen Morse* of the company towing fleet, is receiving recognition as a marine expert. The company was recently wired for its permission to allow Capt. Carmichael to testify in a Supreme Court law case in Boston. The captain had previously qualified as an expert.

If a task is once begun,
Do not leave it 'til it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

The above refers to a Wheel Job. You tell 'em, Munson; I'm Dunn.



LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MARRIED LIFE

Starting the Day Right

THE Bride was terribly unhappy. If she hadn't been, she would have been busy at the housework in her bright little five-room cottage at 10 o'clock in the morning, instead of sobbing on the shoulder of her neighbor and friend, the Experienced Housekeeper. For the Bride was still so new to housekeeping that the work in her little home was a fascinating game to her, and keeping her home tidy was a task still so thrilling that a few things could tear her away before the last bit of daily work was finished. That something important had happened was now apparent.

"I've half a mind to leave him," she sobbed. "I never would have dreamed he would say such nasty, hateful things to me. He *couldn't*, if he really loved me."

"Now tell me how it all started," said the Experienced Matron.

"We—ll," began the Bride, with a final snuffle, spreading her wet handkerchief out on the arm of her chair. "You see, it really started quite a while ago—several weeks ago, in fact. Ed is so terribly unreasonable every time breakfast is the least bit late! He seems to think I can just make the kettle boil and have the table set and the coffee made and his old eggs cooked in about one minute after I get up! And this morning he just *bawled me out* and raved about losing his job and it would be all my fault and *everything*." And here the Bride snatched up the tear-wet handkerchief and began to sob afresh at the memory of Ed's cruelty.

"What do you do mornings, after you get up?" asked the Experienced Matron.

The Bride's head came up proudly. "I fix my hair just as nicely as I would to go out anywhere, or to receive company," she stated. "I made up my mind before I was married that I would never let myself become one of those lazy women who get up and pull on a cap to save combing their hair; slip on a kimono to save dressing, and then slop around the house that way until after the men have gone to work. Ed has never seen *me* look like a sloven and he never will, I can tell you! I always dress myself properly, corset and all, and put on a neat gingham dress and look the very nicest I can. Don't you think a woman ought to start the day right?"

"I certainly do," declared the Experienced Matron heartily. "But it all takes time, doesn't it; so that by the time you are combed and dressed, Ed is ready for his breakfast most mornings, isn't he?"

"We—ll, yes," confessed the Bride reluctantly.

"Now I agree with you, my dear, that a wife ought to make herself look as attractive as possible, even around home for her housework. And I'm sure that a clean, tidy wife must be more attractive for a man to kiss good-bye in the morning when he starts off, than one who has pulled on a dirty wrapper or a loose kimono over her nightgown. So I think a good wife will get up a little earlier than her husband does, dress and comb as quickly as possible, and even get the breakfast started before she calls him.

"Now listen to this, my dear, for it's one of the most important things in married life. No man who goes to work, no

matter what his job is, ought to have to wait *one minute* for his breakfast. The meal should be ready in plenty of time for him to eat slowly and comfortably, without choking and ruining his stomach gulping down a bite and a cup of coffee and running for his car for fear he will be late to work and maybe get docked or called down by the boss. Remember this, dearie, there are two of you, and it is just as important for the breadwinner to start *his* day right, without rushing and maybe being late, as it is for *you* to start the day looking sweet and pretty. It is now part of your job, if you want to be a real help-mate and pal and friend to your husband, for you to see to it that he starts his day right, with a good breakfast, served on the dot, and in plenty of time for him to eat comfortably and enjoy it, and still have plenty of time to get to work on time. When a man is constantly late to work, it is usually the wife's fault. Ed loves you and wants to succeed at his job in order to earn good wages to support you. All right—it is *your* job to see that Ed starts his day right. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, you're right," admitted the Bride. "Poor dear old Ed! I wonder he has been patient with my late breakfasts so long. Now that I see his side of it, I wonder he didn't bawl me out before. I needed it."

"Well, you see, dearie, there are always two sides to everything, especially in married life, and it's a good plan for husbands and wives to try to see the other side as well as their own. Folks can usually be happy and make each other happy if they are willing to be fair and try to do their part."

Sateen Dresses for Little Girls

ONE of the most practical and good-looking kinds of cloth for the small girl's bloomers and dress is sateen. In addition to being very long-wearing, it has the merit this year of being very stylish, also. Some of the most expensive shops on Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., have been showing dresses, with bloomers to match, for girls from three to fourteen, of various colored sateen with embroidery of bright colored wool, silk or cotton on the collar, cuffs and pockets.

Any woman who makes her little girl's dresses can easily duplicate these expensive dresses at home. Navy blue, brown, or even black, is used. Sateen easily sheds dust and keeps looking glossy and fresh, even after it has been washed, if the washing is carefully done. Don't throw a good sateen dress in with the other colored clothes, however, but wash it out separately with warm water and Ivory soap, and dry in the shade. Iron carefully and the dress will look like new. Sateen makes an excellent school dress, for it stays clean so long.

Water containing a few drops of lemon juice is a useful wash for freckled skins.

Our Baby Boy

April's the month for diamonds rare,
Lustrous jewels of priceless worth;
But the gift of a thousand could not compare

With the joy that has come with thy birth.

April's the month of beautiful flowers,
The harbingers of days all aglow;
But the brightness of these is eclipsed by the hours

To be spent—just watching you grow.

IN a case of illness where hot applications are needed, a quick and easy way to prepare the hot cloths is this: Set up an ironing board as near the bed as possible, or use a heavy pad on a table nearby; have a basin of water, two or three changes of the flannel clothes that are to be applied, and a hot iron. Dampen one cloth at a time, rub the iron over it once or twice, and there you have your hot, moist application ready to apply to the patient, without any noise or confusion of running back and forth to the kitchen or bathroom, and no danger of scalding the nurse's hands by wringing the cloths out of hot water as in the old way.

Children's Food Needs

GROWING children do not *need* candy, chewing gum, ice cream cones, lollypops, peanuts or soda water. For an occasional treat any of the things mentioned may be given, but don't let your child's stomach get into the habit of craving those things. A growing child *does* need one or two glasses of pure, sweet milk every day, some good cereal, some juicy fruit (apples, oranges, berries, prunes, rhubarb, etc.) at least one green vegetable, and either an egg or some fresh meat once or twice a week. Don't let the youngsters *overeate* on bread or rolls or crackers, which may make the child very fat, but are likely to produce starch indigestion if eaten in too great a quantity. Most children will "stuff" too much bread unless watched. Two slices are enough for health and good digestion at any one meal. Teach the children to chew slowly and they will not be so likely to overeat.

Sweeping brushes will last longer if they are occasionally dipped in strong hot salted water. This makes the hair stiff again, and they sweep much cleaner.

Fair words never hurt the tongue.

Individual Short Cakes

IT was a clever person, who, when asked what were his favorite seasons of the year, replied, "Mince pie season and short-cake season." There are lots of people who feel the same way about it.

Not every housekeeper knows that there really need be no limit to the short-cake season, but that it may easily be twelve months long, for short-cakes filled with canned peaches, raspberries or even prunes, apple sauce or jam, are delicious with cream, either whipped or liquid, to add the crowning glory. Winter short-cake is a dessert fit for a king.

Have you ever tried making little individual short-cakes? If not, you have a grand surprise in store for your family and guests, for nothing is more delicious and attractive. They have the added merit of being very quick to serve, as no cutting is necessary.

Get a dozen little individual pie pans. They will be useful for pies as well as for short-cakes. It is better to grease them or flour them, as you are accustomed to do for biscuits.

If you like a sweetened dough for short-cakes, yet do not care to go to the trouble and expense of making a real cake, try adding half a cupful of sugar to your regular biscuit recipe. A whole cup would be likely to make the dough heavy, but an ordinary biscuit dough will be as fluffy as feathers with half a cup of sugar added. Here is a recipe which has never been known to fail:

Two level cups flour, two heaped teaspoons baking powder, good pinch of salt, half cup sugar, two level tablespoons lard or cooking oil, one cup of milk.

Mix the dry ingredients together first; then mix the shortening in, trying to get it thoroughly rubbed into the flour. Lastly add the milk, mix to get a stiff batter, and then, without bothering to roll out on the mixing board, drop a teaspoonful in each individual pan, which has been greased or floured previously. Bake about twenty minutes, or until a nice, crusty brown. Split with a silver knife if you like the fruit inside as well as on top of the cake, serve with a generous helping of any juicy fruit, top with whipped cream if you have it, and prepare for a generous round of applause from the diners.

The Five O'clock Sag

IT is a fine thing to arise in the morning feeling rested and fresh and enthusiastic over tackling the day's work, whether it lies in factory or shipyard, office or kitchen. But few there are, even of the strongest and healthiest, who emerge from the day's work without showing the five-o'clock sag. This is especially true of those who have been engaged in manual labor. Their muscles as well as their brains are tired; their nerves are taut and their tempers likely to be "on edge." That is why it behooves the housewife to have the children home and washed up, and the evening meal ready when Dad gets home.

But what about the housewife herself? Does she never droop with weariness

along about five o'clock in the afternoon, after a hard day of housework, shopping, sewing, gardening, and other womanly duties? Speak up, sisters; have you ever been tired?

If the housewife is to have everything in shining readiness for her husband's

Then when the good man comes home, tired out and drooping with the five o'clock sag, he will find a cheerful woman who is not sagging, but whose afternoon rest has fitted her for the evening duties, which, as every home-maker knows, do not end when she pushes her chair back from the table after the evening meal.

Then it is usually the man's turn to relax, read his paper, have his smoke and get rid of some of his weariness. But the woman unless she is an unusually lucky one, has the dishes to pick up and wash, the children to get to bed, and often some breakfast preparation to make, and then a session with the mending basket, unless the family is fortunate enough to include a good, patient grandmother on hand to take care of that job.

The old saying, "A man works from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done," is mighty true in most families. And so, since the housewife's duties necessarily extend into the evening, she owes it to herself, to her health and to her family to take a little rest earlier in the day so that she will not feel "all dragged out" and abused during the evening when she is busy and her husband is resting.

Health Rules for Children

DRINK a glass of water the first thing in the morning, before you dress. Drink five or six glasses during the day.

Never go to school without breakfast, if only a glass of milk and a couple of crackers.

Eat regularly three times a day. Do not eat between meals.

Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly.

Drink milk every day if you want to be strong and healthy. Four glasses a day are not too much. Milk is better for you than candy.

Eat some vegetable besides potato every day. Carrots, beans, lettuce, spinach or cabbage are excellent for health.

Eat some fruit every day—not bananas which, as you know, are not juicy and are more like sweet potatoes than a fruit. Bananas are all right if they are well ripened (the skin getting dark) but you need juicy fruit like oranges, apples, pears, prunes, rhubarb, plums, etc.

Do not drink tea or coffee. It has no nourishment and simply makes a child nervous. Many grown people would be better without them.

Do not touch food until you have washed your hands thoroughly.

Do not eat fruit until it has been washed.

Do not eat with a fork or spoon that somebody else has been using without first washing it.

Do not drink from a cup or glass that has been used by another person without first washing it.

Brush your teeth every morning and every evening before you go to bed. Dirty teeth decay and cause bad health.

Wash yourself nicely before you go to bed. You will sleep better and also keep your bed cleaner, if your hands and face and feet are clean.

WE take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Phoebe Cole, a well known magazine and newspaper writer, will personally edit our woman's home page beginning with this issue of The Dial. This announcement, we feel, will be shared with equal pleasure by the women readers of the magazine.

While the Woman's Page as heretofore presented has been of fair standard, we feel that under Mrs. Cole's supervision it will be as entertaining as it is helpful, and will have wider influence than departments of the same kind in similar publications.

Mrs. Cole was for five years editor of the Woman's Page of the New York Evening Sun. She is well known as a contributor to most of the big magazines, including the Woman's Home Companion and the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Woman's Page of The Evening Sun was admittedly one of the best in any American newspaper, made so because Mrs. Cole did not depend upon the syndicate stuff usually used, but filled her department with original live material, dealing with every phase of women's many interests, the home, the school, the child, food, domestic finances, fashions, occupations for women, entertaining, etc.

Mrs. Cole is a woman of college training, was a teacher in the public schools of Topeka, Kansas, prior to her marriage, and a housekeeper by practice and not by theory. She has two very pretty and bright boys whose pictures we hope to print in our next issue, and can talk to women readers in an experienced, sensible manner.

Listed in Who's Who In America, not only as a magazine contributor and newspaper woman, but as the author of a novel, Mrs. Cole holds an enviable place among women writers. She writes a breezy, friendly, informal style that makes friends and keeps interested readers. Be sure and read her dialogues between typical women—the Bride, the Experienced Matron, the Business Woman, the Awful Neat Woman, the Old Maid Aunt, etc.

—Editor.

homecoming, house calm, children clean, dinner ready, and a smile on her face to greet the tired bread-winner then she owes it to herself and to her family to get in a little rest sometime between two and five, to freshen her mind, soothe her nerves, relax her muscles, and cheer up her spirits which are just as likely to droop when she gets too tired as the man's.

Work out your own plan, good lady. Go to a good movie one day, go sit and chat with your favorite neighbor the next day, take a nap or lie down and read a good story as often as you can. But make it your business to get in at least one hour's complete relaxation and freedom from work every afternoon, unless sickness in the family or circumstances which you cannot control absolutely prevent.



Julius Singer (4210) Hull Dept. is a devoted father. The boy (standing) is son Alexander, while son Harry is in the carriage. The little girl? Oh! She's a neighbor, Jennet Smolowsky.

Acknowledgements

Mary J. Wynne sent the following letter addressed to the employees of this company:

"Gentlemen:—On behalf of my mother, sisters and self, with whom our brother, the late James E. Wynne, made his home, allow me to extend most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the beautiful floral piece which you so kindly and thoughtfully placed on his grave Memorial Day.

"During his lingering illness it was one of his greatest pleasures to talk to us about the big-heartedness of his associates among you, and we really got to feel that you were our personal friends, and now that feeling is strengthened into a firm reality when we appreciate how warmly you men have cherished his memory. Ever gratefully,

"Mary J. Wynne."

John Connolly (21616) a shipfitter, and his wife, Anna, have addressed the following letter to William McEwen and members of the Hull Department: "We wish to thank the men for their kind assistance to us in providing burial for our Uncle Otto Van Riper. Wish also to thank Mr. McGuirk and the Employees' Association for the floral wreath expressing the sympathy of the Morse employees. Very gratefully,

"John and Anna Connolly."

Mrs. Charles Reinhart of 942 68th St., Brooklyn, wishes to express through The Dial her very sincere thanks for the splendid assistance given to her in her recent days of trouble, by the Morse Employees, the Morse Company and especially by the members of the Rigging Department. John Sundby, on Memorial Day, carried a very substantial sum of money which was contributed by the Riggers to Mrs. Reinhart, whose husband died on April 9th as a result of injuries received while at work on the *Huron*.

Members of the family of William Wood of the Traffic Department, who was killed by an elevated train, extend their sincere thanks to Mr. Morse, the Employees' Association and to the members of the Traffic Department for the kindnesses shown during the family's bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Frey of 2417 Myrtle Avenue, Evergreen, write as follows: "Dear friends of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company Employees' Association, we wish to thank you for the beautiful floral piece. Also for your kind thoughts of our dearly beloved son, whose grave, among others, was decorated by you on Memorial Day."

Mrs. John J. Coffey, in a letter to the Morse employees, extends her thanks for the floral tribute placed upon her husband's grave by members of the Employees' Association on Memorial Day.

Jack Gillespie of the Machine Shop has left the yard to return to baseball with the Chatanooga Club of the Southern League. Jack was formerly a McGraw rookie. He had also played with the Robins and St. Agatha clubs.

Charlie Jennings of the Hull Dept. hasn't got through talking about the prize baby that came to his house recently. He says that he'll match the baby against any and all comers.

He is a weak man who cannot get angry, but a wise one who will not.



I'M for the young feller every time, and I'll do what I can to help him. There's Tom Harris over there. He started his apprenticeship with me. And George Mason, down to the other end of the room. They were likely lookin' chaps when they come in here a few years ago. They're first-class mechanics today. They're gettin' good wages now, but they come in with the right idea. When they looked for jobs here, they wanted to know how much they could earn in this work. Nowadays, the young fellers come in with a few tools and a prayer and they expect to be first-class mechanics right away. They always ask about "How much does the job pay?" "How much can I get?" but nary a word is said about "earning" anything. If the young fellers would think more about "earnin'" instead of "gettin' paid," there wouldn't be so much talk about production. If a man gets on a payroll, he oughta "earn" the right to stay there.

An admirer was describing Joe McGuirk and stated how McGuirk sprang from good Irish stock. Joe overheard him and protested. "Hey, the McGuirk's never sprung from anybody—they sprung at them."

George Gardner of the Drillers was explaining different parts of the *Schenectady* to a rookie. George, pointing, said, "Those are ventilators." The new guy, whose only knowledge of a steamship had been gained from newspaper pictures, replied, "Gee, I always thought those were fog horns."

Red Hot says if he could get two cents a piece for time cards, he'd make more money than the newsies at the gate.

What has become of that good old word "earns"? Folks are "getting," are "paid" and are "making" so much a day. But nothing is said about "earning" anything. —*Los Angeles Times*.

Melody in the Plate Shop. Is Juli-us Singer?

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And don't know where to find them. Leave 'em alone and they'll come home, Provided they don't pass the Pipe Shop.

Hush-a-bye, Painter, on the main top; When the wind blows the main mast will rock; If it should break, the damnthin' will fall, And down will come Painter, red lead and all.

Furlong's Follies

Jack and Bill went up a mast
To give it a coat of paint;
Jack pulled out a little flask,
And Bill went off in a faint.

Engineer in blue, come blow your horn,
It wants but a minute to four,
And unless I hear a call for "soap,"
I can't work a minute more.

There was a man in our yard,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He copped a bonus for production,
And also won first prize.
And when he saw the prize was his,
With all his might and main,
He jumped right in, rolled up his sleeves,
And won first prize again.

The boy stood on the *Huron's* deck,
He surely was no dope;
The rest of the bunch had beat it,
But he was waiting for "soap."

A diller, a dollar, "Slim" sure did holler;
He left the ship too soon;
They handed him an efficiency slip;
Now he waits for the whistle at noon.

Jack Spratt bought a new hat
For his wife, who is some queen;
For Jack worked on the *Huron*,
And "soaped it" with MacQueen.

A poor gink who'd raise hell if accused of being an Agitator was offering unsolicited sympathy to a painter on the *Huron* who was working piecework. "That's a helluva note, putting you guys on piecework," said the sympathetic one. "They're sure handing it to you fellows." "You said it, Buddy," said the painter. "They're handing it to us all right—in our pay envelope. I've got 14 bucks extra this week without a minute's 'soap.'"

Team work! Noticed the difference in the old *Powhatan* during the last few months?

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If Whitman don't ketchya,
Harry White must.

Men we have who know their business,
Old and young who, heart and soul,
Render tribute to their Master,
Send a sneer at old Disaster;
Each has Honest Labor for his goal.

Doing daily undelayed,
Repairing of the better grade,
Yielding to demands of marine trade.

Drydocks have we, unexcelled,
On which the Amazons of the sea
Can, though largest ships propelled,
Kneel, from risk and danger free.

Able minds and rapid motion,
None can doubt that their devotion
Dwells on America's place on the ocean.

Right and left you'll find our leaders,
Each one showing clear the road,
Prompted by desire to please,
And a hope to fill the seas;
Inspired to give to power and breeze,
Results of faithful labor's goad.

Commerce soon will have its fling,
On Neptune's plane we'll soon cut loose,
Marine conditions success will bring.
Perfect facilities, the best in use,
Are what we offer;
None can better proffer;
Young and old, Morse Men produce.
—Tom Furlong.



Sammie Campbell of the Disbursement Department will think twice before again complaining of illness. Sammie told his boss he was ill, and he was advised to visit Miss Jensen in the yard hospital. Castor oil was administered, and now Sammie thinks that there is a working agreement between his boss and Miss Jensen.

Mr. Mead was asked if he knew anything about the girls to go into the "Office Cat" cage. He said, "I can't say a word against the dear girls; they all voted for me."

C. Wesley Jones is now in the Cost Department, having been transferred from night clerk in the Inside Machinists. Jones seems to be developing into a utility man like George Keenan.

We welcome the following office employees to the company and our Association: Margaret M. Earle, comptometer operator, Payroll Dept.; Edna Ore, stenographer, general storeroom; Victor R. Carlson, clerk, Stenographic Dept.

Tom Plunkett says that the "waiting list" for positions with the Morse company has been increased by one since May 13. On that day, Dr. Wynne informed Tom that it was a girl. Boys, meet Miss Joretta Jeannette Plunkett! Cigars and congratulations are in order. Mail 'em to Tom or bring 'em direct to the Employment Office. His are all gone now.

The "Bill Dougherty Hair Cutting Club" is one of the new units of the Employment Office. Bill solved the "H. C. of H." (high cost of haircuts) by inviting his father-in-law to pay a visit. Bill exhibited his crop of alfalfa and father went to work. Pretty soft, when you work with a fellow whose father-in-law is a barber.

Jimmy Welden is a much worried young man. The landlord raised his rent, the baby is getting teeth and the new baby carriage is very hard on tires.

Bill Reinhardt, Paymaster, when not filling envelopes takes Max Shell aside and tells of the cute things his baby can do. Max is getting valuable hints on married life from Bill and we understand he still persists in keeping company with "Jersey Lily."

George Bruder, the first of the employment force to sport a straw kelly, had a hard time keeping the fire horses away from his headpiece. Billy McEwen was the first to notice that the hat resembled a bale of hay.

Chief Devlin sent those shoes back to Chicago and received another guaranteed pair in their stead. The Chief liked this method of exchange so well that he has written to the company that sells the shoes asking if they sell fire hats. By the way, the Chief lost his hat at the Powhatan fire and blames Joe Lowe. Joe, it seems, expected to inherit the old one when the Chief made up his mind to buy a straw.

Although Asst. Editor Joe L. Murphy only went as far as New York on his vacation, he began a longer journey by getting married. His friends of The Dial office and Printing Department celebrated the event by presenting him with gifts, including a shower of rice, old shoes, etc., and an electric grill. Joe says the wife and the grill are a hard combination to beat on the eats.

The girls from the Cost Department are getting used to their new home. It's a big drop from Room 115 upstairs down two flights to the Receiving Room, but Miss Brett, Miss McCarthy and the Misses Olsen claim that the only way to be successful is to start at the bottom.

Mrs. Plummer, of the Printing Department, pointed to the proof-press and asked Mr. Hock "what sort of a contraption is that?" He replied that it was a machine "on which the printer's devil prints his personal cards in 36-point type and red ink."

If you see Frances Daley coming to work in her own touring car, don't be surprised. She has one. Bought it lately, and is now becoming a capable chauffeur. Frances says she'll do her own "chauffing" for a while. It's a Cole 8, too. Class? We'll say so.

Bill Daley's walking doll has been adopted by Miss Travers who calls the dollie "little sister" and is teaching her (the doll) to walk. When are you going to teach her to drive, Mary?

M.W. Mead was seen holding his face one afternoon and it was learned that he had had a tooth pulled. Pretty lucky, at that! Most of us have a leg pulled when we go to a dentist.

Dr. Wynne's Ford runabout has received a new coat of dark green paint and is admired greatly by those hanging out at the 55th Street Gate. The "Doc" is turning down offers for the car every day.

The girls in the Tabulating Department have a noon time recreation of music and dancing in their department. They have purchased a fine Victrola.

Several girls in the Tabulating Department have been taking their meals from the mantelpiece, due to office boy pranks. A certain office boy has got something coming to him.

Miss Roehrs and Miss Blackledge, both of the Tabulating Department, while visiting Luna Park, seemed to be enjoying themselves. Miss Roehrs tried to take a ride on the horses, but the styles of today interfered with her pleasure and Miss Blackledge was disputing with a box office man in the movie house. What was the trouble, Miss Blackledge? Didn't they show you your money's worth, or didn't you see enough of "Aphrodite?"

"Smile"

Oh, let's not tell our troubles,
When things are going wrong;
Don't make life sad for others,
But cheer them with a song.
It doesn't lighten burdens,
To name them one by one;
Let's make the list a long one,
When we count the good deeds we've done.

So, when the rain is pouring down
From a dark and cloudy sky,
Start to lay up treasures

In that storehouse up on high.
You'll forget the blue is hidden
And that rain is coming down;
Cares you'll never remember,
And e'en forget to frown.

We know that smiles are better,
Smile at work and smile at play.
If you give smiles to others,
They'll come back to you some day.

Motto of Tabulating Department,
Contributed by Miss E. Rogers

Our Own Movie Stars

Miss Avery	Ruth Stonehouse
Miss V. Anderson	Lillian Gish
Miss I. Anderson	Gloria Swanson
Miss Brath	Wanda Hawley
Miss Burkard	Billie Burke
Miss Connolly	Gail Henry
Miss Blackledge	Babe Daniels
Miss Dougherty	Flora Finch
Miss Dixon	Madam Petrova
Miss De Silver	Theda Bara
Miss Einfrank	Madam Nazimova
Miss Flyskt	June Novark
Miss Kurlandt	Helen Chadwick
Miss Keave	Madge Evans
Miss Roches	June Caprice
Miss Rogers	Juanta Hansen
Miss Reddy	Pearl White
Miss Stern	Lillian Walker
Miss Taylor	Gladis Brockwell
Miss Whitman	Dorothy Gish
Miss Kane	Mary Miles Minter
Mr. Reese	Wallace Reed
Mr. Constantine	Tom Mix
Mr. Boneson	Jack Clifford
Mr. Smith	Harold Lloyd
Mr. Joe Severson	Chas. Ray
Mr. Will Preston	Mack Sennett

No, you're wrong; that was not a barber pole you saw in front of the Cashier's Office, it was simply the new socks Cashier Piper is wearing.

James MacFarlane, former President of the Employees' Association; automobile and general all-round good fellow, who by the way is a Scotchman, has offered to give Mr. Hanbury twelve lessons in automobile driving for ten dollars. That's the Scotch of it.

Our Limerick Corner

Limerick contests are popular nowadays so here goes:

There's a man in the yard
Named Tom Plunkett.
He said, "Clancy, I'd never have thunk it,
"But a ship on our docks
"Is worth two on the rocks;
"That's why they're here—Gosh all Pumpkin!"

Send us your idea of a limerick and we'll print it in the next issue. The more the merrier. We welcome your contributions.

Plunkett—"What made Lieut. Mygrant's face swollen? Was he stung by one of his pet bees?" Clancy—"No, he was kicked by his pet pigeon."



Some one has told us that Joe McGuirk didn't sell his monkey but uses him to test the "home-made stuff" that Joe's friends offer him. We know that this isn't so.

Are you one of those who knew and loved John Hallock, our lamented dock-master? Then go and size up Charley Hallock, his son, who is filling his father's shoes in the same efficient manner. Good luck to you, Mr. Hallock.

A burner whose insurance dues had not been deducted from his pay for three weeks, complained about it to Mr. McQuaid. "Won't you please take my money?" said he. Chief Devlin overheard him and called on "Pop" Witte to give him the once-over.

Dave Lyle copped the first prize for the greatest output in the shipfitters' department last month. Davie's father worked in the yard and up to the time of his death was one of our best mechanics.

Joe Quinn is proud of the corporation that's behind him. Believe me, Buddie; he oughta be proud of the corporation that's in front of him, too.

That painter whom many of the yard boys call "Teddy," bears the cognomen of Vlasi Baktady. Vlasi is a Greek, can speak seven different languages and served eighteen months overseas with the 6th Marines. He had been in every country in the world before arriving in the U.S. but says he's here to stay.

Walter Mulligan of the Carpenters hits things square on the head. Just bought a new hammer.

George (Dizzy) Gardiner of the Hull Department, is thinking about getting his little daughter a pianola. Here's "soap-ing" you get it, George.

"Buck" Buckley, timekeeper of the *Powhatan* was sporting a new pair of shoes. Whitman passed and gave them the O-O. "Whadya thinka them, Frank?" said "Buck." "Gee," said Whitman, "they're immense!" And the noon whistle blew before "Buck" got the joke.

A certain pipefitter was dancing with several pretty young ladies at the Morse May Dance at Prospect Hall. Mr. Pipefitter just couldn't make his feet behave, and his fair partners bore looks of anguish after each dance. Joe Martin was looking on and remarked, "Gee, tomorrow court plaster will cover a multitude of shins."

Jim Hennessy, rivet tester, doesn't let many bad ones go by him, any more than he used to when he caught for the old Shamrock Baseball Team.

Mike Doody is shy of autos. He says you can't take them by the head and talk to them as Mike used to do in the good old days when we had our stable on the hill. Mike could do anything with a horse but say he can't do a damn thing with an automobile.

Cleary, Cleary, quite contrary,

What makes your bank-roll grow?
Why, you poor dope, it's lots of "soap,"
If that's what you want to know.

Oh, Ambrose McLellan, he used to keep yellin'

About the cost of old H.C. of L.;
But now he has hope, though he never gets "soap,"

Of the profiteers all getting ———.

Micky McCarthy sat on the wall;
Micky McCarthy had a great fall;
All the onlookers and all Mygrant's men
Couldn't get Micky to try it again.

Little Dick Bufford,
He sat on a tuffet,
Idling the minutes away;
When along came Frank Whitman,
Who beside him did sit, man,
And frightened poor Bufford away.

Little Tommy Plunkett put some men to work,
But they had no ambition and got fired by McGuirk.

Oscar Kruger, our sign king, took Tom O'Brien into a Kosher restaurant the other day and Tom was disappointed because they wouldn't serve him pork chops.

Tom Plunkett met a mechanic who had just "got the gate." Tom said, "Too bad an intelligent man like you got fired." "That's nothing," said the fellow, "Bryan and Lansing got the razz and they're bigger men than me."

Red Hot claims to eat in a nearby restaurant, where they dish stew, goulash and fricassee out of the same pot. You tell her, ice cream; I'll freezer.

Harry Lyle says he never saw a ship sink, but he's often seen a ferry slip.

Frank Turnbull of the Electrical Department evidently reads the newspaper advertisements. He came across an electrician working on a wire whose insulation was bare. "Fix it so no metal can touch it," said Frank. "I will, after," said the electrician. "Eventually, why not now?" said Frank. "You've been twenty years on one spot and you haven't scratched yet!" Joe Barry said that Frank was *Wild with itching humor*.

John Seneca, ex-office boy and ex-machinist's apprentice, sailed for Italy the last week in May to bring back his mother and the little Senecas, who have spent the last two years there. Upon his return he will be placed in the draughting room as an apprentice. Some boy, Johnnie is.

Is it true that Billy Chambers was seen buying two pounds of raisins on Third Avenue?

Barnum & Bailey's circus made such a deep impression on Charlie Hensen of the Welding Shop that he was jumping through asbestos hoops all next day.

We rode in a Morse truck on Decoration Day. The route was over a course of approximately 60 miles, took in Kings Queens and Nassau counties, and in some parts consisted of districts where the traffic was very difficult. The chauffeur was Paul Sheehan. If our garage had any more conscientious, careful drivers like Paul, our garage force is sure to beat.

Lieut. Mygrant, our bandmaster, has been as successful in results as he was with the old Thirteenth Regiment Band. He has also a splendid record as a marksman, as the many ex-National Guardsmen in the yard can testify to.

The excitement of the *Powhatan* fight caused Ike Harris to lose three pounds. Cheer up, Oscar; he'll gain it again.

Marty Schomberg of the Purchasing Department is popular among the boys in the yard. He was for many years associated with the Eastern Steamship Co.

The Welders would like to know what Paddy Feeney is going to throw his dog skin overcoat into the furnace.

Billy Wienke is advertising for sale his famous overcoat. He says the weather is getting warm.

The Welders protest against passer-by carrying rivets in Matty Wright's hat. Jim MacFarlane says the proper place for the hat is in the Eden Musee.

Dick Burke of the Salvage Department says that if 946 kegs of rivets were piled end on end, they would reach as high as Red Hot's temper when he misses his car going home.

Speaking about real estate, Bill Conroy of Jimmie MacFarlane's Department is burning to buy a house and lot. By the way, was he on the outside looking in or on the inside looking out?

Mr. Mead, Mr. Benner, Morgan O'Brien and Jimmie Donovan kept together pretty much at the Maytime Dance. It's always fair weather when good guys get together.

Frank Kinsella of the Wood Caulking did some good work at the *Powhatan* and went to the yard hospital to get out of his eyes. Taking a look at his smoke-begrimed face, the head nurse said, "Give him some 'aqua puro' applied externally." It didn't go over Frank's head because he replied, "Aw, that's the only way to take it."

Frank Crossen of the Chauffeurs, very bashful. He proposed to his girl over the telephone. "Why, certainly," said. "Who is it?"

Joe Whitely of the Paint Shop invited Walter McKirchar over to his house last night. "Sorry," said Walter, "I'm going to see Hamlet." "At's all right," said Joe, "bring him with you."

Committees Finish Work

AS instructed by the Board of Directors and officers of the Employees' Association, Secretary Edward J. Hannavin directed a letter of thanks to the members of the Co-operative store and Insurance committees, following the dismissal of the committees after it had been decided to defer action on these matters.

The letter pertaining to the insurance was addressed to the committee chairman, Joe Lowe, and stated in part that a new insurance plan would be more or less experimental, and that the element of chance outweighed the possibility of increased advantages for members, which was the prime object of the proposed change.

In its communication to Fred Woods, chairman of the Store Committee, the directors expressed the opinion that the establishment of a co-operative store would involve the expenditure of a great deal of time, the outlay of considerable money, and would be accompanied by uncertainty as to its success.

The letters were as follows:

Mr. Joseph B. Lowe, Chairman,
Insurance Investigation Committee,

Dear Sir:—The thanks of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., which we hope you will bring to the attention of the other committee members, is extended to you for your interest and consideration of the proposed project of placing under the direct responsibility of the Employees' Association, the matter of employees' insurance.

In deciding at this time not to make a definite change in the insurance system, the Board of Directors was actuated by a desire to serve the best interest of the employees.

The only reason which would justify a change in the policy of handling the insurance, transferring it to the jurisdiction of the Association, would be to give greater benefits to the members. A new plan would be more or less experimental and, as we have received no sound assurance that it would be self supporting, the element of chance outweighs the possibility of increased advantages. As the Association assumes little or no risk under the present arrangement, a change involving more or less speculation is deemed unwise just now.

At this time when relieving the committee, the Board expresses to you and our fellow committee men their appreciation of your efforts.

Very truly yours,

E. J. Hannavin, Secretary

Employees' Association, M. D. D. & R. Co.
Mr. Fred Woods, Chairman,
Co-operative Store Committee,

Dear Sir:—The members of the Board of Directors of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., in relieving this Co-operative Store Committee, extend to you and through you to the other members of the committee, their thanks for your interest and consideration of the proposed project of establishing and maintaining a co-operative store at which members of the Association would be enabled to buy at reduced cost groceries and other commodities.

In deferring to take definite action towards the establishment of such an enterprise, the Board of Directors feel that we cannot recommend at the present time the inauguration of such a project which, as you know, involves the expenditure of a great deal of time, the outlay of con-

siderable money and is always accompanied by uncertainty as to its success.

That you may know that the Directors and other officers of the Association wish to co-operate with you in attempting to reduce the cost of living, we inform you that, as a direct result of the interest and activity generated by your committee, a step has been taken whereby the Association members may, if they choose, obtain clothing at reduced prices.

Circulars are now being printed informing the members of a meeting in the Association rooms Saturday, June 19, at which representatives and salesmen of a clothing company will exhibit a line of men's clothing the prices of which in comparison with recent sales, are greatly reduced.

Assuring you that the Directors stand ready to co-operate with you at any time insofar as it lies in their power, I am

Very truly yours,

E. J. Hannavin, Secretary
Employees' Association, M. D. D. & R. Co.

Our June Meeting

THREE vaudeville specialties and three boxing events comprised the show at the June meeting of the Association. Because of the warmth of the night, a small crowd was in attendance. This fact, however, did not deter the performers from presenting the best they had and those who were there will affirm that it was a good show.

The Bon Ton Bros., billed as "The Hip-drome Favorites," opened the performance with a sentimental vocal number. One of the duo engaged in some imitations by the use of his voice, and his imitation of bell ringing was particularly well received. He wore grotesque costumes and furnished much comedy while his partner offered the melody.

Princess Rajah wiggled around in a naughty dance that was a cross between the Salome and the shimmy, and most of the boys were blushing and feeling sorry for the Princess until she finished and doffed her wig. Then it was seen that the Princess was a guy as tough as "Red Hot." After that, ten fellows left the hall to cancel the taxi-cabs they had ordered to take the Princess home.

Sadie and Charlie, the King and Queen of Nuts, was the third and last vaudeville offering. They sang a little, talked a little and danced a little, all to the amusement of the boys in the bleachers. The act was good.

Jimmie Irving and Joe Barnett, both of New York, went three rounds to a good draw. Young Levine of the Pipe Shop was an easy winner over Young Sailor Burke of the Atlantic Iron Works. The mill went four rounds, and Levine had the shade in each. Billy Metz of New York, formerly of this yard, and Young Happy of the Hull Department put up an interesting argument with Young Happy having the edge on his opponent. The bout was fast and interesting, and was a good climax for the show.

Scene—Powhatan fire. Miss Simpson, one of the nurses, arrives and is puzzled as to where to start in her "first aid" work. Al Simendinger grasps the situation and Miss Simpson's hand, to lead her across the dock to the Powhatan. But the dock is being lowered and both hurry off to escape a watery grave. "Curses!" exclaims Al. "Horrors!" Miss Simpson exclaimed. Curtain.

Employees Back Mr. Morse

PROMPTED by a stirring speech made by James MacFarlane, one of the oldest employees of the yard, the Employees' Association, at its regular monthly meeting, Wednesday night, June 30, passed a resolution expressing, in behalf of the workers, their confidence in and loyalty to Edward P. Morse, Sr., our General Manager.

The speech and the subsequent resolution which was adopted upon a motion from the floor was occasioned by certain statements made during the trial of a law suit against Mr. Morse by his son, Edward P. Morse, Jr.

Mr. MacFarlane said that inasmuch as he was one of the oldest employees of the company, he felt that he had a right and that it was his duty to defend the employees of the yard, as well as Mr. Morse, Sr., from what he considered gross misrepresentations.

"Boys, our attention has been drawn lately to newspaper accounts of things that were said at the trial of the suit of Ned Morse against his father, and I've got enough Scotch in me to resent the ridiculous statements made. I attended that trial, being president of our Association when Ned Morse was employed here, and I want to say to you fellows that if I were to sacrifice all the money I have in the world or ever expect to have, I would not want to witness that scene again.

"One of the ridiculous statements which you have probably all read in the papers, was Ned Morse's claim that he and he alone had made this company successful. I don't have to tell you that that is a lot of bunk, and I want to say right here in public, boys, that when Mr. Morse, Sr., took the stand and denied that assertion and told the court that no one man was responsible for the success of this company but that its success was due to the work of all of the employees, I was damn proud to be one of the old-timers in this yard, and to feel that I have been associated with such a man as Edward P. Morse, Sr.

"Now, friends, this is a delicate matter and the least said about it the better, perhaps; but I don't think it is right for such things to go without some answer on our part, because it concerns every one of us. I ask you where would this company be today if it hadn't been for our work here night and day? Ned Morse's estimating be hanged! It was the faithful work of the men who stuck to Mr. Morse, Sr., and stuck to him loyally and faithfully through thick and thin, just as he unselfishly said on the witness stand and has told us time and again. That estimating business Ned Morse speaks of is all bunk. If any one individual deserves credit for building up this business it is Mr. Morse, Sr., himself.

"If he had wanted to, he could have told certain things which, I am sure, would have made a difference in the verdict; but money isn't everything in this world, as you and I know, and he is to be admired the more because he kept silent and I think it is up to us to show our confidence in him and our admiration of him by sending him a letter or something to prove that we are back of him in this matter."

The speech was roundly applauded and a motion to appoint a committee on resolutions resulted in the selection of Mr. MacFarlane, Thomas Smith, Sr., and James McLaughlin. The resolution drawn up and presented to Mr. Morse appears on the second cover page of this issue.

Some of Our Old Timers

They Shun Publicity

IN Charles Holmberg and William F. Chambers we present two machinist foremen, representing two distinct departments of this large ship repair yard. Both are old-timers in the service of Mr. Morse and the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company. The former is of the Inside Machinists' Department, while the latter supervises the work of the Outside Machinists.

The glare of publicity terrifies Mr. Chambers and we cannot do him full justice in the matter of setting forth his long record with the company. He was averse to posing for a picture. He declined to give us his impressions of the great changes that have been wrought in the period covered by his service here.

We, however, cannot permit Mr. Chambers' reluctance to swerve us from our purpose. He is an old-timer, and one of the popular veterans of the yard, and therefore must stand for the pitiless glare of The Dial's spotlight. Our old-timers' series would not be complete without him, and now we ask him to pardon us for being so insistent in the matter.

As the Outside Machinists' foreman, "Bill" Chambers may be found in any part of our big yard, around the ships as they occupy our docks, or aboard the ships as they lay at our piers. He supervises the installation or removal of ships' machinery. He and his workers make the quick and immediate repairs which do not need the services of machining in our Inside Machinists' Department.

He is not towering or bulky in figure, but in "pep" and enthusiasm he is a human dynamo. His friendly spirit and helpful advice is contagious in his department, the men of which go about their work with a refreshing vim that has been responsible for many record jobs. Those who know "Bill" Chambers wish him many added years to his already long and faithful record with the company.

Charles Holmberg, like Mr. Chambers, is an all-around mechanic, but the work over which he has supervision is done wholly in the "gallery" of our large Machine Shop. In this upstairs department of the Machine Shop, about 60 men work with and for Mr. Holmberg.

Like the floor beneath, the "gallery" is dotted with machinery of many different types. Tools of any and all kinds are repaired here, including all of the pneumatic air tools used.

Reamers, taps and dies and tools that cannot be purchased for quick delivery and use in the yard are turned out by the men of Mr. Holmberg's department.

A large tool room is included within the department. The present size and growing tendencies of this tool room make Mr. Holmberg mindful of the fact

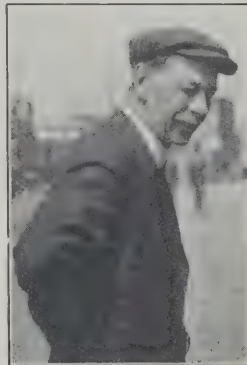
that for many years he was foreman of the company's tool room when it was decidedly smaller than the one his department now conducts.

Mr. Holmberg, with a record of about 20 years with Mr. Morse (he was employed at the old Twenty-sixth St. plant) recalls many interesting phases of our industrial growth. He was a mechanic at the Twenty-sixth St. plant. He came to this yard to assume charge of the tool room.

He remembers when the company had for its machine shop equipment a lathe or two and a couple of presses. He also remembers when the Machine Shop building as it stands today housed about half of the present equipment, when one end of it was used by other departments which today occupy separate buildings within the yard.

He remembers when we trudged along without our present big Plate Shop, our extra added attraction, the big 30,000-ton floating dry dock, and when a couple of "nags" (he called 'em) hauled the material in and out of the yard.

Now, as Mr. Holmberg reflects on the large shops which dot these 40 acres or more of land, he is apt to believe that modern industrial progress sure does mar the landscape.



William Chambers

Glee Club Plan Abandoned

EITHER the time for undertaking to organize a glee club was not opportune or there is no interest in such an enterprise among Morse employees, because the recent announcement that Lieut. Mygrant would give his services without cost in promoting such an organization, met with little response. On several occasions, different members of the Association have suggested that it would be a fine thing to have a glee club. Acting upon the suggestions, a plan was devised and Lieut. Mygrant offered to meet with those who desired such a club every Friday evening at 8 p.m., giving them a complete course in singing, beginning with a brief "preparatory" to chorus and four part songs.

It is thought that possibly the warm weather may have had something to do with the failure of the plan, and it is probable that the matter will go over until next fall, when another attempt will be made, if there is sufficient interest then.

A certain shipfitter on the *Poughkeepsie* was approached and asked for a dollar to bury a timekeeper. "Here's a five-spot," said he. "Bury five of them."

It's not the individual,
Or the army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

—Kipling.

The Best Thing in the World

IT is with particular pleasure that we record items which indicate that honesty is, even in these days, a factor in the lives of some people. It came to our attention recently that Michael Flood, night watchman, who resides at the main office entrance after six o'clock, while on his way to work one night found a girl's purse in which was a sum of money, several trinkets and an employee's check, bearing the name of the owner and indicating that the young lady was employed in a neighboring concern.

Mr. Flood promptly sent word to the company where the young lady worked, that the purse was in his possession and could be recovered by its owner. The young lady was greatly pleased to recover her property. She offered Mr. Flood a reward but he characteristically refused to accept it.

This is only one instance of many similar cases in which Mr. Flood has figured. In his modest, unassuming way he hesitated about telling us the details. "Oh, that's nothing," he said, and then added, "Honesty is the best thing in this world, best thing for those who practice it and best thing for those who benefit by someone else's honesty."

Driller Rupp Leaves Company

J. Norman Rupp (21387) a driller whose employment with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. covered a period of five years, has resigned to take up farming. We are informed that he will be located in Lebanon, N. J.

Mr. Rupp was a faithful and earnest employee of this company, and it was with much regret that his fellow-workers learned of his intention to quit the game. But he has made good use of his time and savings, and has earned the right to the success which we predict for him.

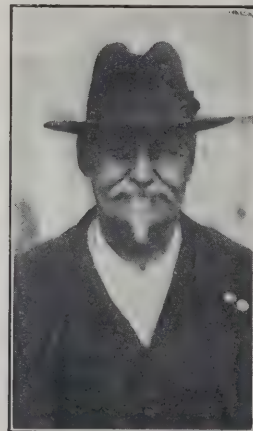
That he, too, regretted leaving the Morse Company is shown by the following letter he sent to Tom Plunkett:

"Just a few lines to thank you for the kind and considerate treatment I received in my five years' employment with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. I never worked for a better concern and it is with some reluctance that I passed in my button and checks.

"Thanking you again, and with best wishes to all the boys, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. Norman Rupp (21387) Driller."



The late Bob Sleight



Charles Holmberg

The **MORSE DIAL**

August 1920

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AUG 17 1920



BOOST!

Boost, and the world boosts with you;
Knock and you're on the shelf;
For the world gets sick of the one who kicks
And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost when the sun is shining,
Boost when it starts to rain;
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl,
But get up and boost again.

Boost for your firm's advancement,
Boost for the things sublime;
For the worker that's found on the topmost round
Is the booster every time.



MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

August, 1920

No. 8

Here Were Gathered International Yachts and Men

By Joe L. Murphy



SILVERED by time, he is hailed "The King of Sportsmen"—The plain American workmen of which the men of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., are a type, and the plain, but titled, Thomas Lipton, famed for tea and racing yachts, rubbed elbows for hours at a time during a few days in July prior to the great international yacht races in which the

Resolute and the *Shamrock IV* were the contestants.

Indeed, public attention was directed to this yard for no less a reason than this: The American Cup Defender *Resolute* and the Challenger *Shamrock IV*, principals in the greatest sporting event between two countries, came to the ship repair yard of this company, and occupied together our great, six-section dock, which the newspapermen kindly referred to as "America's largest floating dry dock."

Not in nineteen years, since the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock II* were hauled out together, had two rival cup yachts occupied the same berth, and not in almost as many years had a great international yacht Derby been held off these shores.

With these interesting facts in hand it is difficult to realize that the eyes of all those interested in the great marine battle-royal were focused upon the Morse yard and the prizes it held on dock—two racing yachts worth a king's ransom and wagered upon by two nations.

The *Shamrock IV* was the first to arrive in the yard. The coming of that famous challenger was the signal for an onslaught upon us by a delegation of moving picture men and newspaper writers. These men of press and camera camped on our docks and paced our yards and shops, recording every little detail with which they fed a yacht racing clientele.

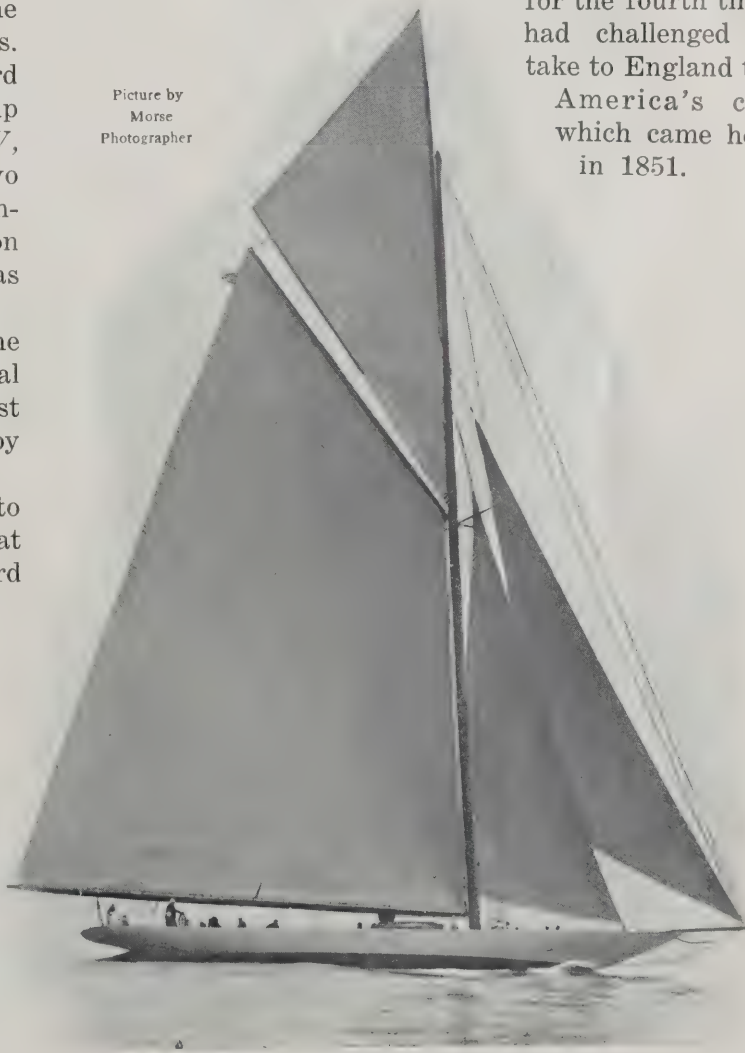
As for Sir Thomas Lipton, his appearance, as he strode about our docks and piers or stood chatting freely with any and all who approached him, was the signal for the click and grinding of cameras of

every size and make. A battery of movie men trailed him here, there, and everywhere.

If he stopped to talk with his secretary, Mr. Westwood; with the designer of his original and daring *Shamrock*, Mr. Nicholson; or with any other member of the notable group of men who hovered about on our docks, he was "shot at" unmercifully so that newspaper and magazine readers might see the likeness of the

sportsman who, for the fourth time, had challenged to take to England the America's cup which came here in 1851.

Picture by
Morse
Photographer



Resolute, successful defender of America's cup.

The Defender *Resolute*, in tow of her tender the *S.S. Montauk*, came to the yards some few hours after the arrival of the *Shamrock* flotilla, which consisted of Sir Thomas Lipton's private yacht, *Victoria*, the house-boat *Killarney*, and the two *Shamrocks*, one of which was the challenger and the other her 23 meter trial horse.

Both the *Resolute* and *Shamrock* were ushered into the slip over the submerged sections of the big dock which was to raise them, while Harold Webb, official measurer of the New York Yacht Club, and scores of prominent yachtsmen, awaited to start the measuring process which re-

sulted in the granting of the *Resolute's* handicap during the races.

As the work of taking official measurements stretched over a period of two days and was followed with the operation, by our men, of giving the final decorative touches to the yachts, we had ample time to look upon Sir Thomas, for he visited the yard at intervals during the yacht's stay here.

His private yacht, *Victoria*, "lay off" at a point near the waterfront entrance to these yards, and daily the Irish baronet motor-boated over here for his daily peep at the *Shamrock*, "his girl," as he called her.

On each visit, Sir Thomas wore his "coddling" clothes, if we may use a descriptive term employed by one of the reporters who commented upon the same thing. The term "coddling" is used advisedly, as it is the Ulster argot for kidding. Sir Thomas's kidding clothes were white canvas shoes, gray silk hose, white flannel trousers, blue coat and vest, blue and white polka dot bow tie, a gold stud in a white shirt and a white yachting cap bearing an insignia.

Stroking the sand-papered sides of "his girl," the "bachelor baronet" remarked with a droll wink as he stroked his half inch of snow-white goatee, "You know the secret of this boat is that I've an invisible motor hid in the keel here that will drive it through the water even if there isn't a bit of breeze."

On another occasion, Sir

Thomas's attention was called to a comparatively rough plate on the *Shamrock IV*. Bringing to an abrupt end a conversation he was holding, the yachting celebrity paced toward the *Shamrock* and rubbed his hand along the plate in question. "Oh, that's alright, my lad," he said, "a friend of mine put that on."

Upon our big 30,000 ton floating dry dock, the *Shamrock* and *Resolute* were as toys in comparison to some of the ocean liners and cargo carriers which have occupied the same place. But their masts! Those supports of a generous spread of canvas loomed high in the air. They towered over the walls of the dock, over the buildings in our yard and over the steamships laying at our piers and even over those steamships which occupied our older dock nearby.

The white-hulled *Resolute* appeared the smaller boat as she reposed on dock with the *Shamrock IV*, but the American yacht had the more beauty of appearance and the speedier looking lines. However, both boats represented the acme of naval architecture and marine engineering brains in the countries for which they raced.

Charles E. Nicholson, creator of the fourth *Shamrock*, is recognized as the most daring and unfettered naval architect in all Britain, while to Nat Herreshoff as much as to any other individual in this country belongs the credit of developing American yachts to their present state of racing excellence.

Both of these men were among the notables who with Sir Thomas Lipton

Pictures by
Morse Photographer



Feminine beauty blends with beauty of the yachts. Fashion models invade our docks and piers. Gentleman in flannels in top picture? Sir Thomas Lipton of course! Picture directly below shows measuring process on *Shamrock* as she lay on our big dry dock a few lengths from *Resolute*.

and Prof. Harold Webb of Columbia University, the official measurer, became familiar figures in and about our piers and docks.

Other celebrated yachting and sportsmen whom we and every employee of this company came to know at first sight were: Charles Francis Adams 2nd, skipper of the *Resolute*; William P. Burton, master of the *Shamrock*; C. Sherman Hoyt, who was manager of the *Janetie* during her trials against the *Resolute*; H. L. Harrett of the Royal Ulster Club; William Rife, designer of the *Shamrock* and *Shamrock II*; George A. Cormack, secretary of the New York Yacht Club; W. Butler Duncan, chairman of America's Cup Committee; George M. Lynchon, part owner of the *Defiance*; C. D. Lower, who measured the *Shamrock III* and the *Reliance*; Robert W. Emmons, managing owner of the *Resolute*; I. De B. Parsons, chairman of the race committee; Joseph McDonough and Frederick O. Spedden, members of the committee, and last but not least, Col. Duncan F. D. Neill, Sir Thomas Lipton's yachting representative.

The last named gentleman attracted as much attention as his bosom friend, Sir

Thomas, for he is to the challenger what Mr. Emmons is to the *Resolute*, and just a little bit more. He is yachting adviser and manager for Sir Thomas. He has sailed aboard every racer the Irish baronet has sent to this country as well as

had been interrupted in 1914 when the *Shamrock IV* came here, but was tucked away until the boom of cannon had ceased.

The dry docking of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock* was added distinction for the big Morse dock and for Charles Hallock and his assistants. The combination of the dock and men had heretofore raised without mishap some of the world's largest ocean liners and cargo ships, but the task of dry docking two slender and seemingly fragile racing yachts was a striking departure from ordinary routine.

Specially constructed blocks and cradles were set up upon our dock, and over the submerged sections of the dock, the yachts glided into the pockets made by these blocks. Extreme care was taken in the lifting operations. As tenderly as a devoted mother would lift her babe, these trim yachts were raised—slowly, carefully, until their underbodies were high and dry.

Then it was that the yachting sharps, who had here assembled, began their comments. Their remarks were meaningless to the landmen. He was baffled by technical dialogue. Indeed, he would have better understood a David Harum if he were talking "horse".

Mr. Rizzo, having formerly been employed here, knows and speaks enthusiastically of the efficiency of Morse workers. We recently had here the *Liberty Belle* of the Italian Star Line.

Twenty Years Ago

Pipefitters didn't own "tin lizzies." Jimmie MacFarlane bought the pipe he now smokes.

Little Tommy went to meet Papa with a dime in one hand and the can in the other.

Three plates in a ship meant a "big bottom job."

Guys got married on 15 a week.

Jimmy Donovan, Harry and Davie Lyle, Duke Tester, Jimmy Hennessy and Chuck Ennis used to "chaw beef" on each other while swimming off the end of the dock.

Our only band was Louis DeGroot's harmonica.



Picture by
Morse Photographer

OFFICIAL stake boat in the *Resolute-Shamrock IV* yacht races, the *Eileen Morse*, a member of the Morse Company's fleet of tugboats, lighters, etc., was chosen because of her unusual speed. In former races the stake boats were hopelessly left astern of the flying yachts, but the *Eileen Morse* demonstrated that she could reel off miles and set the markers before the *Resolute* and *Shamrock* were atop of her. For the championship races, the *Eileen* was groomed much as the cup boats were. She was put to speed tests and went over a thirty mile course under forced draught. She carried the marking buoys fore and aft and these were lifted and set out by steam winches. This speedy tug can make 14 knots an hour. Her propeller is 9 feet in diameter, with a 13 foot pitch, and she generates 128 pounds of steam. Capt. Malcolm J. L. Carmichael, coast and harbor pilot for the Morse Company, is master of the *Eileen* and acted in that capacity during the races.

raced most extensively abroad. Prior to the war Col. Neill, then Captain Neill, raced the 23 meter *Shamrock* to many a hard fought victory in European waters. He took an active part in the war and returned to take up yacht racing which

standing. During the latter part of their apprenticeship terms, the boys will be assigned to the Draughting Room.

All of the boys taking the company's apprenticeship offer are between 14 and 16 years, and at maturity they should be practical marine men of all round experience.

Old Friend Visits Us

NICHOLAS B. RIZZO, formerly of the Copper Shop, is now chief inspector of the Italian Star Line, but occasionally he gets over this way to see Morse men, particularly Tom Plunkett. Nicholas worked in the Copper Shop for about three years, and was one of the company's most earnest workers. He is better remembered by some as the Italian-speaking orator who delivered some stirring addresses during the Liberty Loan drives.

Developing "Morse Men"

JOHN McGoff, 417 60th Street, George T. Hanson, 153 16th St., Frank Stadelburger, 413 52nd St., John Keating, 42 2nd Street, Howard Johnson, 5402 Second Avenue, and Herman Eberle, 135 St. Nicholas Avenue, all of Brooklyn, and David Daly, 267 Forrest Avenue, Jersey City, all office boys employed by this company have entered their names for the apprenticeship courses to be offered by the company.

The first examinations were held July 10th under the direction of Mr. Rathbone of the Draughting Room, acting for Mr. Kelly, chief draughtsman. The boys are to be sent to the shops of the yard and from time to time they will take other examinations to qualify for continuance as company apprentices. Scholarships will be given and will entitle the holders to trade courses in evening schools of highest

New Relief Plan Adopted

THE plan to discontinue yard collections by taking five cents per week out of each envelope and in that way provide funds for relief work was unanimously adopted at the June meeting of the Employees' Association and will now be put up to the men of the yard for a two-thirds vote, to put the ruling into force.

Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital, a member of the collection committee, informed those present at the meeting of the efforts of the Collection committee to hit upon a plan to care for relief work without the necessity of taking up collections.

"These collections," Mr. Falconer said, "were a burden to some men, while other men did not contribute at all. Some men were giving all the time, and freely, while other men never contributed even in the most deserving cases", he said.

Continuing, Mr. Falconer declared that the Committee had asked for suggestions as to how relief funds could best be raised, and that the general suggestion was that five cents a week be taken from the envelope. He said, "The Committee does not intend to take five cents each and every week, but only when necessary, and at that time, members will be notified."

"If we had 2000 men at work, five cents from each would give us \$100 per week for relief. With this amount we should be able to care for two or three cases per week. In time we should have a substantial relief fund, if the claims for assistance are not unusually large."

The relief fund had reached \$254, but claims upon it have reduced the fund to \$55. This amount, Mr. Falconer said, was insufficient to carry on the relief work. The boxing stags failed to bring any returns of material profit because members didn't want to attend in hot weather and because many did not buy tickets.

Some one in the audience moved to make the assessment ten cents but Mr. Falconer said that the committee had determined that five cents was sufficient and the new motion was withdrawn.

At a meeting of the joint conference board on Thursday, July 8th, the action of the Collection Committee and the subsequent action of the Association was approved in the matter of deducting the five cents. Shop meetings, at which Conference Board members were present, were held to inform the men of the new method.

As has been said, the five cents weekly deduction will not be made each week of the year unless absolutely necessary. At the maximum, this would only be about \$2.60 per year, but the records indicate that the yearly assessment at a nickel a week, judging from the appeals for assistance, may fall as low as \$1.30 for the entire year.

Pete Bresnan of the Carpenters is the cause of our Field Day posters being printed in green. He was aided and abetted by his fellow delegate, Patrick O'Mahoney of the Painters who is entered in the three-legged race with Louis Bruns of the Painters.

Jimmie Weldon was stage manager of the vaudeville show at the June monthly meeting, and was adjudged a capable director and announcer. Billy Burke refereed the boxing mills and Joe Toomey was the clocker for the scraps. Three capable officials and Clancy's jazz orchestra make a good combination.

Lloyds Man Gets Send-off

FOREMEN, inspectors and friends of Alexander Smellie, surveyor for Lloyd's register who has been stationed at this yard at intervals for the past three years, tendered him a hearty send-off Tuesday, July 20th, when it became known that he was to leave on the following Saturday for England.

The Morse men who had gained much respect for Mr. Smellie during their contact with him as the official surveyor for Lloyd's, assembled in the office of Assistant Superintendent Charles Hallock on the above mentioned date and presented him with a very rich-looking traveling bag and a toilet outfit. The presentation was made by Mr. Hallock.

Mr. Smellie was born at Leith, Scotland, the son of a Leith shipowner. In 1895, he entered the shipbuilding and engineering firm of Ramage & Ferguson in Leith as an apprentice. Here he gained wide and useful knowledge for the firm was then world's famous yacht builders. After nine years' service with them, he obtained a position with the Earles' Shipbuilding Co., Hull, England, but desiring a still wider experience, he resigned and went to sea, sailing in the Far East.

In 1910 he was appointed surveyor of Lloyd's Register of Shipping and after serving two years in Scotland, was transferred to the United States. His first three years in this country were spent in Pittsburgh, Pa., and district, and he was later transferred to New York.

His many friends in this country hope that he will return, at least for a visit.



Alexander Smellie

Old-Time Ship Master

FRIENDS of our industrial director Ex-Congressman Harry A. Hanbury as well as many active and retired seafaring men regretted to learn recently that Mr. Hanbury's father, Captain Harry A. Hanbury, died July 2nd at his home 443 81st Street, Bay Ridge. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, July 4th.

At his death, Captain Hanbury, who was a retired master of old-time clipper ships, was 83 years of age. He was born in Bristol, England, and came to this country when he was 25 years of age. He was among the prominent American shipmasters of his time and the pilot of the famous Red Jacket which crossed the Atlantic in 13 days, a record in its time.

Captain Hanbury had also been the recipient of a medal from the British government for his bravery and skill in saving the crew of a ship which had been lost in a hurricane in 1880.

After retiring from the sea, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Post Office Department and was assigned to the Coney Island branch office, which place he resigned several years ago.

The Outside Machinists challenge any yard team at baseball and the Riggers challenge any tug-of-war team, the contests to be pulled off at the Association picnic, at Ulmer park, Saturday, Aug. 28.

Resolute-Shamrock Show

RAIN, a cooling, refreshing rain, but one which dampened the clothes and the spirits of more than 2,000 persons who had assembled in our yards, interrupted one of the most auspicious parties ever staged by the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. The said rain fell on our open air show Wednesday evening, July 7th, on the occasion of our reception to Sir Thomas Lipton, members of the New York Yacht Club and the crews of the famous racing yachts, *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*.

About everybody invited was present with the exception of Sir Thomas. Presence of appointments and the threatening clouds prevented his coming. He sent his regrets, however, and the party continued.

Morse men and their women-folk came in large numbers. About the first thing everybody did was to stroll to the head of our big floating dry dock and peer down upon the yachts *Shamrock* and *Resolute*. That part of the program completed, the guests then sought seats of which there were a large number, but not quite enough to accommodate the crowd.

A stage had been erected near the Machine Shop building and the seats were arranged in the roomy place between the Machine Shop, Plate Shop and big dock. Large illuminating arcs were suspended from the giant crane at the head of the dock, and incandescent lights were hung at different places in the area covered by stage and seats.

A vaudeville program followed opening selections by the Morse Military Band under the direction of Lieut. W. S. Myrman. The feature of the theatricals, judged from the applause, was the act of Tabo and Clair, a sister team. The acts preceding this skit were Happy and Howard acrobats and comedians, and Fields and Fields, blackface singers and dancers.

And then came the rain! It sent the crowd to shelter in the Plate Shop, in the Machine Shop and 'neath every available cover. Of the many persons who had assembled very few left because of the down-pour. They had been pleased with the show and were anticipating more good entertainment. They were not disappointed, for when the rain slackened, boxing and wrestling was injected into the festivities.

Jimmy Weldon, John Whalen and Bill Burke were the stage committee. The former was announcer of the events. Bill Metz and Young Happy went six fast rounds to a draw and set the crowd on edge for the coming events. Al Fields and George Wiley kept the crowd on its feet for 20 minutes. Young Monday swaggered into the ring and announced that he was going to be easy with his opponent and only "break his neck." Both wrestlers were on their feet at the end.

Al Fields knocked out K. O. Ryan in one and one-half minutes of fighting. This was a one-sided affair with Fields having the better of the "argument." Johnny Levine and Petey Clark went four fast rounds to a draw, with Levine having the shade.

In what proved to be the best fight of the night, Barney McCue of Scotland and Frankie Mack of the Hull Department went four rounds and each man received and gave freely of punishment. The spectators were expecting a knockout in each round, and the bout held interest throughout. The ring was wet and slippery and both men were handicapped under the conditions.

All Set! Morse Field Day

IF on Saturday, August 28, Mrs. So and So leaves the house with little Mary, whose dress is all starched and Master Willie, who is wearing a starched collar and a flaming bow tie, don't think that they're making for a photograph gallery to make a picture record of the family group. No sir!—they're beating it to Ulmer Park where Papa and all the rest of the Morse Men are staging the annual field day of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

The plans for the big outing are completed. The committeemen will be there "with badges on". The girls will be there with their summer frocks on, and nobody'll be there with a grouch on. It's going to be a big "racket", one that will be marked in the diary with a notation reading "Some Time". There will be band concerts, athletic games, dancing, 'n'everything.

The games committee of which Harry Anderson of the Carpenter Shop is chairman, is to start the games at 11 o'clock—that is, the games for the women folks and children. The committee has decided that the games for men will be open to Morse men only, but those for women and children are open to any women or children who care to enter. The prizes to be selected are costly and useful, and for that reason are sure to be appreciated. They will range from travelling bags to orders for new hats, new dresses and hats for the women and fine household articles.

Fifty cents is the price of the tickets and the children are free. That's small money for big doings. So be on deck!

The field day committees are headed by the general committee consisting of the officers of the Association as follows: Joseph McGuirk, president; Joseph Quinn, vice president; Edward Hannavin, secretary; M. W. Mead, treasurer. Honorary officers of the field day are E. P. Morse, Sr., and D. J. Leary, honorary presidents; Harry A. Hanbury, A. W. Murray, Charles G. Hall, Charles Hallock and C. H. Want, honorary vice presidents. (For other committees see page 7)

Red Hot stopped a new comer at the gate and said "Hey, buddy, yer only two days here and still all the Pipe Shop and Hull Department crews call ya by yer first name. How come?" "Oh," said the new guy, "I used to be a bartender."

Why They Call A Ship A "She"

There are some technical reasons why boats are given the feminine gender, but here are some new ones not technical:

Mr. Want—"If you've tried to steer one, you know."

Superintendent Murray—"They glide so gracefully from the ways."

Assistant Superintendent Charlie Hallock—"Some of them are hard to control."

Gene Sullivan—"They keep a man waiting around."

Captain Kirby—"It takes more than ballast to keep them steady."

Walter Crawford—"We have to fashion their plates."

Billy McEwen—"And my gang is always putting buttons on the fashion plates."

Jimmie MacFarlane—"They burn up a fellow's money."

Pipe Shop Foreman Murphy—"Always want something new."

We have had a satisfactory response upon our request for baby pictures—There are more to be published in future issues of The Dial. Send pictures at once.

Pipe-bender Joe Lowe—"They're particular about the curves."

Welders Davitt and Canning—"You've got to camouflage them up if you can't buy new parts."

Frank Whitman—"They get the men coming and going."

Painter Foreman Mullaly—"They have to be painted."

Cashier Piper—"They keep us figuring."

Captain Roche—"They keep you at sea."

Labor Foreman Reynolds—"They keep a man working."

Blacksmith Foreman Small—"It's hard forging ahead with or without 'em."

George MacLaurin—"They like trimmings."

Machinist Foreman Robbins—"They keep your nose to the grindstone."

Outside Machinist Foreman Chambers—"They sure keep you on the go."

Patternmaker Johnson—"Patterns, patterns, patterns! They need 'em for this and they need 'em for that."

Pipcoverer Andrews—"Want their pipes covered, but their propellers bare; just like furs around the neck in summer and low shoes and spats in the winter."

Billy Wiencke—"You've got to take a lot from them."

Patrick O'Mahoney, painters' representative on the Conference Board, has been 35 years in the business, and although blessed with a large amount of avoirdupois, covers more ground with his brush than many younger men.

Identify These Men?



Do you know any of this "bunch" taken outside of the Boiler Shop in 1906?

We can pick out Harry and Davie Lyle of the Shipfitters, Joe Donovan of the Hull Dept., Joe Vyse, now of the Pipe Shop, Louis DeGroat of the Shipfitters, and a few others whom we have seen in the yard recently.

Also can be found Willie Pennington, until recently an inspector in the yard, Jimmie and Robbie Leith, Jim Tighe and Dick Dillon, who are at present at the Navy Yard, left with clean records, and now and then return to old Morse Dry Dock.

Those were the days when three plates meant SOAP.

Huron Wins More Praise

THE S. S. *Huron*, rebuilt by this company for the Munson Steamship Line, was the subject of a recent congratulatory letter from Admiral Benson to Frank C. Munson. In his letter the chairman of the Shipping Board praised an excellent run by the *Huron* from the United States to South America and said that the showing was "a very creditable one."

This statement by Admiral Benson was in reply to the following letter which he received from Mr. Munson:

"I beg to quote below memorandum received by me from our passenger traffic manager:

"Mr. and Mrs. J. H. K., citizens of the Argentine and first class passengers on the steamship *Martha Washington* arriving port of New York on June 17th, called at this office leaving their cards for Captain Cross and expressing their appreciation of his kindness to them, and also stated that they had made many trips to and from South America, but this was the best appointed ship they had ever travelled on, and the food and service were excellent."

"I am glad to be able to advise you that the *Huron* is due to arrive to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, which is a day ahead of her schedule to arrive in New York. She is making much better speed northbound than she did southbound, and we are getting her tuned up. She is bringing northbound 237 passengers, and in addition to this she carried 37 passengers between ports in South America, which I consider a very creditable showing for the first large passenger carrying steamer we have had in this run."

Marking the completion of one of the most extensive ship repair and alteration jobs ever attempted in America or abroad, the S. S. *Huron* left our yards to enter the Munson service. She is oil-burning, non-rolling and one of the most luxuriantly appointed passenger vessels afloat, a credit to the line operating her and to the American Merchant Marine.

Mrs. Murray Canary of 1343 Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, wife of Murray Canary of the Copper Shop, entertained with vocal selections during the yard band concert Tuesday afternoon, June 29, and one of her most pleasing renditions was "You're a Million Miles From Nowhere." The boys are highly appreciative of their good fortune in getting Mrs. Canary to promise them other visits this summer.

Riggers Together Again

The Riggers staged another "get together racket" June 26 when they assembled at Stillwell's Hotel, Gravesend Bay, where they ate clams, fish and lobster to their heart's content. The boys had something to wash down the contents of the feed bag, but it didn't please O. Munson and he tried to pass a resolution that the next blow-out be held in Havana.

Three Morse men met on the dock recently, Sam Maryatt of the Carpenters, Frank Kinsella of the Ship Caulkers and Tom Furlong of the Painters. They were the original "Paint Dept." 12 years ago, following up George McLaurin's men with a pot and brush. Sam was the snapper and claims that the \$12.40 they got then went further than 40 or 50 now. "Them wuz the Happy Days" says Frank.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
Joe L. Murphy, Assistant Editor
Willard B. Prince, Art Editor
C.W. Bailey, Photographer
E. Donnelly, Cartoonist

Mrs. Wallace Livermore, Joan C. Sharp,
Marjorie H. Davis, Thomas J. Furlong,
Thomas J. Plunkett, and
Margaret McCarthy,
Associate Editors

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This Publication is created and printed from cover to cover in the plant of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., at the foot of 56th Street, Brooklyn, under the direct supervision of Bert E. Barnes, Advertising and Publicity manager, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Vol. 3 AUGUST, 1920 No. 8

It is not work that kills a man; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.
—Henry Ward Beecher

A Morse Man's Money

GOOD roads, good weather and a desire to stock the family larder for next winter, have combined to stir the blood of the Wallingfords and all their tribesmen who would get rich quick at the expense of the horny-handed son of toil.

Nowadays, we find at our gates on First Avenue, street peddlers and low and high pitch men, from the dollar bottle of medicine to the combination outfit of collar, cuff and shirt buttons.

We like to hear these wandering salesmen wax eloquent about their wares. They are a convincing lot, and one readily believes that they prefer to "advertise their goods on street corners instead of spending large sums of money in magazines, periodicals and newspapers."

Once in awhile, you get a small bargain that you can't get elsewhere. It's a bargain if you need the stuff. If you don't, then it isn't a bargain. However, the wit and ease with which the "fakir" hands out his line of talk will convince you that you are giving the golden op-

portunity the cold shoulder and before you know it, your half dollar or a whole one is deposited in his nicely manicured hand and you continue on your way thinking that you might find some use for the stuff after all.

The other day we happened, out on First Avenue, outside the gates, and some stock salesmen were holding forth. They were selling stock for something or other which sounded like "Frisco." They had, at least, one bright prospect. He was a Morse man. We saw his button. And, if we are not mistaken, he was being groomed for picking.

Interested in the proposition, he made his interest known to the salesman. He wanted to know more. Could the salesman come out to his house? Sure, the salesman could, but the said salesman didn't want to to go on a fool's errand. He said to the Morse man:

"If, as you say, you are interested in this proposition, have you \$60 to invest?"

"Sure I have" replied the Morse man.

We didn't wait longer. We were quite certain that the salesman would be there. We are now wondering who has that \$60, the salesman or the Morse man?

Ordinarily we wouldn't stop in our work to write warning against street "fakirs." The quarters and half dollars they get here and there, do not hurt anybody in particular. It is not so easy, though, to stand by and allow them to single Morse Men out for \$60 a smash on what may too sadly prove to be wild-cat stocks.

And the stocks that are sold on the street corners are, indeed, apt to be of the wild-cat species. Reliable, hard-headed business men are not interested in a stock that has to be exploited on the streets. Good things do not often go begging, nowadays. So, if the interest of staunch, sound business men is not in back of the stock, there is no organization in back of it, and it is worthless.

We hope that the Morse Man did not give a perfectly good \$50 Liberty Bond and ten dollars in cash for a stock certificate that isn't worth as much as a cigar store coupon.

—:—

IF you want to locate an ambitious young man, some chap whom you would make foreman or manager, go over to the poolroom about two o'clock in the afternoon, and find him—not.

High Cost of Smoking

WHERE there's smoke, there's fire!

Read the following and you will realize the truth of this old saying:

Every year in the United States there are raised more than one million pounds of tobacco. Large quantities are likewise imported from other countries.

To light this amount of tobacco, five thousand matches are struck every second.

The cost of fires in the United States — \$165,000 a week — \$16 a minute—largely due to carelessness on the part of the smoker.

How can you help to do away with the fires, and with the loss of life and property resulting from criminally careless smoking?

Don't throw away a match while it is still burning!

Don't knock the ashes from your cigar or pipe without heeding where the sparks are carried by the wind.

Don't throw away a lighted cigar or cigarette stub without taking the trouble to see where they land.

If you own your own home, you don't smoke in bed.

Why then should you smoke at work and endanger another man's property to say nothing of the lives of some of the men whom you call your "pals"?

In the enormous destruction by fire which occurs each day in this country, countless instances occur where proper precautionary measures could have saved lives and property; and more than any other factor, negligence and carelessness is responsible for the greater part of fire destruction. Fifteen thousand lives and some \$300,000,000 is the price paid annually for loss by fire, and often money cannot replace what fire has destroyed.

—:—

Consider the Public Library

IN these days of social and industrial unrest we are beginning to open alarmed eyes at what we term the "menace of the unassimilated foreigner," and to voice our growing concern over a problem which the public libraries of America long have been working quietly to solve. Out of the welter is emerging a tardy appreciation of the value of the public library as a bridge by which the immigrant may pass from old world traditions and prejudices to American ideals.

For millions of foreign born throughout the nation, the public library is opening the door of Amer-

ican life and opportunity. There are other millions for whom this door remains closed because there are no public libraries. For the entire country, the average of population served by public libraries is only forty-five percent., by the estimate of the United States Bureau of Education.

Some states are well organized for public library service but the great majority for no more than half their people. In some the proportion is truly pitiful and for several it is less than five percent. Many of these states man their industries with foreign born workers; and in one state, whose chief industry is coal mining, there are only a dozen public libraries.

Believing that strenuous days demand strenuous measures, the American Library Association, whose membership of more than 4,000 compromises the leadership of the library profession of the country, has resolved to set vigorously to work for a rapid extension of public library facilities. The Association is gathering a fund of \$2,000,000 with which to carry out its recently adopted Enlarged Program, which includes many projects for making the public library a powerful educational force throughout the nation. "Books for Everbody" is the slogan of the movement which expresses a determination that, as far as lies in its power, no man, woman or child in America shall longer be denied the opportunity for self-education.

—:—

Drifters and Strikers

HERE are men, and women, too, who are continually changing from one position to another without the hope of bettering themselves.

What becomes of them?

Why, they waste so much time leaving one job and getting started in another that they are generally quite no account.

They finally drop down to the bottom of the heap to be used as a stepping stone by the fellow who has enough gumption to stick to one thing and master it.

If you really want to know the greatest single cause of failure in business life read the following facts:

The average man holds a job eleven months, and then takes a crack at some other job.

In about forty percent. of such cases the drifter goes into something entirely new and something he

knows little or nothing about.

He bluffs his way into the new job and then he has to spend so much time fourflushing to hold the job that he finds it impossible to get down and learn his duties thoroughly.

About twenty percent. of all men hold their jobs for over a year.

Is it a wonder that there are so many failures?

—:—

IF labor created all wealth, then the Chinese would be the wealthiest nation in the world, because the Chinese employ very little machinery or organization. They do most things by hand, they work very hard, yet from the point of view of material possessions are the poorest of any individuals on the face of God's earth.—Area.

AUGUST						
Calendar and Tide Table			High Water Governors Island			
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1 8:54	2 9:23	3 9:54	4 10:30	5 11:11	6 11:58	7 0:13
8 1:12	9 2:24	10 3:50	11 5:07	12 6:14	13 7:12	14 8:06
15 8:57	16 9:47	17 10:35	18 11:24	19 12:13 PM	20 0:32	21 1:26
22 2:22	23 3:21	24 4:17	25 5:05	26 5:55	27 6:36	28 7:13
29 7:47	30 8:19	31 8:50	Last Quarter 7th	New Moon 13th	First Quarter 21st	Full Moon 25th

TIME OF TIDE IS A.M. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. HIGH WATER AT SANDY HOOK DEDUCT 30 MIN. (EASTERN STANDARD TIME)

Association Calendar

Collection Committee meets every Tuesday at 4 p. m.

Outing Committee meets every Wednesday. Finance Committee meets last Tuesday of every month.

Directors meet last Wednesday of every month.

Association entertainment and business meeting last Wednesday of every month, unless otherwise announced.

Picnic and Field Day at Ulmer Park, August 28th, for employees and their families and friends.

Entertainment Committee meets 2nd Monday of every month.

Fire Prevention Committee meets 3rd Monday of every month.

Relief Committee meets last Monday of every month.



Employee's Association Directory

OFFICERS

President—JOSEPH MC GUIRK
Hull Department

Vice President—JOSEPH QUINN
Burning Department

Secretary—EDWARD HANNAVIN
Brass Storeroom

Treasurer—MORTIMER W. MEAD
Office

Directors and Conference Board Members
(d) for Director; (c) for Conference Board
CARPENTERS, JOINERS, PAINTERS
AND WOOD CAULKERS—Peter Bresnan

(d) Harry Anderson (c) Patrick O'Mahoney (c).

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS—Charles Pearson
(d) Al. Cumming (c) William Mills.

INSIDE MACHINISTS—John Sweeney (d)
Hugh McQuillan (c) Frank Ulsmer (c).

PIPEFITTERS—Michael O'Day (d) Jos.

Lowe (c) Charles Davis (c).
BLACKSMITHS—Arthur Fallon (d) Adolph Rentel (c) Robert McQueen (c).

RIGGERS AND DRY DOCK HANDS—
Edward Kelley (d) Eugene Callahan (c)
Harry Carlson (c).

COPPERSMITHS, PLUMBERS, PIPE
COVERERS—Thomas Hayes (d) Joseph Herzog (c). Nelson Jacobs (c).

BOILERMAKERS—William Jackson (d)
Harry Beattie (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed Arthur Sylvester, who has left the Company.

OFFICE, ESTIMATORS AND SOLICITORS
—Frank Falconer (d). Miss Marjorie H. Davis (c) George F. Keenan (c).

DRAUGHTSMEN, PATTERN MAKERS,
INSPECTORS—James M. Donovan (d)
Leonard Wallace (c) Thomas C. Rathbone (c).

SHEET METAL WORKERS—J. O'Brien
(c) Joseph Bovine (c).

PLATE SHOP—Edward McGibney (d)
George Drew (c) Louis Leiser (c).

ELECTRICIANS—Harry Jost (d) Thos.
White (c) Al. Chisholm (c).

HULL DEPARTMENT—Al. Simendinger
(d) Daniel Ditter (c) John Whalen (c).

BURNERS AND WELDERS—James MacFarlane (d) John Beverley (c) William Dralle (c).

MISCELLANEOUS—Including Chauffeurs,
Storeroom Hands, Garage Mechanics,
Crews of Launches, Timekeepers and
Watchmen—Carlisle R. Stecker (d). John Finnegan (c) William A. Jarrell (c).

COMMITTEES
RELIEF COMMITTEE—Morris Levy (Rig-
gers) Archie Campbell (Carpenters) Otto
Rochelle (Inside Machinists).

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—
Frank Falconer (Hospital) Joseph Quinn
(Burners) David Lysle (Hull Dept.) Samuel Olsen (Chain Gang) Harry Beck
(Carpenters) Ernest Harvey (Outside
Machinists) Joseph Bayliss (Laborers.)

SANITATION COMMITTEE—To be ap-
pointed.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—James
Weldon (Office) William Burke (Car-
penters) Thomas Whalen (Hull Dept.).

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Charles Menzies
(Welders) Harry Anderson (Carpenters)
Michael Flarthy (Air Plant.).

WELFARE COMMITTEE (Embracing Yard
Collections)—Frank Falconer (Hospital)
William Jackson (Boiler Shop) John
Sweeney (Machinists).

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—Michael O'Day
(Pipe Shop) Harry Jost (Electricians)
Peter Bresnan (Carpenters).

FIRE PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Joseph
Lowe (Pipe Shop) Chairman; William
Leiser (Plate Shop) Harry Gardner
(Burners).

PICNIC AND FIELD DAY COMMITTEES
—Charles Pearson (Outside Machinists)
Chairman; George Gardner (Hull Dept.)
Thomas Furlong (Paint Shop) Milton
Heinze (Hull Dept.) William Dunn (Out-
side Machinists) Hugh McQuillan (Inside
Machinists) George Drew (Plate Shop)
Mortimer W. Mead (Office) Peter Bres-
nan (Carpenters) Harry Anderson (Car-
penters) Paul Gingras, (Sheet Metal
Shop) George Jennings (Boilermakers).

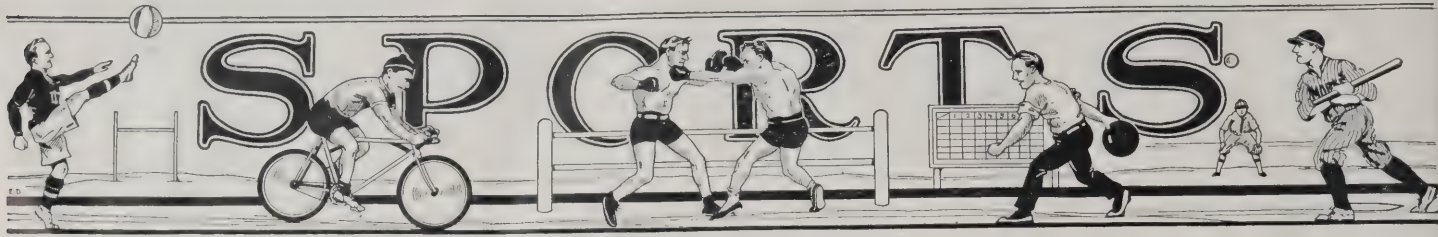
ARRANGEMENTS—Charles Jennings,
George Gardner, Hugh McQuillan, George
Drew, Wm. Dunn, Harry Anderson, Paul
Gingras, Charles Pierson, Joe Lowe, R.
MacQueen, Wm. Carr, Henry Crist, Ed.
Knipe, Frank Brennan, Morgan J. O'Brien
M. Heinze, P. Bresnan and T. Hayes.

RECEPTION—Walter Crawford, Tom Nes-
bit, Cy MacLaurin, Fred Daddi, Tom
Smith, Sr., Geo. MacLaurin, Paul Troy,
Jack Nevada, Frank Sheedy, Wm. Robbins,
Charles Small, Wm. Wiencke, Wm.
McEwen, M. Wright, J. Miller, N. Higbie,
Tom Cavanaugh, George Russell, James
Greenfield, J. Mullaly, W. Chambers, P.
Andrews, J. Stephens, J. Murphy, James
Dougherty, A. F. Reynolds and O. Minett.

GAMES—Harry Beattie, Wm. Wheery, Al.
Cummings, George Gardner, Alex. Ingraham,
Joe Herzog, Harry Anderson, Tom
Furlong, Miss Sharp, Miss Badger, Miss
Olson and Miss Roehrs.

PRIZE—George F. Keenan, Miss Marjorie H.
Davis, T. Rathbone, B. E. Barnes, L.
Wallace, and J. O'Brien.

FLOOR—Howard Canning, James Davitt,
Alex. Moffatt, Tom Plunkett, Wm. Rein-
hardt, Harry Carlson, John Finnegan,
John Beverly, William Jarrell, Dan Ditter,
Thomas White, Wm. Dralle, Albert
Chisholm, J. Whalen, L. Leiser, Joseph
Bovine, Adolph Rentel, Chas. Davis, Frank
Ulsmer, Pat. O'Mahoney, Carlisle Stecher,
Frank Falconer, George Drew.



1920 Soccer Review

By James Kelly

THE Soccer Football Season of 1919-20 which closed recently has gone down in the records as one of the most successful ever experienced. It was only natural that the popular sport would enjoy a big comeback after the depression caused by the war, which took away hundreds of footballers and forced many prominent teams to disband. But associations, leagues and clubs all finished up strongly which far exceeded their expectations and all are looking forward to next season which is expected to surpass anything yet recorded.

For The National Challenge Cup—The Premier Competition in America—the record number of exactly one-hundred entries were received. Extraordinary enthusiasm was aroused all over the country in the ties and record crowds were attracted everywhere. Interest in this competition has increased in leaps and bounds as shown by the following table of entries and net receipts received by the United States Football Association:

Year	Ent.	Net	Rpts.	\$
1913-14	40	Ent.,		786.60;
1914-15	82	"	"	1487.80;
1915-16	88	"	"	1955.21;
1916-17	81	"	"	1415.94;
1917-18	54	"	"	3051.43;
1918-19	49	"	"	2116.36;
1919-20	100	"	"	4474.62;

One of the special features of the competition was the entrance for the first time of four professional St. Louis teams and the final tie resulted in the Ben Miller A. C. of that city winning the trophy by defeating the Fore River F. C. of Quincy, Mass., by 2 to 1 after a desperate and exciting game before a record crowd.

The crack Robins Dry Dock team captured the American Cup by defeating the famous Bethlehem Steel F. C. (the former holders) by 1 to 0 before 8,000 people at Harrison Field, Harrison, N. J. in one of the most sensational games ever seen. Both teams should have scored one or more goals but the excitement of the big contest proved too much at the critical moment. In trying to effect a clearance, Murray, the right half back of the steel workers, unfortunately put the ball thru his own goal which prevented his club from winning the cup for the sixth time. The Robins also annexed the Southern New York State Cup by beating the Tebo Yacht Basin F. C. by 4 to 1.

The Championship of the National League was won on the last day of the season by the Bethlehem Steel who finished up one point ahead of the Robins Dry Dockers. The latter was strongly fancied for this honor but two unexpected defeats by the Bethlehem team lead to their undoing. The Erie A. A. of Kearny, N. J. occupy third position in the table with a fine record.

The Tebo Yacht Basin F. C. secured the Metropolitan and District League Championship and also the Nestor Cup, while the New York State League was won by the Clan MacDuffs F. C.

James Kelly, author of this article, is conceded to be the best informed writer on Soccer in this country, and The Dial feels quite happy over being able to present this article by such an able authority for the benefit of the Soccer fans here. Mr. Kelly handles more Soccer reports than anyone in America, it is said. He is the special correspondent for over 50 newspapers in the United States and Canada, South America, Sweden and England, and was the first writer to have cabled from England and published in America the results of the English and Scottish Soccer Games.

The final standings of the three local leagues resulted as follows:

National League

	Pl.	W.	L.	D.	For	Ag.	Pts
Bethlehem Steel	15	12	2	1	33	9	25
Robins Dry Dock	14	11	1	2	34	20	24
Erie A. A.	16	11	3	2	37	21	24
Paterson	16	7	8	1	22	30	15
New York	14	4	6	4	17	24	12
Morse Dry Dock	14	4	7	3	22	20	11
Disston A. A.	12	2	8	2	16	19	6
Federal Ship	12	2	8	2	19	29	6
Merchant Ship	13	0	10	3	7	35	3

Metropolitan and District League

Tebo Yacht Basin	15	14	0	1	62	7	29
Astoria	13	11	1	1	42	12	23
White Rose	15	9	6	0	36	33	18
Visitation	15	8	5	2	33	26	18
Woodside	15	8	6	1	33	42	17
W. N. Y. Blues	12	6	5	1	19	23	13
Hudsons	15	3	10	2	18	41	8

New York State League

Clan MacDuffs	6	6	0	0	15	3	12
Greenpoint	8	4	3	1	17	12	9
Longfells	7	3	2	2	11	8	8
Vikings	7	3	4	0	13	12	6

Quite the feature of the local soccer season was the clashing of the great rival dockers—Morse and Robins—who met in the various competitions on no fewer than six occasions. The intense rivalry prevailing between the teams attracted record crowds. The Morse team seemed to save up all its energy for the tussels against its rivals and sterling contests took place in all the games. In the National League the Morse boys had the honor of taking away the first point by drawing 1 to 1 but owing to the difficulty in securing a ground the second game could not be played.

In the National Challenge Cup Competition the Robins players were extremely lucky to qualify for the second round by winning by a penalty goal in the last minute of an exciting game by 3 to 2. The third round tussle in the American Cup Competition provided the sensation of the season for the Morse team was returned the winner by 2 to 1 and was the first team to beat the Robins this season. The latter

protested the game, claiming that Kershaw was ineligible and the American Football Association officials ordered a replay which was won by the Todd team by the same score.

The semi-final of the Southern New York State Cup ties again brought the rival dockers together and in this game the Morse team gave its best display of the season by drawing after extra time was played. A great crowd turned out to see the game which was one of the best ever played in and around this district. The Robins won the replay a week later by 4 to 2.

The Morse boys gave a fine show of football during the entire season. They possessed a clever well balanced team and if they had been better served in the centre forward position in the last two months they would have surely figured in more than one cup final. The defense was equal to the best in the country, Whalen in goal performed wonders between the up-rights week after week.

Lindsay at right back stood out prominently in every game with his fearless tackling, clever kicking and sound judgment which enabled him to make a great name for himself. He was never once guilty of unfair tactics in any game during the entire season. Page at left back was always brilliant but was overshadowed by his partner. The halves were a difficult trio for any set of forwards to tackle. The diminutive Sammy Bustard in the centre was here, there and everywhere but always stopped his man and emerged with the ball. He was a veritable thorn against all attacks and easily enjoyed the best season in his career. In the forward line Kershaw was the pick. Extremely clever and commanding a fine turn of speed he earned a big reputation and was one of the most dangerous Outside Rights in the country. Galloway and McLoughlin were both valuable acquisitions to the attack and gave a splendid account of themselves in the big games. Straden was feared by every defense pitted against him.

The usual spell of bad weather which commenced in January and caused a complete stoppage of football for ten weeks is responsible for the arranged schedule of League games not being played out, but for next season a movement has already been started by the officials of the various leagues to arrange a schedule which will prevent a recurrence of last season's unfinished fixtures.

George Pennington of Hartford, Conn., Club of the Eastern League phoned to Tom Plunkett recently for the purpose of securing some Morse players for his club. Tom informed Pennington that Morse wasn't represented in baseball this season, but he tipped George off to Walter Burke, formerly of the Carpenter Shop, who is playing semi-professional ball in Brooklyn. Burke may now be seen in a Hartford uniform.

No path of flowers leads to glory.

Devlin Loses Arm

FRRIENDS of Peter Paul Devlin, formerly a member of the crew of the tug, *Jessie Morse*, were saddened on June 16th when they learned that he had suffered the amputation of his left arm as the result of an accident in Dayton, Ohio, when he attempted a world's record for a parachute drop from an areoplane.

In a preliminary drop from a height of about 4,000 feet, just before he jumped, Devlin's left arm got afoul of the propeller of the plane, and was slit through from a little above the elbow straight down to the fingers. In landing, he further injured the same arm so badly that amputation was necessary at the U. S. Government Hospital at McCook field.

Devlin lives at 591 Prospect Place. While working as a Morse man he had volunteered to be shot to Mars via Prof. Goddard's super-rocket. He is about twenty years of age. Aboard the *Jessie Morse*, where he was a favorite with other members of the crew, Devlin could be readily distinguished by his apparel. He most always wore a rakish looking cap, army trousers and puttees.

Before he entered the British Royal Flying Corps, Devlin made balloon ascensions and parachute drops in this country. Once at Marion, Ohio, he had been picked up after an accident and it was found that he had very little heart action. He was revived, however, and continued his life of daring, save for the few months he worked in the yard here, that he might be in Brooklyn and near his folks.

Shower Baths For Morse Men

YOU can have your tub, but give me a shower" one of the boys said after he had stepped out of the Association meeting room. His hair was water-soaked but his face glowed pink in its cleanliness and freshness. He started off at a brisk pace toward home. I wonder what his wife said because he had usually arrived home grimy and dirty and apparently very tired.

That's the dope nowadays. Knock off work and then step underneath the showers. Oh, boy! Supper tastes better, and you feel like going out to the movies or some place. Besides it saves you strainin' your neck over the wash bowl at home. You don't have to wait 'til the tub's full.

The showers in the Association rooms opened Monday, July 19, and they're playing to good business. A flock of the boys go over after 4 o'clock, and on Saturdays from 12 to 1.

A. R. Walker of the inside machine shop, suffered the loss of his stepfather, A. S. Dodge of Attleboro, Mass., recently. Mr. Dodge died at the age of seventy-two years. Mr. Walker attended the funeral held in his former home in Massachusetts.

About Our June Meeting

TWO protests were entered at the June meeting of the Association, one by Lowe of the Pipe Shop and one by Pete Bresnan of the Carpenters. Joe wanted to know why, if Young Levine of the Pipe Shop was promised a ring or a watch or something as a boxing prize, he didn't get it.

President Joe McGuirk said that he wasn't entirely acquainted with the situation, but was of the impression that the committee in charge of the noon-day boxing tournament had not adjudged Levine a winner. "I think he only boxed twice", President McGuirk said, "and that the committee didn't award him a prize. However, if he was promised a prize he'll get it."

Billy Burke was a member of the committee, and President McGuirk asked him to explain to Mr. Lowe. Billy said that he thought Tom Plunkett, who also served on the committee, had told Levine that he was entitled to a prize. Whereupon our worthy president again said, "Well, if Plunkett promised him one, he'll get it." On motion of Mr. Mead, the matter was left to the committee on boxing. Joe Lowe seconded the motion.

Peter Bresnan, during the meeting, had collected five blank Morse badges and was of the belief that members had passed their badges on to outsiders so that they could attend the session. Bresnan stated that attendance by outsiders was contrary to a ruling made by the Board of Directors and that outsiders shouldn't be admitted.

Some one in the audience whose name was not obtained, disagreed with Pete's contention and said that he believed that nobody would object to a member bringing a friend. His remarks were heartily applauded, but the chair ruled in favor of the Bresnan contention in view of the ruling of the directors.

President McGuirk said, "Nobody objects to a man bringing a friend, but the entertainment committee and others have been opposed to members bringing their children. Sometimes there are only enough seats for members."

The gates were thrown open for the evening, but the members were asked not to bring their boys and friends to future meetings because of the crowded conditions which generally prevail at the meetings.

Tom Cavanaugh is getting to be a live wire publicity promoter. Tom thought up the Morse reception to the crews of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock*. He also created the flag idea of keeping the yard posted on the *Resolute-Shamrock* race. The boys had only to look at the flag to know which boat was winning.

Happiness is the reward of hard work.

Our Band Is Winning Praise

LIEUT. W. S. Mygrant, leader of the Morse Band, is receiving much praise for the splendid musical organization now representing the company and the Employees' Association, but the Lieutenant is not going to rest on the laurels he has thus far gained.

He is planning some fine programs for the remaining Tuesday and Thursday noon-day summer concerts. Several new compositions and arrangements have been received, ranging from simple folksong numbers to descriptive overtures. Other new band pieces are to be received from the publishers of the country, with whom Lieut. Mygrant is in touch.

Of the descriptive overtures listed for future concerts, Leader Mygrant speaks very highly of "The Battle For Democracy." Of the march numbers, he promises a treat in the novelty compositions from a music house in Cincinnati. In these numbers the trombone part figures very prominently.

Enjoying as great a popularity as a writer and composer as he does as band-leader, Lieut. Mygrant is a well known personality in the world of music. He has further promised to have the Morse Band render at some future time "The Maryland March", composed by himself and reputed to be one of the most popular and best selling march compositions ever written.

A motion made by Joseph Quinn, vice president of the Association, and seconded by Joe Lowe was carried at the June meeting of the Employees' Association, and provided for the expenditure of \$15 for magazines for the yard hospital. The motion was made on the recommendation of Miss Jensen, who had been unable to procure the usual number of yearly subscriptions because the price of magazines had advanced considerably.

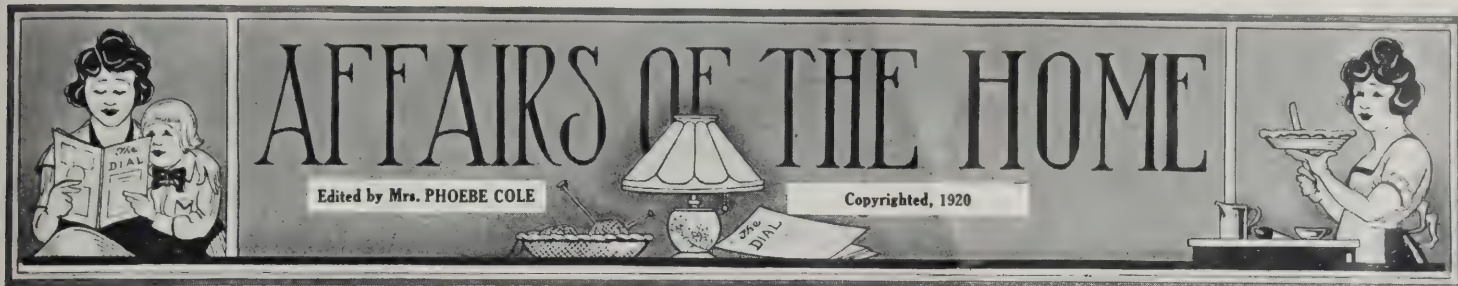
The magazines are purchased for the use of men awaiting treatment in the hospital. In some instances, men have taken magazines away, thereby denying others the use of them. It is asked that this practice be discontinued.

JOHAN Geneske (9642) of the Rigging Department, was the winner of the title guessing contest in connection with the appearance in the July Dial of the cartoon depicting scenes and personalities during the noon-hour with a band concert in progress. Rigger Geneske entitled the cartoon "Morseville's Jazzy Hour" which caption was adjudged the best of the number received. As a prize he received Cartoonist Donnelly's original drawing of the cartoon. The drawing is 9x15 inches and is nicely mounted.



Cartoonist Donnelly's Impressions of Morse Employees' Carnival for Sir Thomas Lipton, Members of Resolute and Shamrock Crews and Other Invited Guests.





LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MARRIED LIFE

The Perfect End of a Day

IT was eleven o'clock of a summer morning when the Bride bumped into her friend, the Experienced Housekeeper, while they were both doing their day's marketing. The Bride looked discouraged and the older woman had a shrewd idea that it was not entirely due to the high cost of lamb chops and head lettuce; so she said, as they left the store and walked along together,

"Come on home to lunch with me, my dear. It will be just pot luck, but we can have a good talk."

"But you aren't prepared for company," said the Bride hesitatingly, though her wistful eyes said all too plainly that she longed to accept the invitation.

"Well, no; I am not prepared to entertain a party," laughed the Experienced Housekeeper. "But I guess we'll find enough to keep alive on. So come on."

When they reached the pleasant, orderly home of the Experienced Housekeeper, the Bride tossed off her hat and sank gratefully into a comfortable chair.

"Your house is always so neat and orderly, it's a relief just to come in for a five-minute call," she sighed. "And yet you have six in family, and do most of the work yourself. You must get up with the dawn, to have your house all tidied up before you go to market. My little place looks as though a cyclone had swept through, and I'll have to rush home from here after lunch and clean it up before Ed gets home this evening. How on earth do you manage?"

"Well, I always do most of my picking up the night before," smiled the older woman.

"The night before?" echoed the Bride wonderingly.

"Exactly," replied her hostess. "And it's a plan worth considering, let me tell you, especially if your husband is the sort of man who notices things around the house. Some men don't, you know, and wouldn't know if their wives 'kept the pigs in the parlor' as the old song had it. But my husband has always been interested in having the home and yard neat, and I learned, after the babies came, that there never was any time for tidying up the house in the morning before breakfast, for no matter how early I got up and how softly I moved around, one of the babies always woke up and demanded attention. Yet I hated to have John eat his breakfast in a

cluttered-up house and go off remembering all day not how lovely and sweet a little home he had left, but what a mess he had escaped.

"So I began to pick up a little at night, before I went to bed, so that things would be all nice and tidy in the morning when I woke up, at least so far as parlor, dining room and kitchen went. No, I am *not* so painfully neat that I make up the beds before the family gets up! But it is a simple thing to fold up the newspaper that John has probably scattered all over the room, put the chairs back in their places, pick up the sewing that I have been working on during the evening, and set the rooms to rights before I go to bed. As a matter of fact, I doubt if any of my family is aware of my plan. I don't bustle around and make them all uncomfortable by a general housecleaning, but I just quietly pick up a few things and give a little touch to sofa cushions, window shades, etc., the last thing before I turn out the lights. I have taught the children to put away their toys and school books themselves before they go to bed, and I also make it a plan to get their clothes and school things together at night instead of in the morning, because there is more time at night. I make them get their books, pencils, home-work papers, mittens, rubbers, and all such things together, so there

won't be any panic next morning at twenty minutes to nine. If Junior is to have a clean blouse or Jessie a clean apron I get it out the night before, and get clean hankies in their pockets. Also, I clean their ears and finger nails at night, and the teacher has told me that my children always are the most punctual as well as the neatest of any of the pupils. Yet often I scarcely give them a glance in the morning, because I know I put them to bed clean. I know, too, they will get off in good time because they never have to hunt for anything at the last minute.

"I often get the breakfast partly ready the night before, at least in winter, when we usually have a cooked cereal. This I put in the fireless cooker at night. I make it a rule to plan the breakfast the day before, and if we are going to have grape fruit, I fix it at night, too, because it takes longer than other fruits to get ready. Sometimes I even set the table at night. I'd rather do some of tomorrow's work today than have some of today's left over to do tomorrow. So I always try to keep ahead of the game, and that's why I never get rushed or flurried, even when I have extra things to do and get pretty tired."

"I'm going to try your plan from today on," said the Bride decisively. "When I go home from here I've got to pick up the messiest little flat you ever saw—yesterday's cigar ashes in all the ash trays, yesterday's papers all over the floor, yesterday's litter all over the place. No wonder I was feeling blue and abused this morning, and wishing I had never married, but could walk out to a neat, orderly office the way I used to. I cried after Ed left this morning—it seemed so unfair for him to be escaping all the housekeeping drudgery, just pushing back his chair from the table, kissing me and walking out, leaving poor me in that horrid mess. Now I see that my home can't be in a mess unless I let it get that way, and I'm going to adopt your plan and try to clean up every day's disorder before I go to bed, and start each day fresh in an orderly house."

Maybe it's a good thing we can't look into the future. If you could know today how many times you will have to entertain some of your relatives or in-laws between now and New Year's, you might want to go jump off the bridge.

Cultivate the habit of thrift.



Mrs. Phoebe Cole and her children

ABUSY woman in the world of letters, Mrs. Phoebe Cole is also a devoted mother and a student of her own household. For *The Dial*, Mrs. Cole writes about "Affairs of the Home." As editor for five years of the woman's page of the *New York Evening Sun*, and as a contributor to the high class household magazines, she knows how and of what to write for women readers.

Wrapping Ice A Poor Economy

SHALL we try to save ice by wrapping it in paper or any of the prepared cloths that can be purchased for the purpose? There is no doubt that ice will last longer if wrapped, and in case you are carrying ice any distance to your home, or taking it to a picnic, it is, of course, wise to wrap it and keep the hot air away from it.

But ice in the refrigerator should *not* be wrapped, for the whole purpose of the refrigerator is to supply a cupboard with a very low temperature, to keep foods, and this purpose is defeated in several ways if you wrap the ice in the refrigerator.

The efficiency of any refrigerator depends upon ventilation (passage of air from one part of the inside to another, not the entrance of hot outside air) coldness and dryness. The best built refrigerators are planned to permit a circulation of the air within the walls. *It is the melting of the ice that keeps the temperature cold.* Any damp paper or cloth in the ice chamber would make the air damp and unwholesome, and tend to make foods mold, instead of keeping them dry, fresh and sweet, as well as cold. A damp blanket around the ice frequently gets moldy and causes a foul smell and gives a strong taint to food.

At least once a week the housekeeper should devote time to a thorough cleaning of the refrigerator, taking out all foods, washing the inside walls, trays, drain pipes, etc., with hot water which contains soda or ammonia. Do not feel that letting in the hot air in this way is extravagant. *It does waste a little ice, but keeps the refrigerator so much sweeter that you never lose any food by mold.*

Home-Made Maraschino Cherries

Wash, stem and seed cherries. A glove-buttoner or a wire hairpin (which you have first boiled in clean water to sterilize) used in seeding the cherries will help to keep them whole. Seed over a wide dish, to save the juice that drips. Weigh cherries and juice, and use an equal weight of sugar. Drain cherries in colander and put the fruit on the ice. Make a syrup of the sugar and juice. Let it boil 'til thick. Put in the cherries and let simmer for 15 minutes. Add a dessert-spoonful of almond extract to each gallon of syrup. As soon as cherries come to a boil, seal in glass jars. The cherries are lovely to trim desserts and salads, or to use when making candies at home.

Wash yourself nicely before you go to bed. You will sleep better and also keep your bed cleaner, if your hands and face and feet are clean.

Sleep with the window in your bedroom open. Night air is just like day air, except a little cooler, and cannot hurt you. Close, bad air can hurt you.

It is a good idea to keep glass, matches, medicine, sharp points and poisons under lock and out of reach of little hands. The kiddies don't know the dangers of these things.

Sugarless Cake Icing

IF you find it hard to obtain sugar from your grocer, you can make a delicious chocolate icing without a grain of sugar, just by using half a can of a good brand of *sweetened* condensed milk. Turn this into a bowl and blend into it a cupful of cocoa (which, by the way, you can buy in bulk much cheaper than in cans.) This icing will be smooth and waxy, will spread evenly without hardening too rapidly, as is often the case with a boiled icing, and it will not harden and crack, but keep soft and waxy as long as the cake lasts—though that will not be very long! Such an icing can be made and applied in five minutes. And, by the way, did you know that it is possible to buy the plain bakery cakes and ice them at home, making a cheap little cake appear very elegant indeed? For picnics or children's parties, little dabs of icing or fudge put on sweet wafers or crackers always make a great hit.

Home Canned Sour Pickles

Select small cucumber pickles, about six quarts. Pour boiling water over them and let stand 'til cold. Wipe dry with a clean cloth and put into your sterilized glass jars which you have ready. Put on the fire to boil:

- 1 gallon vinegar
- 8 tablespoons salt
- 2 tablespoons black pepper

Mix in a little cold vinegar:

- 2 tablespoons ground mustard
- 8 tablespoons curry powder
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

The last three should be stirred together, then moistened with the cold vinegar, then stirred into the hot vinegar on the stove. Let all boil together for a minute or two, then pour over the cucumbers in the jars and seal quickly. Let ripen at least two weeks before eating.

If the clothesline is boiled before used, it will not stretch.

Green peppers and olives will lend color to a macaroni salad.

Never clean aluminum with strong soap or scouring powder.

It is best to eat very little and slowly when tired or excited.

When making olive sandwiches, put the olives through the meat grinder.

Oiling the Domestic Wheels

VERY often we women make solid drudgery of a task that ought to be slight, when a few drops of oil would lighten the work unbelievably. Perhaps your domestic machinery needs a small dose of oil.

After a long wet spell recently, the writer found all the cupboard and closet latches hard to turn, door hinges squeaking, the clothes wringer refused to turn easily, the vacuum cleaner moved as though crippled with rheumatism, and even the clock on the living-room mantel croaked hoarsely when striking time came. Then it was that the angel of the house at last bethought herself of the machine oil can, and five minutes devoted to oiling hinges, wheels and latches worked a positive miracle. Perhaps the most appreciated improvement was in the vacuum cleaner. There was nothing whatever the matter with its inner workings, but it sadly needed a drop of oil in the gearing of the little wheels upon which it rolls across the floor.

Men use oil freely in shops and factories, and even in offices, where efficiency demands that typing and adding machines be kept in good working condition. We women should avail ourselves of the same safe and sane methods of keeping every piece of household equipment in the best possible condition, so that we can do the work of the home with the least possible wear and tear on our strength and nerves. Yet often we peg along wearily, never thinking of the value of so simple and cheap a thing as a drop of oil.

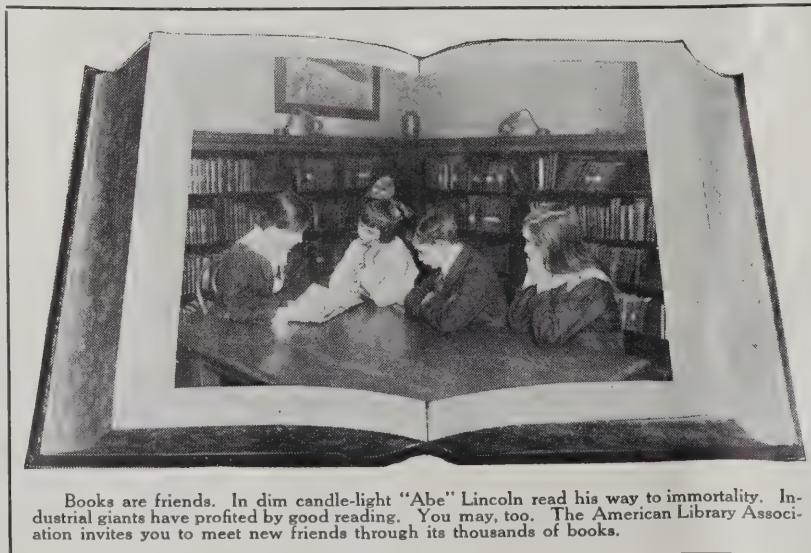
Watch Out for Moths Now

Unless you own a large moth-proof chest, or have put your winter woollens away in tar bags or other moth-proof receptacles, don't neglect to give winter garments and woolen blankets frequent airings in the sunshine. Turn pockets inside out, brush thoroughly, and see that every fold and crease of each garment is cleaned and hides no moth or moth egg. While the garments are out in the sunshine, give the closets or the bureau drawers a good airing and cleaning; in the case of the drawers, it is often possible to put them out in the sun, or near a sunny window. An hour's work of this sort every week or every other week all summer may save your woollens for next winter. An ounce of prevention is worth pounds and pounds of regret.

Asparagus with Cheese

One bunch of asparagus, one-half cupful Swiss cheese, 1 tablespoonful butter substitute, 1 teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper. Cut asparagus in pieces and boil in salted water for ten minutes; then place it in a baking dish. Sprinkle with the grated cheese and seasoning, and add the fat in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven.

A good waterproofing for boots can be made by melting equal parts of bees-wax and mutton suet. Rub this lightly on soles and edges of the boots.



Books are friends. In dim candle-light "Abe" Lincoln read his way to immortality. Industrial giants have profited by good reading. You may, too. The American Library Association invites you to meet new friends through its thousands of books.



The Morse Kindergarten

1. VIOLA, HARRY and ELEANOR, children of Al. Barnes, Riveter (20826).
2. FELECIA MCGUIRK, daughter of Joseph McGuirk, Hull Department.
3. JAMES CORRIS, Jr., son of James Corris, Hull Department, (20754).
4. GLADYS ADELINE SMITH, daughter of Geo. Smith, Printing Department.
5. PHILIP UNHOCK, son of Philip Unhock, Plumber, (3234).
6. JAMES TESTER, Jr., son of James Tester, Blacksmith.

7. JOSEPH FURLONG, son of Tom Furlong, Painters.
8. MARION CRUIKSHANK, daughter of Edwin Cruikshank, Shipfitter.
9. JOHN A. WALSH, Jr., son of John Walsh, Electrical Department.
10. CHAS. C. DONOVAN, son of Inspector James Donovan.
11. JOHN CONLEY, Jr., son of John Conley, Sheet Metal.
12. BERNADETTE CARR, Daughter of Wm. Carr, Pipe Shop.



Committee's Report At Meeting

HARRY Andersen of the Carpenters, representing the Financial committee, made his report at the June monthly meeting of the Employees' Association, saying that the financial committee had examined the treasurer's report for the month of June, and found no inaccuracies. The report of Mr. Andersen for the Financial committee was accepted.

Joe Lowe, representing the Fire committee, made a verbal report on the work of the yard fire department. He said that the department was holding weekly fire drills, and that it was to be equipped with a fire-fighting auto truck. He also said that the formation of a rescue squad was being considered, and that the purchase of gas masks for this squad was also under consideration.

Commenting on the fire situation, Mr. Lowe declared that somebody was pulling outside fire alarm boxes upon the least provocation. He cited a case in which the outside alarm was pulled for a small fire on Pier 3. He advised members to pull a yard box nearest the fire and permit Fire Chief Devlin to use his judgement as to whether or not outside assistance was necessary. The report was accepted and was accompanied by a round of applause.

Morris Levy, a member of the Insurance committee, reported on behalf of that committee, and urged the necessity of more men taking out the yard insurance. He claimed, from statistics with which he had been provided, that at one time only 700 out of 3000 men carried the yard insurance. He emphasized the low price of the insurance and appealed to his hearers to avoid financial assistance in time of need by protecting themselves and families with our insurance.

Furlong's Follies

It makes no difference what you make
Or to what you draw amounts,
And what you get may cause no fret,
But it's what you earn that counts.

We don't know what the item number of the *Western Spirit* was, but an appropriate one would have been 2.75.

Charlie Bailey, Photographer, took a "movie" of the gang one day, coming down the gang-plank to the dock.

At an exhibition later, he reversed the reel, and showed it with the caption: "Morse men going to work at one o'clock."

Jerry Foley comes to work at seven
He used to come to work at eight,
For since he heard about our Outing
He's saving up for August 28.

Of all the words of tongue or pen,
The most welcome are, "Work tonight 'til ten!"

Little Red Hot stood waiting at the gate
With a blue pencil for the guys who were late.

Along came a driller, all out of breath;
Said Red Hot, "Half an hour will cool off that sweat."

We know a few Greek fellows, who worship Joe McGuirk;
And we cannot understand it, for a Greek does hate a "Turk."

Don't let the agitator grease the ladder of success which you hope and should try to climb.



THERE'S quite a few things to take into account when you're summin' up a good workman. In the first place, a good workman is a safe workman. He's neither an obligation to his firm or to his family. He's safe both ways. A feller with lots of "pep" and energy will sure get ahead if he uses that "pep" in producing at his bench or machine, but he's not goin' to get any place but in the hospital if he spends his time shadow-boxing and skylarkin'. Foolin' around with a machine for a sparrin' partner is about as safe as smokin' cigarettes in a powder factory. Both will land you in the same place—in the obituary column and out of a job.

Girls, Gowns and Yachts

"NELLIE, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and her whole gang visited our yards Friday afternoon, July 9th, in quest of Sir Thomas Lipton and some publicity for the National Garment Retailers' Association Fashion Show which was held in the Hotel Commodore, Wednesday night, July 14th.

Automobiles unloaded their cargo of beauty at the head of our big dry dock which was holding the *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*. Immediately the bevy of feminine wonder rushed onto the docks to caress the racing yachts. The beautiful lines of the models vied with the graceful curves of the yachts—but that's another story.

Sir Thomas Lipton didn't come, but he sent his regrets. His absence, however, didn't weaken the show from the male point of view as the models clambered upon the ladders and stagings around the yachts and generally displayed their—gowns.

THE four-masted all wood ship *Charles G. Gawthrop*, owned and operated by the American Wood & Foundry Company of Wilmington, Del., in which place she was built, came to these yards about June 21 for extensive repairs. Equipped with two full Deisel engines of 300 horsepower each, twin screws and sails combine to drive the ship at about 12 knots per hour light, and 14 knots loaded. The vessel is about one year old and has made four trips to foreign ports.

Captain Michael Tisler is the skipper of the craft and, of course, is licensed to master sail and steam ships. Capt. Tisler was optimistic as to the future of the *Gawthrop*. He said that from the standpoint of economy, she would profitably carry her tonnage, 1227 net, and 1488 gross.

Acknowledgments

Mrs. Arthur Lande, writing to the Employees' Association, said: "Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness to myself and children in my late bereavement."

On behalf of the bereaved family of Arthur Lande, a dockhand who was killed by a fall on June 18, we wish to thank the men of all departments who contributed to the fund of \$500 raised for his widow and children.

Collection Committee—Frank Falconer, William Jackson and John Sweeney.

Representatives of Dockhands and Riggers—Edward Kelly (262), Eugene Callahan (253) and Harry Carlson (8990).

Harry Watson of the Printing Dept., sent to members of the Dial staff, Photographic and Printing Depts., the following expression of thanks for kindness shown when Mr. Watson's mother, Mrs. Jennie Watson, died July 9: "Your kind expressions of sympathy are gratefully acknowledged and deeply appreciated by Harry Watson and family."

To the Men of the Pipe Shop:—We have just received through Mr. Lowe the sum of \$124. as a token of your friendship. Words fail us at this time in expressing our appreciation. It means a great deal to us after such a long siege of sickness. We can only wish you all the best of health.

Yours sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. C. Harvey.

ARTHUR LANDE (267) a dockhand, lost his life by drowning as the result of an accident Friday afternoon, June 18, about 4.30 o'clock when he fell from one of the uppermost parts of a section of the larger drydock into the water between two sections of the dock. Fellow dockmen made a valiant effort to recover Lande's body, but to no avail, and it was necessary to send for a diver. Artie Shore and Joe McGuirk were among those who attempted to recover the body, both submerging to some depth in their attempts.

The drowned man was a capable and loyal employee and was popular among his fellow-workers. He is survived by a wife and three children.

Morse Emergency Service Counts

At 11 o'clock Saturday night, June 26, the Morse towing office on Pier 3 received a call from the *S.S. Caledonier* of the Royal Belgian Line, which was anchored off Liberty. The steamer was loaded for sea, but her condenser tube suction line was plugged, and her steaming out was being delayed.

A Morse lighter, which is included in the company's floating equipment, was sent out with a diver, and the line was cleared. The vessel was saved drydocking charges and further delay by the Morse company's prompt attention in time of need.

No wonder Joy keeps distance,

Since no favor he can win!

If he halted at your doorway,

Why, you'd hardly let him in!

He'd only

Feel lonely—

You'd hardly let him in!

—Atlanta Constitution.

It is never too late to buy W. S. S.

The OFFICE CAT

SCRATCHES and PURRS



Clancy says that Mr. Benner and Mr. Plunkett are spending their evenings at home teaching their babies how to sing, "Daddy, You've Been a Mother to Me."

We all offer our congratulations to Mrs. Dombo (Esther Olsen) who was married while on her vacation.

Charley Pearson of the outside machinists will referee the tug of war between the girls in the main office and the girls in the Tabulating Department. That's bravery. Rumored Marion Hayes will be one of the "anchor men."

One of the yard hospital nurses brought a turtle over from Staten Island which disappeared the next day. Far be it from us to insinuate, but next to "scones" Frank Faulkner dotes on turtle soup.

Additions to the office force are noted by the employment of: Bertha Stein, stenographer; Isabella Berg, typist, who is scheduled to remain during the summer vacation period, and Jeannette Schuster, Comptometer operator in the Pay Roll Department.

Mr. Hunt should remember that he who laughs last laughs best. While at Steeplechase he was so busy enjoying himself at other's expense that his feet and head changed places. Then George did not see the joke.

They say "Patience is a virtue" but Mr. Goldsmith doubts it. He spent lots of time and money trying to win a Kewpie Doll at Coney, but with no success. Never mind little Miss Goldsmith is cuter than any Kewpie so Joe should worry.

Miss Brett started on her vacation anticipating a pleasant time in the country with lots of fresh farm products etc.—When she found out that the chickens were not the barn yard variety and the air was the only thing fresh, she came home. Such is the life of a working girl.

The Cost Department looks deserted these days. The only thing that reminds us of old times is Emily Casey's sneeze which still remains the same.

Eddie Quenzer, the Timekeeper, is some pilot since he became "Brigadier-General" of the sailboat, "The Raunt" which is two and a half feet wide and a yard long. But "Red Hot" is after him for a race against "Red Hot's" boat, "The Wild Cat" for a side bet of \$100.

Mr. Benner is purchasing a supply of gas masks. He couldn't get Clancy to change his brand of cigars.

Mr. MacCauly is spending his vacation up state with his family. The question is "How are you going to keep him on a farm after he's seen New York?"

Wesley T. Jones, ex-reporter, ex-tabulator, ex-Inside Machinists' clerk, and extraordinary good fellow, claims it's better to be watching the "stars" in the office windows noontimes than the stars in the heavens nighttimes.

Lieutenant Charles Eiler, commander of the 10th Battalion Detachment of U.S.G., and well known to Morse men during the war, is now chief of police of Norristown, Pa., and received considerable publicity in connection with the Coghlan kidnapping case.

Miss Jane Blackledge has left the Tabulating Department to reside in Los Angeles, Cal., to which place her family has moved. Upon leaving, Jane said that Charlie Chaplin's divorce had nothing to do with her intention of moving to the land of movies.

Arthur Fugel, the chauffeur, wanted to know if John Costello followed the ponies. John said, "When I have spare money." Whereupon Fugel said that he knew a good bet. (Get this; it's deep). "My-grant, on Bandstand, 12 to 1."

Since Frances Daly has acquired her new car she hasn't missed a single lamp post on 56th St. Look out Frances the hospitals are crowded.

Instead of discussing embroidering or crocheting the girls at noon hour are now exchanging tips about a new brand of soup or how to make pudding.

Miss Collins insists she has a fine substitute for the Scenic Railways. Just ride up and down in our elevator and you will get all the shocks and thrills you want.

The Disbursement Department has added a new man to its force and judging by his weight we think he will be a big help. Who said, "Nobody loves a fat man."

Miss Pierce of the Billing Department is spending her vacation at her favorite sport, flat hunting. Why not camp out, Carrie, and solve the problem.

Lively Field Day Committee meeting one Wednesday. Ed Hannavin could hardly keep up while transcribing the records. "Wait! Wait!" said our robust Edward. "Weight! Weight!" said Clancy, "aintcha got enough weight without hollerin for more?"

A pair of lady's white silk gloves were found in the yard following the entertainment we gave to members of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock* crews, and the owner may have the same by writing to Mrs. C. Hahne, 8514 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn.

Office Celebrities



JAMES A. Kelly, chief draughtsman of the Morse Company, knows from long service the practice and theory of the shipbuilding and repairing business. He is one of the most widely known of those naval architects actively engaged in the work.

A graduate of old Roach yard at Chester, Pa., where he remained for 11 years, he fortified that experience and knowledge by 12 years' work in the scientific department of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. When engaged by that company he worked with such well known naval architects as William Gatewood and Alexander Wills.

During the World's War, Mr. Kelly was naval architect of the Concrete Division, United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation. Later he served in the same capacity for the La Salle Engineering Co., of Chicago, where he made designs and full fabrication plans for several types of vessels used by the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Prior to coming here he had been engaged as consulting architect in New York, but a position with the Morse Company offered him a wide field of activity, and brought about his acceptance of the position of chief draughtsman. Since being here he has accomplished a large volume of work.

To him is due much credit for the successful completion of large ship repair contracts such as the *S.S. Huron*, the *Avalon* and other steamships. Aboard the former vessel, the conversion of which constituted one of the largest ship alteration and repair jobs, he maintained a draughting room in which technical advice and assistance were always available at a moment's notice.

The interior decorations of the *Huron* and *Avalon* were designed by Mr. Kelly. His experience has been such as to make him not only a practical man in mechanics and engineering but a skilled designer whose skill is not confined to any one part of a ship's anatomy.

Baseball in the yard hospital. The medico all smiles. Did Doctor Wynne?

YARD CHIPS

Picked Up by Old Scout

We've used Ivory, Kirkmans, Fairy and Bull Durham, but that Five O'Clock Soap the *Powhatan* carpenters are raving about must be good. Harry Anderson knows!

Jimmy Powers of the Machine Shop gallery hopes to be an engineer and has subscribed for every engineering course on the market, from correspondence schools down.

Red Hot has a new one. "Put your name and address on this card and we'll send your money home to you."

Sweeney of the Machine Shop wears his Morse War Service Badge on his Sunday suit. Must be proud of the firm he works for. Betcha million it's reciprocated.

Capt. Kirby has a sign on his garden: "Bugs and Roches Keep Off." Dave Roche said it's no mistake on Kirby's part, as he knows right well that "roach" is the right way to spell it.

Charlie Fitzimmons of the Pipe Shop met with an accident while carrying pie. Charlie says that Chaplin and those Keystone Comedy fellows have dirty jobs.

Mr. Bennet, one of the *Powhatan* carpenters, that heavy set old-timer with a smile on his face, and the devil in his eye, has been promoted to the Joiner Shop. There's not many "Karpenter's Kinks" Mr. Bennet doesn't know.

Dick Umland may be a big man in the yard but we remember when he was just learning to do "squads east" in the old 14th. Weren't those the happy days, Dick?

John Coopey of the Hull Department told a young rivet heater recently, "Cheer up, Kid, some of the best men in the yard started in as heater boys. Why, me and Harry Lyle and Chuck Ennis started in that way."

Harry Simpson of the Burners has trouble chasing young Harry away from the yard gate. Never mind, Harry, sonny will be soon making his \$6.40.

Clancy and Tom Plunkett receive more mail than Sears-Roebuck. Morse men write to them from all over the world. It's always the same old story—"How are the boys? I wish I was back."

Harry Andersen and Al Simendinger are the official guides on the *Powhatan*. Harry tells the visitors all about the ice boxes and Al explains the electrical propulsion system.

Millwright Charles Potter has moved his shop and effects from the fourth floor of the North Building, in the Rigging Loft, to the shop of the Inside Machinists. He will occupy the office in the Machine Shop formerly used by Bill Robbins, who will move to the center of the shop.

One of the Hull department, foremen, called for volunteers for overtime. Knock-out Ryan was present, but had a date, and it wasn't necessary for George Gardner to holler, "Duck, Ryan, Duck!"

Joe Henderson of Mr. Hallock's force, celebrated July 4 in great fashion. Mr. Stork called at his home and left a bouncing boy.

Joe Lowe of the Pipe Shop was disappointed at the recent shoe sale for the benefit of the employees. There were no women's shoes for sale and Joe claims he could have sold a few pairs to the girls of the Tabulating Department.

Chief Devlin wants either a flivver or a pair of roller-skates to make his tour of the yard fire alarm boxes easier.

Jim Morrissey of the Hull department claims to be a Southerner. South of Ireland, eh, Jim?

Frank Kenny of the Chippers and Caulkers has a bungalow at South Beach. He and wifie are spending the summer there but Frankie still hangs on to his Third Avenue apartments. You know, in case of "soap."

Arthur, the ambulance driver, saw Tom Furlong limping home the other night and invited him to "hitch on behind." Tom lives near Third Ave., but the ambulance reached Fifth Ave. before Arthur stopped the car. "The Phantom Rider" has nothing on Arthur. Miss Simpson sat beside him?

They've been getting "soap" in the Plate Shop lately. You ought to see the envelope George Drew.

Advertising Our Friends

"Say It With Flowers"—Tom Cavanaugh.

"Built Like a Skyscraper"—Mike Singer of the Plate Shop.

"Every Hour on the Hour"—Frank Whitman.

"Penny a Pound Profit"—Ike Harris, the glazier.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"—The Office Cat.

"Works While You Sleep"—Geo. Gardner, the Soap King.

"They Satisfy"—Joe McGuirk and Joe Quinn.

"99 44 100 Pure"—Oscar, the Sign King.

"Save the Surface and You Save All"—Kellerman, the Carpenter.

"All Wool and a Yard Wide"—Jimmie MacFarlane.

"The More You Get, the More You Want"—Joe Lowe.

"Look for the Red Top"—Frank MacQuaide, insurance clerk.

"The Side-Partner You Can Trust"—Mortimer W. Mead.

"Keeps Hot 12 Hours—Cold 24 Hours"—Harry Lyle.

"Children Cry For It"—Joe Martin's 'flivver.'

Young Monday looked like the famous Black Friday when he tried to put down that sailor the night of the reception for the crews of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock*.

George Basel, Timekeeper, (184) has checked up on a new arrival in the person of a baby girl. Little Miss Basel came July 7, and weighed seven pounds and 13 ounces. Both Mr. and Mrs. Basel are in line for the customary congratulations. All together, boys!

Charles Pearson of the Outside Machinists has received added honors from his fellow workers, who have promoted him from Conference Board member to the directorate of the Employees' Association. Charlie was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation from the company of Jack Louis. William Mills was elected to the conference board in Mr. Pearson's place.

Wallace Livermore was boasting about his farm on Long Island. "I can do any thing that's done on a farm," said Wallace. "Betcha ya can't lay an egg," said Billie Burke.

Harry Nost of the Electricians is a live wire, but don't short-circuit him.

Great rivalry exists between the Plate and Pipe Shop fire departments. Joe Lowe is chief in the Pipe Shop and Joe Toomey is the head fire fighter in the Plate Shop. Thus far, it is said that Toomey's fire laddies have beaten Joe Lowe's charges, even to getting to the Pipe Shop pier.

Ed. Garrick (20737) a deep sea diver is now working in the yard. Ed. has already donned his diving suit since being in the employ of the company, and has explored the watery depths 'neath the sections of our big dry dock.

Mr. Benner, Tom Plunkett and Charles Jennings have sent congratulations to F. Harbeck of the Salvage Dept., and Arthur Ratzel of the Storeroom. The two latter are also recipients of visits from the stork. Boys in both cases.

Louis Bruns and Ike Harris, the glazier, had a dispute as to the disappearance of Louis' hammer. Through the efforts of Pat O'Mahoney they will settle their argument in a 3-round bout at the next association meeting. Ike is training faithfully to get down to Louis' weight.

Tommy Boyle of the Riveters objects to having his picture taken for the Dial. Tommy claims that all the Office Girls would be clipping the picture.

Captain Kirby was standing on the dock with Sir Thomas Lipton admiring the *Shamrock*. "I like your boat," said our captain but I don't like your tea, coz ther's no kick in it."



The Resolute

*Winner of the International Yacht Races
July 1920. This boat and the masterly
work of her skipper Charles Francis
Adams proved the superiority of Ameri-
can effort.*

Compliments of
MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Sir Thomas spins a yarn.

MARKING the latest contest for speed yacht supremacy between two countries, the month of July 1920 will remain a memorable one in the annals of America's cup races. To the men of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., it will be especially auspicious, in that it established Morse initiative and equipment as adequate to serve in connection with the greatest of all maritime sporting events.

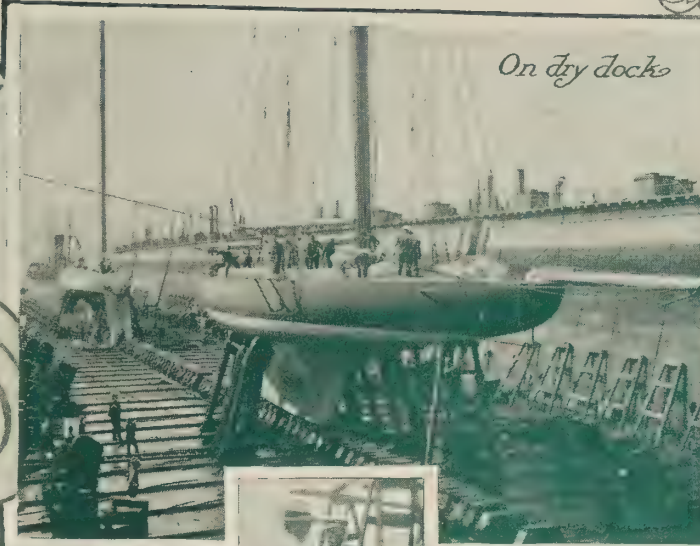
Upon the 30,000-ton floating dry dock of the Morse Company, the cup defender, *Resolute*, and the challenger, *Shamrock IV*, were raised simultaneously for official measurements and for final tuning up prior to the 'great ocean derby. Not since the *Columbia* and *Shamrock II* were hauled out together 19 years before, had two international cup contestants occupied the same dock at one and the same time.

This company received added honor when the tug *Eileen Morse*, included among these pictures, was chartered as the official stake boat of the races. Her speed and general appointments prompted the selection, and she fulfilled her duties to the satisfaction of those men of the committee representing the New York Yacht Club, Sir Thomas Lipton and representatives of both the *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*.





*Famous for tea
and yachts*



On dry docks



"The stake boat"



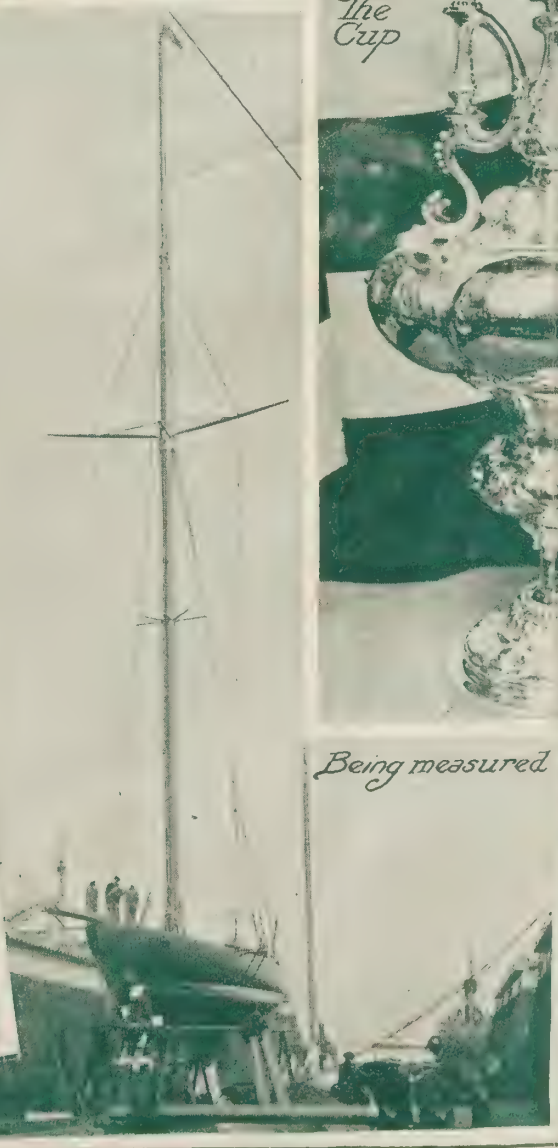
*"Resolute"
Pride of America*



The Cup



*"Shamrock IV"
Showing a burst
of speed*



Being measured



High and Dry



OUR ANNUAL

OUTING

Saturday
August 28, 1920

Ulmer Park

MUSIC
DANCING
SPORTS

BRING
THE WHOLE
FAMILY

ADULTS - 50¢
CHILDREN - FREE



MASTER WORKMEN

A Big Term

but a meaningless one unless master equipment and facilities are back of them.

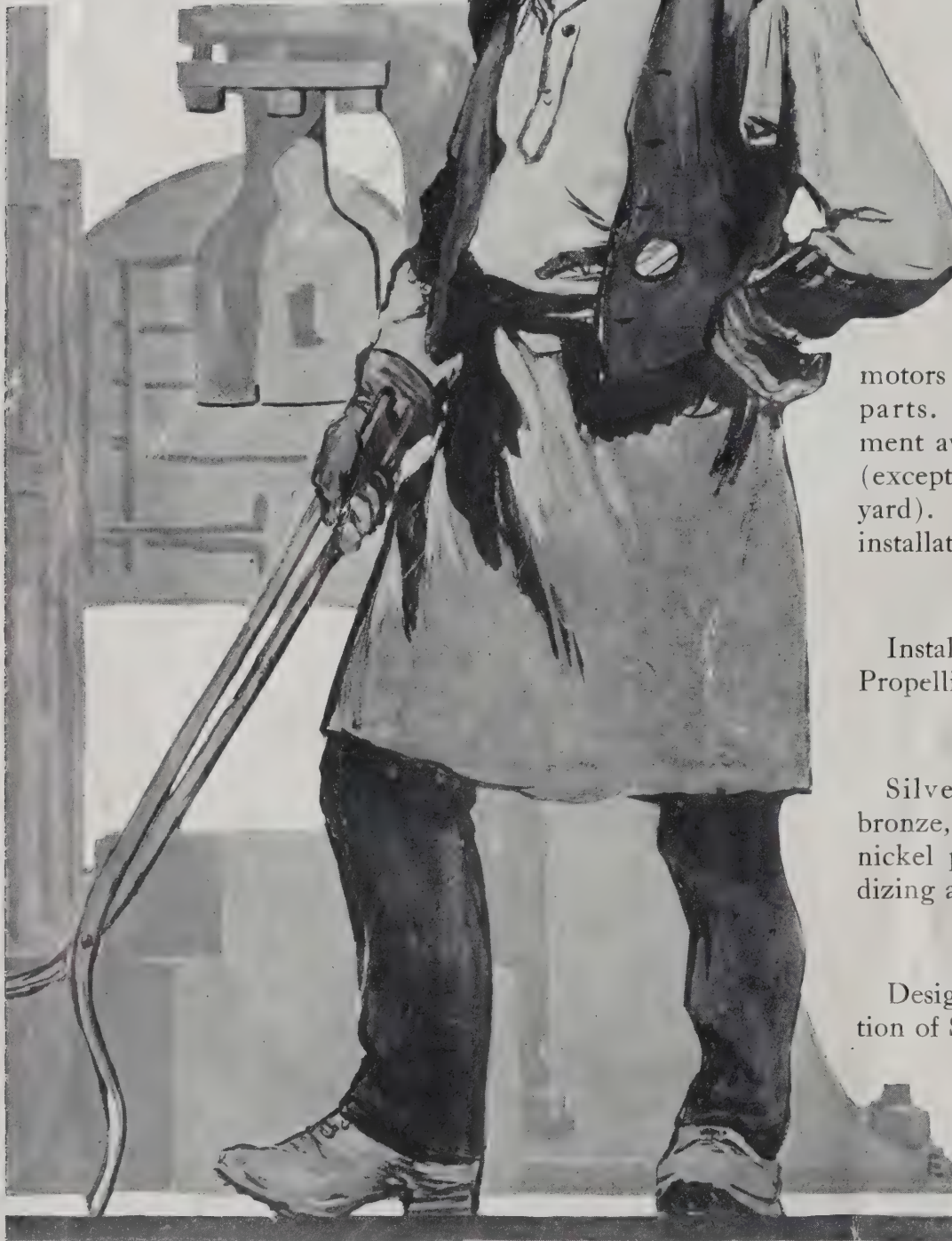
We announce four new and big features of Morse Ship Repair Service.

Balancing Equipment for turbines, motors and all rotating parts. The only equipment available in this port (excepting at the navy yard). Turbine repairs and installations.

Installation of Electrical Propelling Machinery.

Silver, nickel, brass, bronze, copper and black nickel plating. Also oxidizing and tinning.

Designing and Decoration of Ship Interiors.



MORSE DRY DOCK & REPAIR COMPANY

Ft. of 56th Street

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Phone, Sunset 5100



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The
MORSEK
DIAL

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SEP 15 1920

SEPTEMBER, 1920

Be The Best Whatever You Are

By Douglas Mallach

IF YOU can't be a pine on the top of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
Some highway some happier make.
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!



MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

September, 1920

No. 9

Staging A Dry Dock Scene

By Joe L. Murphy

GENEROUS publicity has been given that branch of Morse equipment embracing our piers and floating dry docks. With frequent regularity, the unusual lifting accomplishments of the docks have been exploited in magazines, trade and newspapers.

In theatrical productions and motion pictures all the scenes unfolded before our eyes are not the work of the actors alone. There is always the director, the stage manager, or "the man behind" who is prompting the actors, shouting directions to the scene and property men; there is always the genius, or the man of action, who directs big things and presents them in such a way as to give them a big and wide and fascinating appeal.

So it is with the lifting accomplishments of our large docks, especially with the massive, six-section structure upon which laid the racing yachts, *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV* and upon which the *S.S. Minnesota*, world's largest cargo ship, was raised in the record time of twenty-five minutes.

While this stupendous pontoon arrangement does just what it is designed to do, its marvelous power is loosed and checked by the men behind the scenes.

As the large burden-carrying elephants of India perform their tasks at the signals and shouts of humans, so too, does this gigantic structure submerge and raise again at the exchange of signals, verbal directions, etc.

The men who direct the operations of raising and lowering the ocean-going ships upon our docks



Pictures by
Morse
Photographer



A giant cargo ship enters the Morse Dock. The master director, Chas. Hallock, (upper right). Assistant directors, Frank Connors, (lower left) and John Etheridge, (lower right).



"Behind the scenes," these men participate in the "spectacle" of a ship's docking.

Picture by Morse Photographer

(Left to right—bottom row)—C. Peterson, E. Leach, A. Hallock, L. Hager, A. Shore, J. Curry, E. Callahan, P. Kelly. (Center row) E. Schwerdtfeger, N. Ford, J. Wagner, T. Callahan, G. Eutess, J. Abrams, J. Lansing, L. Kruse. (Top row)—E. Heinz, E. Kelly, M. Nelson, Al Neilsen, A. Abrams, J. McGee, E. Knipe, W. Lutz, J. Frank, L. Hohorst, J. Kelly.

are known in the vernacular of the ship repair yard as dock masters and dock hands. The former may be likened to the stage or screen directors, while the dock hands do a kindred work to that of the stage carpenters and property men whose mechanical ability sends the action of a play along with the realism that comes from scenic and other effects.

To one who has never witnessed the lifting of a large steamship by an electrically operated floating dry dock, there would be an air of mystery about the first performance. Stepping to the head of either of our big dry docks, he would find the dock master at the extreme end, and in almost the direct center of the dock. Close at hand, a telephone instrument and a megaphone would be observed.

In mid-winter with only the sky for a roofing, the dock master may be found shouting through his telephone or megaphone, while, within shops, other workers are busy planning and making plates or parts for the very ship being ushered in by the dock master and his men.

The telephonic communications and hand and arm signals by the dock master are received by the dock hands stationed on the run-ways along the very top of the towering wings of the dock. At the verbal orders of the dock master, they operate ropes and blocks which pin a steamship into a solid pocket and steady it for the subsequent operation of raising it.

Tug boats and men combine to operate in the dry docking. Over the submerged sections of the floating dry dock, the ship to be lifted is towed at a snail's pace into the slip made by the submerging of the whole pontoon. The vessel is moved so slowly and carefully that its movements are almost imperceptible. Its underbody is being made to feel its way along the blocks which are to support its keel and against those blocks which are to flank its sides and help cradle it that it may stand up with its every plate exposed.

And herein lies what many consider one of the big advantages of the floating dry dock over a graving dock. The graving dock being like a basin from which the water is pumped, leaves the vessel clear, but not wholly and conveniently exposed. High and dry upon a floating pontoon, a vessel is bared to natural light and air. The work upon it may be carried on with greater ease. Material is more easily handled. The men work at less discomfort. There is no damp, slippery flooring; no wet, dripping tools and no eye strain or inconvenience due to ill lighting.

Teamwork is the system by which the notable dry docking feats are accomplished. About twenty-five men work under the direction of Charles Hallock, Frank Connors and John Etheridge.

As assistant superintendent, Mr. Hallock is an extremely busy man. Yet, he has a watchful eye on the dry docking operations over which he has direct supervision.

Trained by a father whose docking knowledge and prowess was never excelled in the thirty-five years of his activity, Mr. Hallock himself is an expert dockmaster. Under his guidance, Mr. Connors and Mr. Etheridge now direct the docking accomplishments. They are assisted by men who understand the value of teamwork, and as a result large ships are raised and lowered daily, and without mishap.

Write A March for Our Band

ANY song writers or music composers in the yard? Lieut. Mygrant, leader of the Morse Military Band, is inspired to write a "Morse March." If you have the rhythm to an original march number, let the lieutenant hear it. You don't have to know anything of music. Just whistle or hum your march in the ear of Leader Mygrant. He will jot your melody down, arrange it, polish it up. See him at the Employment Office after 4 P.M.

What Co-operation Did

THE cooperation of a ship's crew with the repairers aboard the ship was responsible for the completion of a noteworthy job recently when Morse men were sent to repair the *S.S. Steel Voyager*. Charlie Jennings, shipfitter of the Hull Department, was a member of the gang assigned to the ship and he—but let Charlie tell it in his own words:

"Martin Googer was the shipfitters' snapper on the job. He took the men to the *Steel Voyager* at the 29th Street Pier and started work about 1.30 P.M. The next morning pipefitters, carpenters and tinsmiths arrived and also our stout timekeeper, Charlie, and Mr. Saunders, the super."

"Come on boys. Shake it up. We only have seven days to do this job! Then all hands started in cutting pipes and making templates. 'How about a wrench, Chief?' 'Why certainly, fellow, all the tools you want. Say, oiler, open the tool room and let these men have all the tools they need, but don't forget men, put them back in their place again.'

"Say, Steward, where is the fresh water on this boat?"

"Wait a minute, boys. Say, cook, make ice water for these boys. Try to get plenty for them."

"Well it was the same forward and the same aft, the most obliging crew of men I have ever seen. The men liked it so much they didn't know enough to go to dinner. The timekeeper had to go all over the ship to tell the men it was 12 o'clock. The work done was of the best the men could do, and the reason for it all was harmony."

"Mr. Saunders said it was great. Googer, the shipfitters' snapper, was as happy as a lark. Jim, the pipefitters' snapper, was overjoyed the way things went. The machinists' and carpenters' snappers were just as happy. It was some job. Just a little co-operation accomplished wonders."

"Send For The Riggers!"

THE men of the Rigging Department, of a shipbuilding or a ship repair yard are fine examples of sterling manhood, and, of course, the riggers of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company are no exception to the rule. Brain and brawn are combined in the making of a rigger. He must, by the very nature of his work, be keen and resourceful. And he must have stamina and muscle.

"Send for the riggers" isn't an idle phrase. It is one that is used in actual need—at times when the riggers alone can clear an obstruction, and allow other branches of the shipbuilding or repair industry to continue work.

It is not uncommon to see in a ship repair yard a large vessel on drydock, the shafts, propellers and external machinery of the ship entirely bared. High in mid-air men work on stagings at the ships bow or stern or at places along its shell. Painting and other operations may be going on simultaneously, but it is the rigger who has made this possible.

He is the man who is trained in preparedness. He knows what work is to be done. It is he who will build the stagings and supports that other men may work in safety. It is he who will remove safely old or new machinery of many tons weight, and permit operations to go on in natural order, without confusion or danger.

Engines, boilers, spars, pumps, wheel jobs, shafts, any old thing; they all look alike to the rigger. He doesn't make you tired of his boasting when he has removed one piece weighing many tons. Just takes it as a matter of course, as you would if you were to stock the market basket and carry it home.

Shifting and hauling machinery is a man's job. First, there is the enormous weight of the machinery, and, secondly, there is always the probability that things are not going to be such that the work can be handled in the best way.

Awkward places,

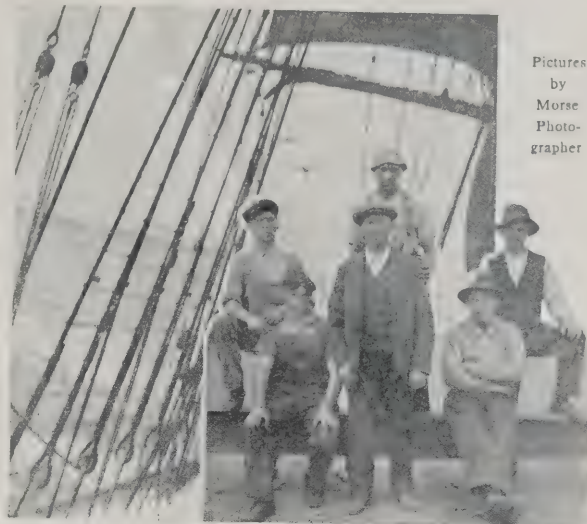
inaccurate measurements or some little oversight may turn up to challenge the ingenuity of the rigger. He must think and think fast. No time for consultations when massive machinery is dangling in the air, straining on the ropes and cables which hold it. There must be decision. With the rigger it comes instantly, and it is generally right.

System and co-operation are twin nouns in the opinion of the riggers. System is practised even to the classification of chains and blocks according to the strains they will stand. System extends also to the proper tying of knots. System and co-operation make for safety, and the Rigger is not responsible for his own safety alone. He is his "Brother's Keeper."

Co-operation finds expression in the monthly meetings of foremen and subforemen, who get together at Coney Island and other spots for the purpose of planning and studying work ahead. Superintendent F. P. Russell praises his foremen John Sjursen and Gus Mathsen, and the foremen in turn give credit to the men. Then they will all get together and boost Superintendent Russell. It's a fine spirit of "help one another" all round.

The men of the Rigging loft, from Snapper Eric Anderson down, are all hardy ex-sailormen. Few, if any, have passed much time upon steamships. They are all graduates of the square-riggers, those relics of the golden past.

Snapper Anderson passed 14 years of



Pictures by Morse Photographer

(Back row) A. Shell, T. Bull, C. Larsen. (Front row) N. Christensen, E. Anderson, C. Johnson.

his life at sea. He has made numerous trips around the world. Generally, he set out from the port of Stockholm, Sweden. He has been with the Morse Company for about 10 years, three years of which he has been snapper in the Rigging loft.

N. Christensen, Thomas Bull, Charlie Johnson, Charles Larsen and Albert Shell are the other members of the Loft gang. To see them weaving and splicing ropes and cables and doing other kindred tasks, would be to believe that their apprentice days were spent aboard a bark or schooner, where life and speed depended upon the firm knots and the stout ropes of the sailors.

Don't Be A Loafateer

THE finish of the war didn't mark the end of opportunity to serve country and humanity. By what they are doing today in helping restore a disordered world to the ways as well as the days of peace, men are classifying themselves as patriots or slackers.

The men now working in the lines of production, whether it be in shipyard, metalshop, or wheatfield, are doing as much—perhaps more—to serve country and humanity as the men who worked or fought during the war.

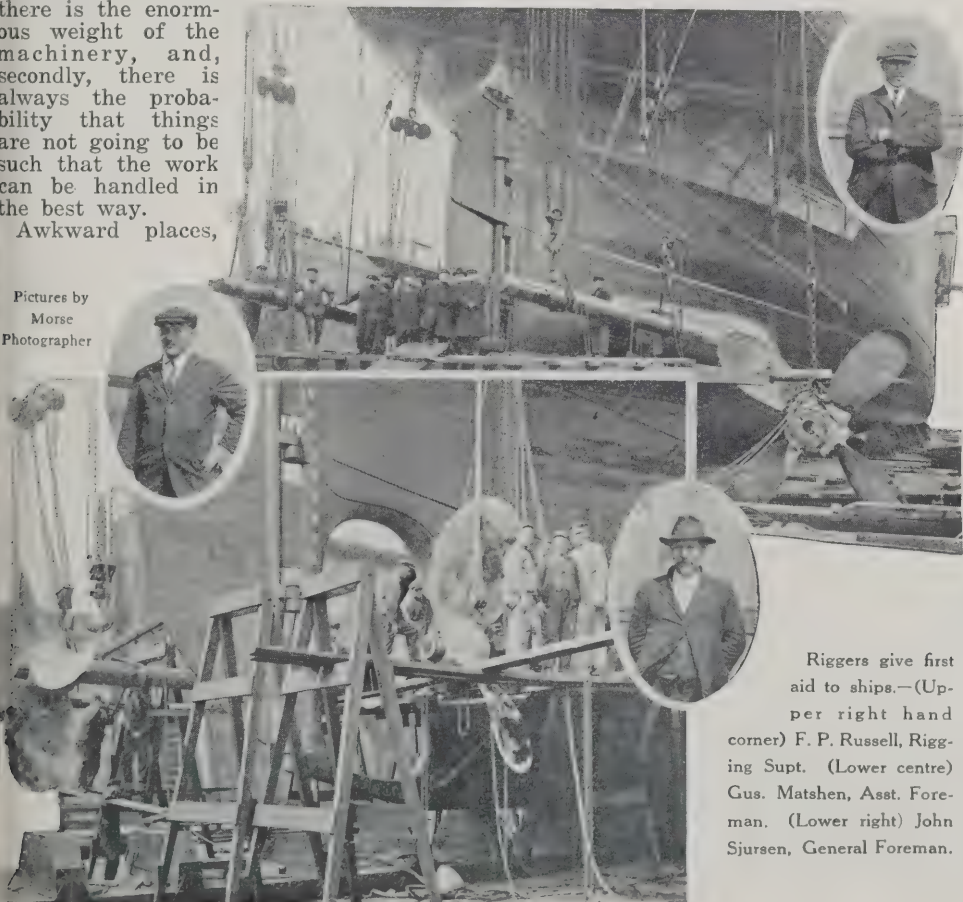
Not that they're entitled to any particular credit. Rather they're to be congratulated on having been given an opportunity for service and on having the intelligence to grasp it.

The man who can work—who can produce in this day of high prices and empty shelves and doesn't is a loafateer. And the man who isn't doing his best at the work for which he is best equipped comes under the same heading, whether he be a skilled machinist wasting his time running an elevator or a moulder carrying oats to some farmer's horse.

—California Shipbuilder.

"I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success, the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will."

—Theodore Roosevelt



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Riggers give first aid to ships.—(Upper right hand corner) F. P. Russell, Rigging Supt. (Lower centre) Gus. Mathsen, Asst. Foreman. (Lower right) John Sjursen, General Foreman.

Our Sister Veterans

A BRONZE tablet in commemoration of Morse men who were in the nation's service during the World War is conspicuous at the left of the entrance to our Main Office building on First Avenue. We have reviewed from time to time the experiences and service records of some of the ex-service men of the yard. We now deem it a pleasure to sing the praises of two of our sister workers, both overseas "veterans" in the fight to make the world free for democracy.

As they served the wounded and sick in Europe, Misses Mary J. Magee and Anne Simpson now work together under the supervision of Miss Kirsten Jensen of our yard hospital. As they ministered to American and Canadian soldiers, Misses Magee and Simpson now treat and bandage the wounds of their brother-workers who may come to them as the result of injuries received in our shops and yard.

Miss Simpson, a Canadian, chose to leave New York in 1916 to join the medical corps of the Canadian army. She served in France, England and Belgium, and was overseas for about three years. Most of the time, she was stationed in France, where she performed her humane and heroic tasks for hundreds of wounded and ill. Miss Simpson was assigned to a clearing station back of Ypres during the German retreat in 1918, during which her station moved forward to the vicinity of Lille, France. She knows what it is to work during an air raid, for in a hospital base outside of Calais, France, she with other nurses was performing her work when one of the hospital buildings close by was bombed.

As a member of the American Red Cross, Base 48, representing the Metropolitan Hospital Unit of New York City, Miss Magee saw 11 months' service in France. During her stay in that war-ridden country, she was assigned to several different hospital bases, including

Pictures by
Morse
Photographer



Mars-sur-Allier, Meves-Bullsy and Mantone. The last assignment, Miss Magee says, was a comparatively pleasant one, for Mantone was in a leave-area, not far from Nice, where American soldiers on passes were sent to enjoy brief respites from the strain of army work in wartime.

Both Miss Simpson and Miss Magee came to our yard shortly after being relieved from war work. They bring with them the valuable experience which comes from army dressing stations and base hospitals in a period of war. They brought also cheery personalities and amiable dispositions, which alone can cure minor injuries superinduced by slight attacks of the blues.

Shields Created Here

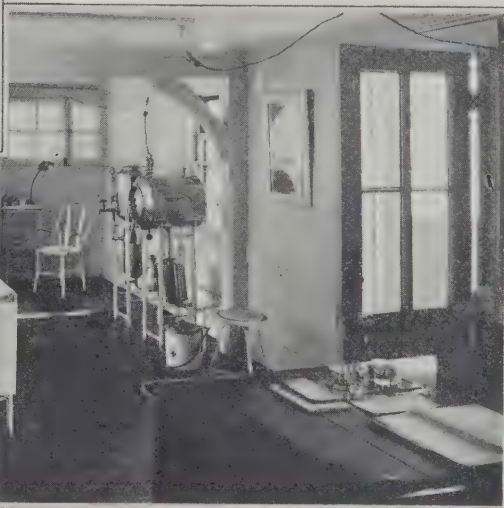
THE new emblems of the United States Shipping Board vessels, 400 in all, were turned out by this company through the co-operation of several of the departments in this self-contained ship repair yard. The new shields bearing the stars and stripes and our red, white, and blue colors are cone-shaped, 72½ inches high and 63¾ inches wide, and are cut from black annealed steel. The base is made of 3-16 inch steel and the red stripes and white stars are made of ½ inch steel.

Initial work on these shields was done in the Sheet Metal Shop, where Mr. Sheedy and his workers were turning out 40 of them every five and one half days until the order of 400, including large and small shields, was completed.

The announcement has come of the establishment of direct cable service between the United States and Brazil by the All American Cables, after more than fifty years endeavor to secure entrance into Brazil, hitherto made impossible because of exclusive concessions held by foreign cable interests.

Walter Crabbe, formerly assistant foreman of the Paint Department resigned on August 1st. Walter was a capable mechanic and efficient leader and the boys from the Paint Shop hated to see him go. He and his gang had made several painting records, the latest of which was a large job on the *Consort*, which was completed in record time.

Occupation alone is happiness.



The Misses Magee and Simpson, war nurses, now minister to Morse men.

Our Faithful Guards

A NOTE dropped in one of The Dial boxes for receiving contributions suggested that we say a word about the "faithful watchmen and guards of the company." As the suggestion was a meritorious one, we have acted upon it by obtaining from Captain John J. Brown the names of those men who comprise our police force.

These men form a squad of Guards, Gatemen and Watchmen. The former are stationed at the piers and on the ships in our yard. The watchmen patrol our docks and go through the buildings within the yard. The gatemen are assigned to the entrances and exits of the yard and watch traffic, afoot and on wheels, as it passes to and from the plant.

The work that these men are engaged in exacts long hours and close application to duty, and as a body, these custodians of life and property are loyal, courageous and unselfish in their duty to the company and to those workers of the company who are themselves honest and conscientious.

We have had many examples of the good work of the Guards, Watchmen and Gatemen, and it is realized that they do a humane as well as a lawful duty.

They have nipped fires in the bud; quenched them with their own hands before the flames could spread and do serious damage. They have helped to reduce thefts and have done other good work which, indirectly, benefits every employee as well as the company, for the success of one depends upon the other. The Watchman, Gateman and Guard is exercising an honorable duty and, by so doing, he is furthering the interests of all.

The men whose names now appear on the roster of Guards, Watchmen and Gatemen are as follows: B. Greenfield, J. Fanning, P. Rodarin, S.D. Aulls, M. Flood, J.R. Harrison, J. Daken, G. Fulk, J. Ratigan, H. Elsemiller, E. Alter, M. Manning, J. Barrett, P. Gerhard, J. Deninger, C. Cullen, C. DeLaurentys, G. Schillein, R.J. Boles, A. Andersen, G. Russell, David Cole, G. Bull, Fred Siller, F. Wittman, F. McMahon, J.A. Mooney, J. Duffy, F. Witte, Ed. M. Ruth, E.J. Brady and William Nunez. Captain Carlton Miller is in charge of the force at night.

No Excuse Now

TOM Plunkett, as assistant superintendent of service, acting for Mr. Benner during the latter's vacation, was instrumental in having restored to service the 6.17 A.M. Sea Beach Express from Times Square to 59th St., Brooklyn. Morse employees had occasion to use this train, and, upon its discontinuance, arrived late. Mr. Plunkett took the matter up in their behalf and received the following letter:—

"With reference to the service from 59th Street (Brooklyn) station, available for your employees in the morning, arrangements have been made to restore the 6.17 A.M. Express. But your employees should understand that we cannot give assurance that this train will always get them to their work on time, as, particularly during the rush hours, so many things can happen to disarrange the schedule. It would seem better for them to allow a little more leeway."

C. S. Carman, who resigned from the Sheet Metal Shop and subsequently from the Board of Directors has gone in business with his father. His former shop-mates wish him luck.

Safety Campaign Discussed

PLANs for an intensified Safety First Campaign in our plant were discussed at a meeting of the various foremen of the yard on the night of June 3rd. The meeting which was called as the outcome of a study of the situation made by Atty. Stuart H. Benton was a very enthusiastic one and resulted in a committee being named to send a communication with recommendations to Mr. Morse.

Mr. Rily M. Little, chairman of the Metropolitan Safety Council and ex-chairman of the Federal Compensation Commission, Clarence E. Ralston of the Equitable Life who had charge of the safety work done during the war at Mare Island and J.S. Jarnagan, Secretary of the Metropolitan Safety Council were special guests of the evening.

Mr. Little and Mr. Ralston spoke about the safety work of the Metropolitan Safety Council and answered many questions of the different foremen present.

An orchestra, composed of Lieut. Mygrant, cornetist, Joseph M. Dirosse, violinist, Robert Giorno, pianist and Frank Pace, clarinetist, furnished music and in addition to the evening being an instructive one it was also a very pleasant one.

Mrs. Waterman, housekeeper, and her able assistants served an excellent dinner.

In opening the meeting Mr. Benton stated that he had more or less timidity in approaching the audience present because of the bricks, bouquets etc. that were handed out to him at a previous meeting.

"To-night" said Mr. Benton, "we have a subject which touches us all, touches our fellow men, touches our pocket books and touches our hearts, our very lives. It has been my privilege to talk informally to the different foremen in the plant and I believe I am safe in saying that everyone favors safety. The Morse yard should be the safest ship repair yard in the world and there is no reason why it can't be.

"As a step forward we have sought speakers from the Metropolitan Council of Safety who will enlighten us on this very important subject. We know the people behind the Safety Council Movement, the manufacturing interests throughout the country are back of it and there is no question about its merits.

"Our first speaker, Mr. Little is an experienced Marine Safety Engineer. Mr. Little, I wish to present to you the bone and sinew of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., the men who do the work, who have the safety of the workers in their hands."

Mr. Little said, "I am pleased to be with you and to break bread together. You are the men we want to try to interest in the Safety First Movement. I will talk to you tonight in a rather general way of the development of the movement in our country. I will not expound the theory but will tell you about a movement which is actually cutting down accidents, prolonging life and lessening great costs in industries and increasing production. I say in earnest that it is the most inspiring movement in our country. It started twelve years ago here in the American Museum of Safety in the Engineering Society Building. There was an exhibition from various countries. From the first the movement went along and is still going forward but it is never complete in itself. Great progress was made through a study of the casualty lists.

"The iron and steel business was given first attention because its casualty list ran very heavy. Three men met in

Milwaukee to study the problem that one industry presented. The next year forty men met in New York and at that meeting was organized the National Safety Council with a central office in Chicago. This organization started out embracing news letters, conferences, safety supervisors' schools, foremen's schools and every form of propaganda conceivable. From that beginning various local councils grew.

"Six hundred plant men in 200 companies of New York City took the literature course on how to reduce accidents and make working places safe and sanitary.

"The motives of the entire program are two fold. First the Humanitarian, second the Economical situation. Accidents are costly to industry. Both sides lose. Nobody gains. The worker loses, the employer loses; 2,000,000 men lose time through accidents every year. One in every ten workers is injured in manufacturing, mining or transportation. We had more people killed in our industries in the war period than were killed in France. Safety propaganda will not solve the problem entirely. The workers have a primary right to ask that places be made as safe and healthful as engineering science can make them and also as attractive.

"Well may you ask, 'Is the safety movement gaining its object?' I say 'yes', not perhaps 100 percent, but it is making a showing that in places is remarkable. The steel companies have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to make physical positions safe. At first the movement started from the point of management but they did not organize the workers and as a consequence they didn't get the desired result. Then they commenced a safety organization within their plant. Safety committees were appointed and officials who had some experience were named to work with them. Each department was represented by a committee functioning through a central committee and a competent safety supervisor. The safety supervisor is the key man. No organization makes a success without a key man.

"The United States Steel Corporation with 265,000 employees, in 8 years time spent in welfare and recreation \$77,000,000 but this all came back to them and more, because the corporation saved 25,863 employees from death, that is equivalent to a division of the American Army.

"In the Pierce Arrow Plant up to April 11th of this year only 11 lost time through accidents out of the 75,000 employees. They have a good organization from the management down to the last man. The working force is completely inoculated with the safety idea. It is my sincere belief that many industries today as the result of the safety movement are safer and healthier than a good many communities.

"The proposition depends first upon the management. The management must believe in the movement thoroughly. It must give the matter serious thought and also money. The movement should be made as fundamental as production itself. It is not a guess proposition but requires intelligence, brains and system but the management, you should understand, cannot do anything unless it gets the cooperation of the men.

"The success of the movement depends upon team play. The whole idea of safety has to go clear through the industry before the real results are accomplished.

"Carelessness causes more accidents than physical conditions. If you don't correct

the thinking you cannot reduce accidents. Two thirds of the cost of accidents are in the minds and habits of the workers. To educate them to the value of safety requires a program appealing and interesting at all times. You have got to sell the idea to every fellow in the shop."

Mr. Ralston then spoke of the results obtained at the Mare Island Navy Yard during the two years that he had served there as safety engineer. He declared that Mare Island became the safest Navy Yard in the world despite the fact that the problem presented to the Government was a difficult one inasmuch as when the safety movement started they could not take time to stop the machinery to safe guard the machines because every minute counted during the war, as we all know. He said their first step was through personal contact with the men and an interesting campaign was devised. A series of illustrated lectures covering the several trades was arranged and it proved so popular that requests were made by the President of the Labor Trade Councils for the use of the lectures at their meetings. He stated that the men were eager for it because no matter who the man is he thinks of his home and of his family. After they got started, even though in a small degree, they noticed a reduction in accidents and an increased interest on the part of the men in their work. He stated that out of the 10,200 men there was an 84 percent reduction of accidents and 116 percent increase in production. He told of the different methods of safe-guarding hatchways, stagings, ladders, etc.

After his talk the various foremen asked questions about some of the problems they were interested in here at our own plant.

Mr. Little told them that the marine industry was quite backward in the Safety First movement, that it is not going as well as the steel, wood and rubber industries. He explained that the movement is financed generally by the Company and that the Safety Council charges for membership are according to the number of employees. He said that for 2,500 employees it would cost about \$300 a year; that the council was a non-profit making organization.

Mr. Hanbury said that he was of the opinion that it has not been possible to develop a system practical enough to apply to repair yards and he presented some of the difficulties and hazards in our particular field. He pointed out how time is an important element in all repair work.

"We don't want our men disabled and I am here to say that the Company Management will do everything in its power to help you foremen in this very worthy proposition, providing of course that the Company gets the right kind of cooperation."

Mr. Want, Mr. Falconer, Geo. Miller, James Miller and several others entered into a discussion asking various questions which had come to their attention.

The meeting was finally concluded by naming a committee to submit a letter to Mr. Morse advising the election of an experienced safety engineer.

President McGuirk of the Association named as that committee, Wm. McEwen, Hull Department, Chairman, B. E. Barnes, Dial, James M. Donovan of Mr. Hallock's staff, J. W. Murphy, Pipe Shop, F. P. Russell, Rigging Department, Francis Falconer of the Hospital and Roy Carter, Carpenter Shop.

The Original Shamrocks

By Tom Furlong

FIFTEEN years ago a crowd of youngsters who were born and raised within three blocks of the Main Gate, and whose fathers or big brothers were employed by the Morse Company, formed a club named the Shamrock A. C., which made quite a name for itself in baseball and football.

These kids were raised together, went to school together and started work in Morse's together. Today these "kids" are still here. They are all the kind of "Master Workmen" of which the Morse Company boasts, and although several are heads of departments, they preserve the same spirit of fellowship that existed in the Shamrocks of 15 years ago. Their motto then, as now, was "all for one, and one for all" and there is no department in the yard but boasts of at least one member of the old club.

Heading the list we will take Jimmie Donovan, one of our popular inspectors, who started in as an office boy 15 years ago, and through diligence and faithfulness raised himself to his present rank. Jim was formerly Secretary of the Employees' Association, is married and has one child.

Harry Lyle, one of the assistant foremen of the Shipfitters, started in as a heater boy 18 years ago, subsequently working in the Boiler Shop and has been several years with the Hull Department. Harry is married and has three children.

Dave Lyle, a brother of Harry's, has been here 16 years, starting as a helper in the Plate Shop and is now a Shipfitter. Dave is also married.

Joe Donovan, a brother of Jimmie's, has served steadily for 15 years in the Hull Department. Joe is a driller of unquestionable ability, and has a host of friends.

Louis DeGroot, one of the champ riveters of the yard, started here 18 years ago as a waterboy, passing successively through the stages of heaterboy, passerboy and holder-on, until he became a full-fledged riveter.

Willie Wolbar came here 12 years ago, and has been with the drillers all that time, becoming a journeyman at the expiration of three years. Wolbar was the Shamrock's crack pitcher and subsequently pitched for the Morse team. He is now staging a brilliant come-back with the Lincolns.

Joe (Scoots) Pennington, was waterboy and heaterboy successfully before entering the Shipfitters Department. He is now one of the cracks of that department having won several bonuses for production awarded by the Employees' Association. He has been here 12 years, is married and has one son, a prize-winning baby.

"Duke" Tester started here 15 years ago as a waterboy, afterwards working in the Plate Shop and has been a Shipfitter for several years. Duke is married, has three children and is one of the most popular workmen in his department.

Jim Hennessy, rivet tester, has been here 15 years. He



Tom Hyman

This popular member of the Hull Department spent his vacation in the mountains but he won't tell where because he's afraid the Revenue Officials will raid the place.

started here as heaterboy and has been passer, holder-on and riveter. There were no "air-tools" when Jimmie started in, but the muscles acquired in throwing from the catcher's box to second stood him in good stead and James made good. He is married and has several children.

John Coopey, of the Drillers, started 14 years ago as a waterboy, and has been a driller for several years. John was always handy with his mitts and never needs a second invitation to show his wares at a meeting of the Employees' Association.

Edward "Chuck" Ennis' starting here 15 years ago, has worked up from a helper to a foreman in the Outside Machinists. "Chuck" was not a grand stand player in the old days, nor is he now, but when a particular job has to be done Eddie and his bunch of pinch-hitters can be relied upon.

Dick Umland, boss driller started as a kid with the Drillers 15 years ago and is now the head of that department. His

years with the Shamrocks and two tricks in the old Fourteenth Regiment taught Dick the value of a square deal, and he always gives it and demands the same sort of treatment in return.

Tommy Boyle, a riveter, came here as a boy 15 years ago and went through the several stages leading to a riveters job. Tommy has always been a loyal, faithful worker.

Joe Deniger, the "Kid" of the bunch, formerly mascot of the Shamrocks has been here nine years, and while others may have it on Joe in length of service, none has anything on him in quality of service. Joe is with the Shipfitters. He served 21 months over-seas where he made a splendid name for himself with the 105th Infantry.

Harry Simpson of the Burners has been here 10 years. Harry started as a helper and worked in several departments before finding his vocation with Jimmie MacFarlane. He is married and has two children. Harry, Jr. is expected in the yard shortly.

Bill Kierman of the Hull Department has been here for 10 years. He started as a helper and has always worked in the same department. He is considered a capable, efficient worker. Bill is single and has an Overland Car.

These boys have stuck together all these years, and like their fathers before them believe in the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.. Several have sons who are shortly expected in the yard, and if they take after their daddies will be warmly welcomed.

Girls Plan Theatre Party

YOUNG women employees of this company were voted a complimentary theatre party by members of the Board of Directors of the Association at a meeting, Monday afternoon, August 23rd. It was pointed out that the girls of the Main office building, the Payroll and Tabulating Departments and the Advertising and Printing Departments had been quietly contributing weekly dues to the Association for a number of months without reaping any social benefits.

These young women could, of course, have attended the last three outdoor shows of the Association, but the previous shows in the Assembly Hall were wholly of the

"stag" variety, and their attendance was not solicited. They, however, continued to give their jitneys without complaint. Now they are to have a party of their own at the Association's expense.

Two dollars spending money was voted each girl, and they can either spend the whole two dollars for a theatre ticket or else spend a dollar for entertainment and a dollar for "coffee and" after. There is one proviso; they've got to go in a party.

Miss Davis of the Advertising Department, Miss Roehrs of the Tabulating Department, Miss Gatje of the Main Office and Miss Nutt of the Payroll Department were appointed to make plans for the party, a further announcement of which will be made in The Dial.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with some one who hasn't.



Bottom Row (Left to Right) Robbie (Duke) Tester, Joe Pennington, Jas. Donovan—(Second Row) Fred DeGroot, Will Keenan, Ed. Ennis, Dave Lyle—(Top Row) Harry Simpson, Harry Lyle, Joe Deniger, Tom Furlong. All members of the old Shamrock Club.

A Menace To You

RECENTLY there was issued under the signature of Mr. Morse a general order to the effect that foremen and snappers would be held responsible for wasted material. They were cautioned against ordering material in excess of supply required for work. It was advised that surplus material be returned to the storeroom on requisition marked "Credit."

As costly waste menaces the prosperity of large industrial organizations such as this, it is for the general good that the attention of all workers be called to the manner in which waste is brought about.

Many men believe themselves honest and mean to be honest who are guilty in the matter of wastage. They have used what they termed "odd pieces" of material in fashioning out things for their homes, garden, garage, hen coop or whatever other buildings or effects they have been interested in.

The taking of the "odd pieces" was in itself a misdemeanor, but in some cases the offense was enlarged upon, in that the men worked on the "odd pieces" during the company's work hours. Therefore they denied the company the time rightfully belonging to it, as well as material.

Occurrences such as these are checked up by company investigators, who have found many ways in which time and material have been misappropriated. We did not realize that such a systematic checking system was maintained in this company until we had talked with one of the men maintaining that department.

He said, "In many cases, the men do not mean to be malicious or dishonest and unless the offense is a serious one, there is nothing said. If it continues, however, the man or men are summarily dealt with."

The official then enumerated the following examples, showing how material and time is wasted to the detriment of both employee and company:

New wood sent to ships has been cut up for the purpose of being made into tables, benches and small articles. The pieces have been taken out at the end of the day's work. Some of the pieces were termed "firewood," but they were put together at the home. The practice developed to a point where it was necessary to prohibit the carrying home of small pieces of wood. This was a waste of fine material, some of it being expensive hard wood.

Another instance of waste of material is the use of wood by inside woodworkers, who turn the same into articles while working at their lathes and then carry them home in pieces, putting same together at home. This has to be done in work hours as machinery in mill is closed and not in operation at noon hour.

Waste (probably by theft) of electric light bulbs, fine hardware (some even after it was attached to ship's woodwork) such as hinges, locks and similar articles, has been very serious at times and has resulted in much delay on account of the difficulty in duplicating some of the fine hardware taken, so as to have it all match on the same ship.

We have had instances of men using such material as iron rivets, which were thrown at various targets in a spirit of sport, in an effort to hit an object aimed at. Quite a number of rivets were carelessly thrown about, some of them going into the water.

The use of such material as rubber, which comes in sheets and is used by pipe-fitters, machinists and other mechanics in making what is called gaskets. If a large

gasket is to be made, instead of saving the center piece of rubber cut out, from which smaller gaskets could be made, these often have been thrown away, instead of returned.

We have had instances of burners using very expensive gas, in order to heat a can of water so as to make it boil some eggs for himself and another man.

Careless handling of material easily breakable by riggers is an instance of waste we have had; such as the handling of very fine furniture equipment for the *Huron*, which after having been very carefully finished was so handled in placing on ship that some of it had to be returned for repairs. Some of this was mahogany furniture. Also the rough handling of cardboard for walls and partitions, damaged so that there was considerable waste.

Paint is spilled not only by careless handling but a lot of it is taken home by men, in half-pint and pint flasks, in their pockets, for use at their homes, it being easily concealed in a small flask as they leave the gates.

Tools:—Careless handling of tools, particularly on staging, when at work on outside shell, and as a result of which we lose large quantities of tools that go overboard and are never recovered and either have to be paid for by the man or lost by the company, usually the latter. Some times we lose one tool valued at \$60 to \$70 each in this way.

Surplus material of all kinds left on ships: We have had all kinds of material left on ships when work was finished, including quantities of rope, ladders, tools and every kind of material, when same should have been cleared off by men finishing jobs and the material returned to different storerooms or to departments.

White Lead:—As an illustration when only a small quantity might be needed, the employee would receive from the store room the smallest bucket of white lead that is furnished and instead of returning it to the store room, the remainder of the bucket has been found in the trash.

The Humane Foreman

THERE is a very real responsibility on every foreman in directing his men. When it becomes known he will not tolerate unsafe practices; that he will not permit careless workmen to endanger the lives of others; that he will make it his business to examine machines, tools and shop conditions, then there will be created an atmosphere that will do more than any other one thing to prevent accidents and to make his fellow workers feel that their lives and well-being are just as much a matter of concern as getting out production. This won't hurt production and it will surely humanize industry. Safety first—production and efficiency.

The Plate Shop has been supplied with 250 feet of new two and one-half inch fire hose, replacing the former hose which was one inch and a half. The old Plate Shop hose will be added to the equipment in the Carpenter Shop to be used at the standpipe. The Morse tugs and steam lighter *John Hallock* have each received 250 feet of fire hose.

Oui! Oui! Ouija!

My ouija board, I love it so!

The truth it does not tell;

But, as compared with folks I know,

It's doing very well.

The Editor's Mailbag

[The following article on "Hygiene and its effects," was sent to *The Dial* by one of our workers who did not wish to have his name signed to it.]

CLEANLINESS is a virtue. To enjoy a long and healthful life you must believe in hygiene.

There are four different branches of hygiene

First—Physical Hygiene.

Second—Sanitary Hygiene.

Third—Moral Hygiene.

Fourth—Mental Hygiene.

Now you ask what have all these branches to do with life? They have everything to do with life. Without them you would become diseased, sick, and die sooner than your allotted time.

We will now go into some of the details of hygiene and its effects, upon the human system from the layman's point of view.

The first branch signifies you must keep your body, from the hair on your head to the tips of your toes, clean at all times, so as to prevent, any bruise, injury or ailment, becoming infected, and causing untold misery.

The second branch also means much, to your life. Your home must be kept clean, your clothes and anything you come in contact with. This includes proper ventilation and circulation of air in your rooms, or where you work. You are subject to sickness, when you neglect to keep things in a sanitary condition.

Moral Hygiene is something which every human should prize most highly. Great is the person who can truthfully state, that he possesses that trait.

What magnificent thoughts a person has, when he can go through this life, clean morally, knowing not vice, nor evil. Everyone to him, is good, and always saying things that are good to hear.

If only more of the human race, would heed and practise moral hygiene, the people living in this world would become stronger, Physically, Morally and Mentally.

Now we come to Mental Hygiene. Do you know what that signifies? It means much to you. Above all others it means a clean mind. A mind free from impurities, no cursing, swearing, or the wishing of badness to another.

Can you realize all that that implies, keep your mind clean and pure, and you will never regret it.

You need never have any fear of disturbance, such as worryment over the acts which you have done, contrary to the proper mode of living.

I will conclude with this sentence, cleanliness is virtue.

Respectfully

"A Rigger"

The *S.S. Cristobal* came to the yard in June and received extensive repairs, completing the work started on the vessel when it was in Panama. The passenger compartments, saloons and social rooms were finished here. The *Cristobal* is one of the Panama Steamship Railway Co.'s finest vessels. She sailed recently from New York for Colon and Chile.

There can be no progress unless there is respect for the processes of orderly government. Against all those who counsel anarchy and violence, we stand united and resolute. Whatever our differences, we propose that they shall be determined by the ballot-box and not by bombs.—Charles E. Hughes.

About Fire Wood

Editor of Dial,

Dear Sir:—I am sure you will be surprised at an employee writing on such a subject, although you may not be aware that it interests fully 75 per cent of the men of this plant. I know from my experience with The Dial from its initial number up to the present, it has carried out its good work for both employees and employers beyond reproach. Hence, my reason for addressing you on this subject as I expect you to use your valuable paper's influence in getting this little concession allowed to the yard men once more.

Till some few months ago the employees were allowed to take home all the firewood they wanted, but as usual some hogs killed the goose that laid the golden egg. I have been told that some men brought home good valuable lumber and others who were thieves carried out valuable brass and other material. The consequences were all hands were stopped from getting firewood.

The innocent were made to suffer for the guilty. Now I don't think this was quite fair. I know the Company has to protect itself against thieves and those thieves should have been put in jail. I am only voicing the wish of three-fourths of the men in the plant when I ask the Company through your paper to allow its men to bring home one piece of firewood daily. Thus the guards at the gate can easily see what they have and thieves cannot hide behind honest men.

Thanking you in anticipation,

An honest employee of
six years good standing.

P. S. I'd subscribe my name only I know it would surely leak out some time, and then the men in my department would kid me.

The above letter received too late for the last issue of The Dial, is gladly given space in this issue because the writer has evinced an earnest conviction that an injustice has been done to honest men. We are sure however that the writer cannot realize fully the difficulty of regulating the "concession" he asks. Before orders were issued by the Company discontinuing the privilege of carrying home fire wood everything was done to restrict the abuse of that privilege. The guards made a very careful and conscientious attempt to prevent dishonesty in the matter but articles of value continued to disappear. In many cases bundles of firewood upon being opened were found to contain costly hardware and electrical fixtures taken dishonestly from ships.

There was one case in particular in which hardware of a foreign make, which could not be replaced on this side of the water, disappeared so fast and to such an extent that the matter became a very serious problem. The loss of this particular material interfered with the departure of the vessel from the yard on time and only after very great loss of time and money was the situation relieved. It was necessary for the Company to send purchasing agents to various parts of the country in an effort to try and replace the fixtures. This one particular case cost the Company a sum that would be astounding if we were to name the amount involved. This all happened during the war period when everything was so rushed and when the vigilance of the yard police was severely overtaxed,

It has been truly stated by our correspondent that a few dishonest men are responsible for the denial of the firewood privilege to the many who are honest, but the Company has given the matter very close study and knows of no way in which to prevent that being the case. If but one piece of fire wood a day was permitted it would be just as impossible to prevent the dishonest or thoughtless man from cutting up valuable material, as would be the case if more than one piece was permitted, and the guards at the gate would not usually be able to tell whether the man was actually taking waste material or not. It is true that the dishonest man should be sent to jail but to put a man in jail requires evidence that will first convict him and there is always a great expense involved in getting the necessary evidence and presenting it in court, and because of the experience the Company has had in the past in trying to check the abuse of the privileges it was willing to grant, it is deemed necessary to restrict the firewood privilege.

We appreciate the spirit of our correspondent's letter and the honesty and sincerity which prompted it and we are also glad to be assured of his confidence in The Dial. We hope that he will find reason to hold the same confidence in the Company and believe with us that the management would be only too glad to grant the concession he asks as well as many other concessions that would be of benefit to its workers, if there were not very good reasons for withholding them, reasons which show up heavily on the cost ledgers. And you know when the production costs are affected, your earnings and your job are affected, just as much as are the earnings of the Company. This is always the case where there is competition and competition in the ship repair industry is very keen, keener today than ever before.—The Editor.

Acknowledgments

James Mann, formerly of the Main Office, sent the following letter to Charles Kelley of the Billing Department, in which Mr. Mann expressed his agreeable surprise over the receipt of \$113.25 collected in the company's office.

Dear Charley:—

Yours of the 30th received and I was greatly surprised at its contents. I never expected such a thing. At first I felt that I ought not to accept it, for it seemed as if I was taking something I hadn't earned. Then I thought of the good intentions of all who contributed and realized that it would be an insult to them if I failed to accept. I, therefore, accept the gift in the spirit in which it was given. I'll depend on you, Charley, to thank all my friends at Morse's with my best regards to you and all."

Harry Bottomley, writing to the Hull Department, said: "Gentlemen—I received your kind donation through the person of Mr. Jack Sexton and I wish to thank the boys of the Hull Department, for their kind assistance during my recent and present illness, as it certainly came in very handy, indeed. Thanking you again, I wish to remain,

Yours,

Harry Bottomley,
203 East 119th Street,
New York.

Everyone must be useful or become worthless.

Furlong's Follies

There was a shipfitter named Lyle
Who dressed in up-to-date style,
He led in production
Which raised quite a ruction
And he got his name put in The Dial.

A burner on board the *Ulysses*—
You oughta guess easy who this is
Fell offa the plank
And sank with his tank—
The hisses were heard out to Bliss'es.

A chauffeur by name of Paul Sheehan
Went downa Coney Isle with a queen
He took her to Luna
He should have gone sooner
The lights went out—wasn't it mean.

A gentleman, M.W.Mead
Asked Tom Cavanaugh for some seade
Said Tom, "Here's some spinich
You'll gain half an inch
Biled up with corned beef its some feade."

A carpenter brave from Manhattan
Went to work upon the *Powhatan*
Had his heart filled with hope
When he got lots of soap
Coz his wife had her eye a new hat on.

A painter on board of the *Shamrock*
As she lay so sublime on our dry dock
Yelled loud in complaint
As he slapped on the paint,
"I'm workin soap—Where's the time clock?"

A tractor conductor named Russell
Is very proud of his muscle
But tho I've seen bigger
On most any rigger
Young Walter R. surely can hustle.

We love to sit and listen to Mygrant and
his bugle.
But darned if we can stand the singing
of Mac Dougal.

A heater by name of Bill Kiernan
Had a forge full of rivets to lean on
He went to his garage
And lay down a barrage
Coz they didn't give his flivver a cleanin.

George Conway, a Painter so bright
Got "soap" on the *Shamrock* one night
Said he to Bill Curry
"Whythehell should we worry
Sir Thomas, I'll promise, is white."

Household Hints

Do not leave brandy or cognac around the house where the kids can get at it

Do not boil onions in the same water with potatoes as the onions are liable to bring tears to the eyes of the potatoes.

While water is no longer used as a chaser, many are gradually getting used to it as a beverage.

The cabinet of an unused phonograph can be easily converted into an ice box. Stand the bottles on end.

A little red-lead mixed with plaster of paris makes a face powder which will not easily rub off.

A piece of steak which is not very tender may be massaged with a buttonset and soaked two hours in chloride of lime which will remove all toughness.

A miniature dry dock which can be placed in the bottom of a dish pan will make dishwashing more interesting for the missus.

Morse Men Enjoy Banquet

INSPECTORS, foremen, and estimators of the Operating Department numbering 27, were the guests of the Company at a get-together dinner, held at Healey's Farm in Hartsdale, on Saturday evening, August 21st, the first of the series of such gatherings.

The party motored from the yard to the Farm in automobiles furnished by the Company, and by some of those in the party. The affair was an exceptionally enjoyable one, despite the fact that the weather was not altogether agreeable. The rain had something to do in keeping the attendance down to 27.

Several of those invited were unable to show up, to their subsequent sorrow, because the menu was unusually good, and no one even seemed to think of the 18th amendment.

Superintendent A. W. Murray featured the gathering with a tight-rope walk. Some called it a cake walk; whatever it was the exhibition was great, and Signor de Kappa of the inspectors force, did a few things to the piano with one finger, which astounded even those who knew before hand of Signor de Kappa's talent.

Jim Coffey of the inspectors force, pulled a song and dance stunt that greatly pleased Jim's friends, and Charley Small of the Blacksmith Department, in a sleep walking act, captured the house.

A slight accident to Ernest Miller, which we will let him tell you about, seemed to disturb his good disposition, but his friends rallied around him and told him everything was alright.

Charley Hallock, assistant superintendent, sang a little ditty entitled: "Bring me a green one too," and Coffey and Anderson did an affinity dance that got the crowd. Somebody threw wax or some other slippery substance on the floor much to the discomfiture of Kenneth Craig and Jake Jacobson. Of course Doc Pearson was on hand and his appearance with a properly equipped medicine kit, was quite timely.

The crowd motored home and in so far as The Dial was able to learn every one reached their domicile safely, except those in Jimmy Greenfield's car. We can't say anything about what happened to them on the homeward trip, but we do know that Greenfield had a great deal of difficulty in holding the road in going to the Farm. They arrived three quarters of an hour late. Jim says the music in the back seat had something to do with their tardiness.

Twenty Years Ago

Flounders ran good around Pier 1.

Paddy Crossen was still going strong.

A "holder-on" had to "hold-on".

Joe McGuirk and Tom Smith didn't speak to each other.

Everybody got paid at the main gate. "Soap hounds" making 25 a week were buying real estate.

You could get 3 for a quarter, and if the Dutchman felt good, he'd say, "Come on, boys; have another."

Smith—"Who are you working for now?" Jones—"Same people. Wife and five children."

Many a guy is so set on "getting by" that he fails to see the bunch of ginks that "get by" him in the race for promotion.

For Sale—Life and Adventures of James MacFarlane. Twelve volumes.

Sing a song of near beer, a pocket full of rye,
Pipe the boilermakers noontimes now,
eating ice cream and pie.

Oh, Kilpatrick he fell in the ocean,
Oh, Kilpatrick he fell in the sea,
It sure was no joke, when his scaffold broke,
'Coz he came damnear pullin in me.

A guy went out to our Outing, which was held at Ulmer Park,
He wandered 'round South Brooklyn and reached there after dark.
He wanted to take the fence with him and for a ticket would not wait,
So rather than be disagreeable, Red Hot gave him the "gate."

Since Bob Kane has been watching the flowers every morning, he has gotten a flower pot of his own. Some "chicken," Bob.

We knew him as "Eric" in 1904 when we used to push gas bottles around for Jimmie MacFarlane. We still know him only as Eric but he's still the same little hustler of the Burners and one of Mac's best men.

Joe Hagen is back in the Hull Department, after visiting Savannah, Ga., and other points where, Joe says, they can't do the work as it's done at Morse's. Joe is Shipfitters' snapper.

Running Races Held

ONE hundred yard dash men within the yard had their innings during the noon hour, Monday, August 16th, when a series of those events were run off at the head of Pier 3, between the Machine and Plate Shops. The races were staged by Promoters Tom Cavanaugh, of the Hull Department, Joe Lowe of the Pipe Shop and Joe Quinn of the Burning Shop. Joe Toomey was timer and Billy Allen was the starter.

The contestants were Reid, Klein, De Nault, Williams, Al Simendinger, Rodier, Greene, Pitkoff, Chapman, Rooney, Regan, Joe McGuirk, O'Brien, O'Conner, Stevenson, Hudson, McGibney, Buck, Carr and Schmalax. Heat winners were Stevenson, Simendinger, Buck, Schmalax and Greene. Hudson, McGibney, Carr, Rodier and Pitkoff were seconds.

The 100 yard dash events were continued Wednesday, August 18th, with a big field of starters. The feature of the session was the sensational performance of James Murphy, a bottle man, of the Burning Department. Murphy made the distance in 11½ seconds wearing his working clothes and weighted down by the regular working shoes. Heat winners were Buck, Murphy, McGibney and Al Barnes. Perry, Ahearn, Shaner and Polowitz were seconds.

Finals in the Hull Department's 100 yard running events were held Wednesday, August 25th, with seven starters. Two semi-final heats and one final were run off. Buck, Greene, Perry and Dresh were the starters in the first heat, and Dresh was the winner with Buck second.

Three starters left in the second semi-final heat. They were Stevenson, Wherry and Hudson. Stevenson was the winner with Wherry a close second. Four men started in the final and finished in the following order: Dresh, first; Stevenson, second; Buck, third and Wherry, fourth. The first and second winners were given orders for new running shoes.

Big Crowd Sees Show

THE third and last outdoor entertainment of the season under the auspices of the Employees' Association was given in the yard Monday evening, August 23rd, to more than 3,000 persons, many of whom were of the gentler sex, including wives, daughters, sisters or sweethearts of Morse men.

A better show could not have been arranged to fittingly close the season. The vaudeville was of the big-time order, and the boxing bouts were fast and exciting and without the usual set-ups. In addition, a Scotch Bagpipe Band furnished the music.

During the meeting a drive was made on outing tickets, and Billy Burke was presented with an order for a diamond ring in recognition of his services in staging the many good entertainments which have marked the monthly meetings of the Association.

Lovet and Morton, comedy jugglers, opened the show, and were followed by Zetto and Boune, comedy acrobats. These acts were uproariously funny and put the audience in a jovial mood for the night.

The Song Publishers' Contest engaged in by representatives of the Irving Berlin and Fred Fischer houses was the feature of the evening. The audience roared at the "Bimbo" song which copped the first prize, and the boys kept shouting for encores about the Bimbo shaking a wicked umbrella.

Patricola, a dainty songstress from the Keith circuit, offered a medley of songs and was highly pleasing to the audience. Her Jersey song was a great advertisement for the state across the ferry but it was entertaining, too, and made a big hit.

Mygrant's New March

THE band concert of Tuesday noon, August 24th, was of exceptional merit and particular interest because of the rendition of a march entitled, "Self Defence," composed by Lieutenant Mygrant, leader of the band.

This selection is one of four pieces of which Lieutenant Mygrant is the composer. The other selections will be played during the coming noon hour concerts.

The march played during the concert on August 24th, was the first selection of that day's program. It is a snappy, live piece, and those who heard it very enthusiastically applauded.

George Pitcher, hand riveter, (20272) had heard that Brooklyn is "The City of Baby Carriages," but he claims that the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn has health and life giving properties that are not possessed in any other country or clime. George has several children, each of whom were born in different countries, one in India, China, Africa and other places. The stork visited George's home Thursday, August 19th, and left twins. Now, George is strong for the "Made in America" system. By the way, he's Billy McEwen's brother-in-law.

Slim Carr went off on a week's vacation at a camp on the Hudson. How's the soda up there, Slim?

John Kelly showed Andy Wandres the name of his first girl. What did you say the name was, John?

Young Happy's performances are being watched by the managers, and some have touted Happy to Danny Morgan.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Welfare of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

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Willard B. Prince, Art Editor
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E. Donnelly, Cartoonist

Mrs. Wallace Livermore, Joan C. Sharp,
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Thomas J. Plunkett, and
Margaret McCarthy,
Associate Editors

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Vol. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 3

Brace up. Brush up. Think up. And you will get up. Think down. Look down. Act down. And you will stay down.

Be A Sticker

FAITHFUL service to any cause, company or individual is its own reward, but there is a reward greater still for the man or men who upon getting a job, even though it isn't the best job by comparison, stick to it year in and year out, and put by each week or month a part of their earnings.

Some industrial magazines are pointing out, for the benefit of the new man, the old-timers in the service of these respective industries. The object is, of course, to show the new man that it makes little difference with what concern he works, he may prosper only by steady employment and a measure of thrift.

In one of these magazines, if the old-timer has lifted the mortgage from his roof, his home is reproduced in picture form (and there are some dandies). John of the Milling Room or Jim of the Grinding Department, is held up as an example of prosperity despite the fact that he remained with the same company for 30 or 40 years.

One does not need any great amount of intelligence to know that

it is the purpose of the company and the magazine to encourage men to remain at their tasks. Therefore, they use John's home or Jim's home as an object lesson, showing you the fruit of his uninterrupted labor. By so doing, they are sincere and honest. You may not think so. In fact, you may think that they are afraid of losing you. But you are all wrong.

The successful men—yea, even the moderately independent men, have what they have because they had faith in a job and the pluck to stick to it. They were working and saving each week while their brothers of lesser independence were changing from job to job in quest of big pay for little service.

While The Dial isn't pointing out as examples of prosperity any of the old-timers in our service, there are such examples. Some of the men who are old in the service of this company have grown-up families and own property.

You may say times are changed. So they are. They'll change again, too. And there will be a new generation of old-timers some of whom will be on the road to independence after 20 or 30 years with one concern. You wouldn't be any better off elsewhere if you haven't the faith in your job and the pluck to stay with it.

Even among the younger old-timers, those of whom Tom Furlong speaks in his article on another page, there can be seen the reward of faithful and steady employment. Most of these men, according to Mr. Furlong, are proud daddies. He says some of them have one or two children and others have "several."

Here are some assets that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. Here are some comforts for old age. They have these if nothing more, but the writer feels almost sure that they have something more, for men who can buck the same line for 10 or 15 years are made of the right stuff, and will have some thing more, if they haven't it now.

Endless Chain of Strikes

WHEN a union man with the strike habit kicks about the price and scarcity of sugar it would be well if the grocer could show him a chart which appears in *Sugar Bulletin*.

This chart shows that from the first of January to the present time there has not been a day when the manufacture or shipment of sugar has not been impeded by strikes.

Plantation workers went out in Hawaii and Porto Rico. Refinery employees struck in Chalmette and Revere. Dock workers struck in Havana, Jamaica, New Orleans and Boston. Boatmen struck in New York and Philadelphia. The railroad strike added to the agony.

Sugar of course is but one of many important industries. All the others could be chartered the same way. Business is completely interlocked and a strike in one line affects practically all the other lines.

The striking switchman who growls because there is no sugar in the bowl must remember that he was one of the causes. And he is being blamed by the Havana dock laborer who has no flour in the bin.

—New York Sun

Watch Your Children

A MAN well up in the executive ranks of this company had a clipping from the New York Evening Globe upon his desk. To his mind, it clearly defined the duties of parents toward their children. For grown-ups it pointed out the advantages of doing things well. We take pleasure in reprinting the article which originated with the Wheeler Syndicate Co.

Any child that cannot have the habit of industry fastened on it for life by the time it is ten years old has need of the nearest hookworm expert. It is merely a matter of directing its energies into the right channel, and parents certainly have committed the unpardonable sin against their sons and daughters if they fail to do this, and let them grow up to hate work instead of loving it.

Do you desire your children to become rich and prosperous? If so, you have only to cultivate the habit of thrift in them while they are young.

Wasting money is a bad habit just as saving is a good habit. And the one means poverty, and the other means riches. Teach children to take care of their pennies and they will know enough not to throw away their dollars.

Saving can be made just as interesting to children as spending, as was proven during the war when thousands of girls and boys put the money they had been throwing away on candy and soda water into thrift stamps and so formed, let us hope, a habit of thrift that will make their whole future happy and more prosperous.

Teach children habits of accuracy—to do whatever they do prop-

erly. The difference between highly paid work and poorly paid work is the difference in the quality of the work. The difference between the man with the \$10,000 salary and the man with the \$1,000 wage is the difference between efficiency and inefficiency.

It takes just as much labor to cook a mean dinner as a good one. The girl who spells every other word wrong and makes a failure of her letters pounds the typewriter just as many hours a day as the private secretary does. So the people who never learn to do anything well escape nothing but the reward that goes to the accuracy that can be depended upon.

Doing things slap-dashedly, hit-or-miss, any old way, is nothing but a bad habit, just as doing them properly is a good habit. Cultivate in children the pride of craftsmanship and the love of turning out a good job for the job's sake, and you have put the guide to success in their hands.

For the whole world is on a still hunt for efficient people whose work can be relied upon—dressmakers who can fit, stenographers who can spell, carpenters whose work holds together, doctors who don't guess about what ails you, lawyers whose advice is sound, and when we find them we pay them joyfully whatever they ask, and sing their praise in the market-place.

Teach children habits of order and promptness. Teach them the habit of self-control. Teach them the habit of smiling instead of whining, and you will have given them an armor that will be proof against the sling and arrows of outrageous fortune, and that will enable them to win out in the battle of life.

It isn't enough to break children of bad habits. You must fortify them with good habits that they will instinctively fall back upon in the crisis of their fate.

“Liberty and Justice to All”

THE Loyalty Parade of the foreign born on July 4, 1918, in New York City, was an inspiration to all who saw it. Members of every race in America were in the line that marched up Fifth Avenue under the proud banners of the Union. It was a spectacle full of color and beauty. The picturesque national costumes of the Alsatians, the Greeks and the Swedes, alternated with the kilts of the Highlanders of Scotland and the brilliant uniforms of all the allied

nations. It was a dramatic vision of the sources of America's strength, the best blood of the Old World united in a warm, pulsing stream.

It was with the help of these many races that the war was won and it will be with the peace-time help of these people that the problems which arose after the war will be solved. The same unity of purpose applied to the production of things that the world so sorely needs, will carry us over the present period of high costs and industrial unrest.

Therefore we should still regard the foreign born workers as our allies. After the flag waving of July 4th let's all put equal enthusiasm into the day's work. Let our slogan be “United for America!”

Team work will pull us through.

LINCOLN knew. The words which he uttered over half a century ago are as true now as then, and should be an inspiration to all Americans. Here is what he said in addressing the Workmen's Association in 1864.

“Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; it is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.”

Calendar Tide Table							High Water Governors Is.
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
			1 9:24	2 10:02	3 10:46	4 11:37	
5 0:02	6 1:06	7 2:28	8 3:30	9 4:59	10 5:59	11 6:54	
12 7:44	13 8:32	14 9:18	15 10:02	16 10:47	17 11:38	18 12:25pm	
19 0:52	20 1:48	21 2:46	22 3:41	23 4:32	24 5:17	25 5:58	
26 6:35	27 7:09	28 7:44	29 8:12	30 8:56			

TIME OF TIDE IS A.M. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. HIGH WATER AT SANDY HOOK DEDUCT 30 MIN. (EASTERN STANDARD TIME)

Association Calendar

Collection Committee meets every Tuesday at 4 p. m.

Finance Committee meets last Tuesday of every month.

Directors meet last Wednesday of every month.

Association entertainment and business meeting last Wednesday of every month, unless otherwise announced.

Entertainment Committee meets 2nd Monday of every month.

Fire Prevention Committee meets 3rd Monday of every month.

Relief Committee meets last Monday of every month.



Employees' Association Directory

OFFICERS

President—JOSEPH MCGUIRK
Hull Department

Vice President—JOSEPH QUINN
Burning Department

Secretary—EDWARD HANNAVIN
Brass Storeroom

Treasurer—MORTIMER W. MEAD
Office

Directors and Conference Board Members
(d) for Director; (c) for Conference Board

CARPENTERS, JOINERS, PAINTERS
AND WOOD CAULKERS—Peter Bresnan
(d) Harry Anderson (c) Patrick O'Mahoney (c).

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS—Charles Pearson
(d) Al. Cumming (c) William Mills (c).

INSIDE MACHINISTS—John Sweeney (d)
Hugh McQuillan (c) Frank Ulsmer (c).

PIPEFITTERS—Michael O'Day (d) Jos.
Lowe (c) Charles Davis (c).

BLACKSMITHS—Arthur Fallon (d) Adolph
Rental (c) Robert McQueen (c).

RIGGERS AND DRY DOCK HANDS—
Edward Kelley (d) Eugene Callahan (c)
Harry Carlson (c).

COPPERSMITHS, PLUMBERS, PIPE
COVERERS—Thomas Hayes (d) Joseph
Herzog (c) Nelson Jacobs (c).

BOILERMAKERS—William Jackson (d)
Harry Beattie (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed Arthur Sylvester, who has left the Company.

OFFICE, ESTIMATORS AND SOLICITORS
—Frank Falconer (d) Miss Marjorie H.
Davis (c) George F. Keenan (c).

DRAUGHTSMEN, PATTERN MAKERS,
INSPECTORS—James M. Donovan (d)
Leonard Wallace (c) Thomas C. Rathbone (c).

SHEET METAL WORKERS—C. S. Carman
(d) J. O'Brien (c) Joseph Bovine (c).

PLATE SHOP—Edward McGibney (d)
George Drew (c) Louis Leiser (c).

ELECTRICIANS—Harry Jost (d) Thos.
White (c) Al. Chisholm (c).

HULL DEPARTMENT—Al. Simendinger
(d) Daniel Ditter (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed John Whalen who has left the Company.

BURNERS AND WELDERS—James MacFarlane (d) John Beverley (c) William Dralle (c).

MISCELLANEOUS—Including Chauffeurs, Storeroom Hands, Garage Mechanics, Crews of Launches, Timekeepers and Watchmen—Carlisle R. Stecker (d). William A. Jarrell (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed John Finneran.

COMMITTEES

RELIEF COMMITTEE—Morris Levy (Riggers) Archie Campbell (Carpenters) Otto Rochelle (Inside Machinists).

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Frank Falconer (Hospital) Joseph Quinn (Burners) David Lysle (Hull Dept.) Samuel Olsen (Chain Gang) Harry Beck (Carpenters) Ernest Harvey (Outside Machinists) Joseph Bayliss (Laborers).

SANITATION COMMITTEE—Joe Toomey (Hull Dept.) W. Carr (Pipe Shop) Dan Smith (Plumbers).

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—James Weldon (Office) William Burke (Carpenters) Joseph Lowe (Pipe Shop).

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Charles Menzies (Welders) Harry Anderson (Carpenters) Michael Flarthy (Air Plant).

WELFARE COMMITTEE (Embracing Yard Collections)—Frank Falconer (Hospital) William Jackson (Boiler Shop) John Sweeney (Machinists).

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—Michael O'Day (Pipe Shop) Harry Jost (Electricians) Peter Bresnan (Carpenters).

FIRE PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Joseph Lowe (Pipe Shop) Chairman; William Leiser (Plate Shop) Harry Gardner (Burners).

Some of Our Old Timers

Fifteen Years in Service

OF the older employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, none is more widely known in the yard than Ben DeBar of the Inside Machine Shop. He is entering his sixteenth year of service with the company, and each day he may be found at his bench in his usual cheery frame of mind, ready for a full and faithful day's work.



Ben de Bar

In his 15 years of service with the company, Mr. DeBar worked as an outside machinist for about six years. He had worked under Kenneth Craig, who is now in the estimating room, and with William Chambers, present foreman of the Outside

The story that has been told by other old-timers could be repeated in Ben's own words, but he claims that most all of the Machinists.

present employees have been made familiar with the company's growth as pertains men and equipment. He does like, though, to recall the years when the old "sand-suckers" or dredges used to come in from Sandy Hook and deposit, besides some sand, plenty of good lobsters, which delicacies the boys took home for the table.

Mr. DeBar is married and lives at 350 79th Street, Brooklyn. He is jovial and active and has hopes of being an active mechanic for a good many years yet. By his optimism and good nature, we could tell that his hopes are well founded.

Whitman's Way

THEY tell us that when Frank Whitman went on his vacation last year, after one or two days of idleness, he became restless and, excusing himself from a party of other vacationists, disappeared. A few hours later he was found in a field, pitching hay, the perspiration streaming down his face and the sun baking a ruddy glow on his cheeks. When asked what in thunder he was working so hard for, he remarked, "I can't keep idle; I've got to be doing something."

It was discovered that he had gone to a farmer he had seen in the field and asked if he wanted help. When the farmer asked "How much will you work for?" he nearly fell off the haystack when Whitman said, "Nothing but the exercise." For an all-around, hard working individual, ever conscientious and faithful to his duties, we have got to take our hats off to Frank Whitman.

Joe Bayliss, of the Laborers claims to have an Italian named Doherty in his gang. Joe has a regular "League of Nations" and they sure pull together.

Hughie McQuillan of the Inside Machinists asked Charley Kelly if he saw "Mike." "What Mike?" said Kelly. "Mike Rometer," said Hughie.

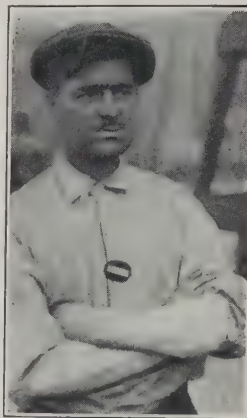
A Youthful Old Timer

JAMES E. TESTER started with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company when he was only 17 years of age. He first served in the capacity of a hammer-boy, from which he was shifted to various blacksmithing jobs of varying importance.

Mr. Tester, though an old time employee is youthful in face and figure, and one would not readily believe that he has a record of 18 years in industry, to say nothing of that length of time with the same concern.

When, as a hammer-boy, Mr. Tester came to the Blacksmith Shop of the Morse Company, the shop was situated just about where the addition to the Machine Shop is at present. There were then about 18 or 20 fires, and much less equipment than is now used in our Blacksmithing Department. Nevertheless, the work was heavy, and oftentimes pieces up to 5,000 pounds were turned out.

Now, from 35 to 40 fires burn in our Blacksmithing Department, and in one of these Tester forges many vital parts used in ship repairing. He is a full-fledged smithy, and an old-timer not only in his department, but in the yard. Mr. Tester is married, has one child, and lives at 305 60th Street, Brooklyn. He is interested in the company and Association and expects to see many more years of service here.



James E. Tester

Daughter Got Croix de Guerre

BECAUSE many Morse men have asked Frank Wittmann, the day gateman at the 55th Street gate, why he wears the Croix de Guerre, we suggested that he tell The Dial about it, and thereby save himself the trouble of answering questions. So here is the story:

The Croix de Guerre was presented to Mr. Wittmann's daughter, an army nurse, by a French military official. Miss Wittmann, who is now the wife of Capt. James A. Ramsey of the U. S. Army, performed noble service for the French and American forces during the World War, and the Croix de Guerre was presented as a tribute to her loyalty and devotion in the face of danger.

Both Mrs. Ramsey and her husband are in the United States Army now, and are stationed at the Chicago headquarters.

The Face and the Figure

"Your bathing suit!" her husband cried, "I really cannot bear it. I do not see at all how you can have the face to wear it!"

She tossed her head and then indulged in something like a snigger. "I may not have the face," she said, "But, oh, I've got the figger!"

This is Good Dope

GEORGE J. MILLER, former inspector has submitted the following article at an opportune time, shortly after it had been suggested that The Dial print something along the lines of fire and accident prevention:

"Our Editor wishes to know what to write about; the bandmaster desires to render meritorious concerts, the Association is working out ways for the betterment of conditions, a family picnic or excursion is assured, and ways and means to reduce accidents and fires are being discussed. All hands are interested and efforts cannot fail to bring just rewards, slow but positive.

"The more you prune a tree, the better it grows. It's a long trip from the taper to electric light, from the dugout to the palatial steamer, and such progress has been achieved only by perseverance and fortitude.

"Time is the stuff out of which life is made. Therefore waste not, want not. Utilize everything this world produces. Enjoy the fruits of your labor. Call that day lost when you have not lightened the burdens of your fellow-man by kind and cheerful encouragement.

"Above all, be careful! By the exercise of care you can best serve your fellow-man. We men of the shipyards are inclined to be game when it comes to ignoring and neglecting those personal injuries which to us seem as mere scratches. But in that we are wrong. The 'mere scratches' may become infections, and infections may cause the loss of limb or life.

"Don't forget that infection is always ready to call your carelessness. Therefore, if injured, go to the hospital for treatment. The company maintains a good hospital staff for this purpose. But too often workers have visited the hospital because of the other fellow's carelessness.

"'Stop, Look, Listen' are words which mean much. Were they heeded, there would be fewer accidents caused by opening the wrong valve, improperly slinging a draft or by failure to notify the proper persons of existing dangers.

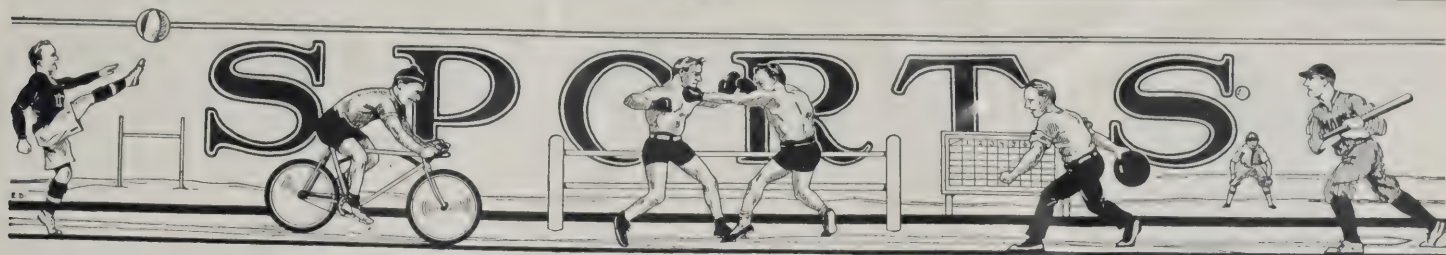
"Sometimes it is the fault of the man injured. He had taken a chance. He had been negligent. He was fooling or joking. He had not thought of what had gone before.

"We of the yard are indirectly responsible for fires, too. Take notice of fire hazards. Remove oily cloths to places of safety. Do not leave inflammable material where there is danger of fire and its chances for discovery are small. Do not smoke on the job.

"As an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, we can all do our part in helping to prevent fires and accidents. You don't have to be a member of the fire department, nor an official of the company. All you need be is a loyal, fair employee who has at heart the interest of his fellow-worker, the company and himself."

Capt. George Bunnell of the *Ada Morse* commanded the *Eileen Morse* recently and made a trip from Greenpoint to New London, Conn., towing the wooden Shipping Board vessel *Bosworth*. Record time was made during the trip despite the fact that there were several hours of fog.

Machinists and others are asked to save their emptied soap cans for Oscar Kruger, the "Sign King." Oscar can use them in his business of mixing lettering paint. He will call for them.



Summer Sports Dead

AS the summer season wanes, we are reminded that this has been an unusually quiet year insofar as Morse athletics are concerned.

It was customary for Morse promoters to launch right into baseball as soon as the soccer season came to a close, but this year, through the loss of Morse Oval, at 52nd Street and Second Avenue, both soccer and baseball received a serious setback.

The football schedule was not finished following the loss of the Oval. A few games were played, but the attendance didn't insure the support that attended the games at the Oval.

The baseball schedule wasn't even considered in view of the absence of "home grounds." It is certain that we could have turned out a capable semi-professional club, but it was a question as to whether or not the club would last through the season without the aid of home ground games and the moral support of the Morse organization.

Our yard boxing shows helped to fill in the gap between soccer seasons and furnished our summer diet as far as athletics go. They were tasty, however, and next summer should draw much attention to the Morse Association and the big outdoor show it stages for a monthly frolic.

National Soccer League officials and other soccer organizations have sought in vain for the Morse 1920-21 entry, but it has not and will not be made, not for another season at least.

Frank Falconer and others who have done much toward gaining recognition for the Morse company as a strong soccer power have given the final word to the National League officials that there is small chance of a Morse organization because of the inability to procure good playing grounds.

Since the loss of the Morse oval at 52nd Street and Second Avenue, soccer enthusiasm here has waned. Even after the loss of the grounds, the Morse team continued to play, but the home financial and moral support was missing and that had its effect on the team. Despite this condition, the Morse eleven finished up in good style and were considered one of the dangerous contenders for championship honors.

The games at the Morse oval were generally well attended. Especially during the Morse-Robins games was the attendance big. At times during the clash of these rivals, standing room was at a premium.

Morse and Robins rooters headed by their respective bands made the welkin ring and wagers were made freely.

Frank Mack states that Al Delmont, a Boston pugilist of considerable fame a few years ago, is coming to work in the yard. Al was sure some stepper, and has a wallop or two left. Porky Flynn, Honey Melody and Al Delmont were prominent names in the sport columns of Boston papers not so long ago.

Fitzimmons to Fight Leonard

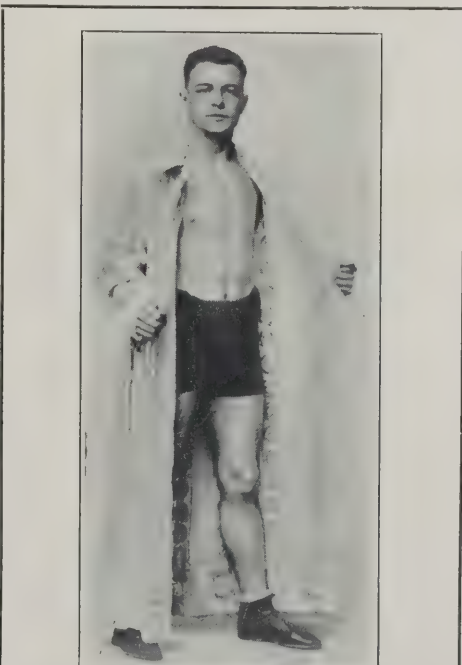
EDDIE Fitzimmons, whose daddy, Charles Fitzimmons, is employed in the Pipe Shop here, has reached the top notch of pugilism in his particular class and is to meet Champion Benny Leonard in Madison Square Garden in a 15 round contest on December 17th. The purse will be for \$65,000, of which Leonard will receive \$50,000 and Eddie Fitzimmons \$15,000.

Tex Rickard, the promoter, chose Eddie Fitzimmons to fight Leonard despite the fact that he had the following top notch battlers to pick from—Johnny Dundee, Willie Jackson, Lew Tendler, Joe Welling, Charley White and Ritchie Mitchell.

In speaking of the match, Tex Rickard said that he picked Fitzimmons because of his southpaw style, together with his heavy hitting propensities, which makes him a capable foe for the title holder.

Fitzimmons is expected to bring into play all of Leonard's wonderful speed, cleverness and hitting power, for since the bout is to go to a decision at the end of fifteen rounds it is expected Leonard will extend himself to his limit in order to insure victory.

Needless to say there are many Fitzimmons rooters in our Pipe Shop where Charlie, Eddie Fitzimmons' father, works. Speaking of the coming contest Mr. Fitzimmons said: "Eddie realizes that this coming fight is the greatest of his life, and he's going to try hard to beat Leonard. The boys here in the shop are plugging hard for 'The Turkey' as they refer to Eddie when we're joking about the battle."



Eddie Fitzimmons, whose father, Charles Fitzimmons works in our Pipe Shop, has climbed high in the fight arena. He is going to meet Benny Leonard.

Good Boxing Bill

YOUNG Kramer and Petey Clark renewed hostilities at the outdoor show of the Association, Monday evening August 23rd. They figured in the opening mill of the night, and the argument was a red-hot one for four rounds. Petey was the aggressor during the encounter, but the honors throughout were about even.

Young Riley and Sailor Whalen put up the most slashing bout that the boys have looked upon in some time. The sailor is the cleanest, and niftiest little battler we have seen for a few moons, and he made a big hit with the mob. Riley was not as aggressive as the sailor, but he put up a wonderful defense, and showed a strong heart. He was floored by the sailor, but he recovered quickly and stayed to the finish. Here is one mill that would stand another booking.

Joe Daley and Frankie Sullivan tangoed through a few rounds without mussing each others hair. Their act was nice for a training camp, but the boys want more action when they gather round for the monthly session. Here's hoping that Joe and Frankie mix it the next time they visit us.

Batling Hogan and K. O. Mack exchanged healthy wallops through four sessions and the honors were about even at the conclusion of the debate. The Battler had it on Mack for weight and generalship, but Mack carried the argument to Hogan, and helped make the mill more interesting than it might have been otherwise.

Johnny Levine and Billy Lewis of Baltimore compared notes in one of the best bouts of the night. Johnny, who hangs out in our Pipe Shop, was lighter than the Maryland "pug," but he forced the fighting and earned a decision.

A battle royal between four dark gladiators closed the show. Charley Smith, old-time colored pugilist, was introduced prior to the fracas in which his colored brethren engaged.

Billy Burke and Jimmie Weidon were the stage managers. Pete Lorenz and Joe Lowe were the announcers. Frankie Mack and Henry Rochelle were the timers.

Wolbar Still There

That "they never come back" has been disproved by Willy Wolbar of the Shipfitters, who ten years ago pitched for the Shamrocks and subsequently for the Morse team.

Wolly pitches for the Lincoln P. C. of Bay Ridge, and in a game on Decoration Day with the Drysdale A. C., struck out 17 men, allowing only one hit in the nine innings.

On Sunday, June 13th in a game against the Porto Rican Stars, Wolbar struck out 10 men for the Lincolns.

Ask Johnny Levine if he got his watch yet. Frankie Mack was looking for his some few weeks ago. Sombdy suggested that Johnny and Frankie lick the committee to win the watch.



Miss Edna Rogers

She Keeps Secrets

WITHIN our organization we have actors, prizefighters, professional bicycle riders and other folk who are occasionally in the public eye. Now we have discovered among the office workers in the Tabulating Department, on the third floor of the North building, a police-woman.

She is Corporal Edna Rogers of the Women's Police Reserve, a member of the women's state police, with jurisdiction in the 89th Precinct, which is in this territory.

Corporal Edna is empowered to make arrests, but, like her sisters of the force, she directs her authority in more helpful channels. They do much welfare work. One of her assignments took her to Ellis Island where she did duty aiding women at the Immigrant station.

We endeavored to get Miss Roger's views as to public morals. Were they on the decline or uplift? But she wouldn't declare herself. Not a word would she say about the love scenes in the "movies" or about the abbreviated costumes at the beaches. Then they say "a woman can't keep secrets!"

A new pipe cutting and threading machine that will handle from 8 inch to 18 inch pipe has been installed in our Pipe Shop. Foreman Murphy, realizing the need of such an important addition, put in a request for the machine, and now, instead of relying upon outside concerns, the shop is enabled to handle the largest pipe jobs on ships coming in our yards.

Prior to the influx of Standard Oil ships to these yards, there was not so much call for work on pipes over 8 inches, but an increasing demand for the larger work prompted the installation of apparatus to meet the needs. It's the Morse way—no job too big to handle. Joe Lowe says: "Let 'em come!"

Charlie Hansen, wealthy ex-motorman, worked so much soap on the *Barendrecht* that the captain was compelled to put him off the ship at Sandy Hook.

Paddy Feeney whose beautiful complexion is the envy of the yard is (we believe) the original of that advertisement, "A Skin You Love To Touch."

Letters of A Self Made Riveter to His Son

My dere Micky:-

I sit down 2 rite you these few lines hoping you arrived at the colledge without any misfortune as I am at present.

When you workt in the yard this summer you liked 2 work sope, and I here their is lotts a midnite oil 2 burn where you R, so go 2 it, Micky, & maybe sum day you may be a great man like Mr. Meade or Tom Smith or Jimmie MacFarlane.

Things is quiet hear in the yard. Billy McKeon wont give nun of his men more than 100 ours a weak as times is dull.

We wuz rivetin on the *Arcadia* last Thursday and I fell outa the crow's nest, but I didn't get hurt cuz I landed on my hed. Pretty soft, eh?

You ast me 4 ten bucks to buy a rhetoric volume. I wisht you told me be 4 you went & i coulda had one maid in the plate Shop at cost.

You also said you wuz in with the Beta Gammas. Now, Micky, I aint got nuthin against the eyetalians but why dontcha get in with good Americans like the O'Briens, Murphys and Shaughnessys?

The landlord told me he wuz gonna raise our rent next month & I told him that wuz nice uv him, as I had a helluva time doin it myself every month.

We are havin a nextenshun put on the Yard hospital. The Painters & Carpenters is buzzy up there. Four man Mullaly ast his painters witch 1 wanted 2 go up their & vanish a deck 4 one of the nurses witch had its legs scratched. Every 1 wanted 2 go.

Dan Feeley, who hoalds on 4 me, wuz to our house 4 dinner Sunday. He sed he dusnt go to every riveters house 4 dinner—coz they don't all ast him.

Tom Plunkett has a new baby at his house & she is the imidge of Tom. But as long as she is strong and healthy Tom shouldn't worry.

Sum 1 told Joe Murphy of the Dial that 2 could live as cheep as 1 and he beleved it & went & dun it. Wait till his Mrs. sends him to the deliket S N for a lb. of rost Pork & a kupple a pig's nuckles.

Charley Kellerman of the Carpenters went to a forchin teller & she told him he wuz gonna travel. "Have a Hart," sez Chas., "I live in Freeport & I work in Morses. Ain't that travlin enuff?"

Now, Micky, thats all the news from the yard. The boys sends there regards.

Yore mother and me is well. The car is lade up with a broken radiator.

Hoping you R the same,

Yore luving father.

Outdoor Shows Enjoyed

OUTDOOR shows under the auspices of the Employees' Association have attained popularity since our opening show for the benefit of the crews of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*, but the July show staged in our spacious yard, sent these outdoor entertainments to the very crest of popularity. And now it seems they will be a regular feature, for the summer, at least.

Morse men and their women-folk filled every available seat provided by Mr. Benner and his assistants, and before the program got under way, the seats were banked on the outer edges by row after row of spectators. It is estimated that about 2000 persons attended.

Selections by the Morse band started the festivities. These were highly pleas-

ing to the audience, and each was roundly applauded. Then came the McKinnon Sisters, a winsome pair of Misses who chanted and danced their way into favor. Ed. Apple & Co. came next. The "Co." was a male partner of Ed. Apple. Their burlesque boxing was side-splitting. The feminine portion of the gathering laughed equally as heartily as the men folk. Then "Angelo," the piano accordion wizard sent forth a volume of melody that ranged from grand opera to jazz, and brought to a conclusion an excellent vaudeville bill. Motion pictures, including views of the *Resolute* and *Shamrock* upon the Morse floating dry dock, were shown.

In the fistic arguments staged under the direction of Billy Burke and Jimmie Weldon, with Joe Cox as referee, there were some rattling bouts, the first of which was between Young Kramer of Bay Ridge and Petey Clark of Brooklyn. This mill went four rounds. In one of these Kramer sent his apponent to the floor, but not for the count.

Joe Barnett of the Carpenters and Billy Franchini of Bay Ridge stepped four rounds to a draw. Tommy McGraw of Fort Hamilton and Barney McCue of Scotland went four slashing rounds in which both men gave and took much punishment. Barney started things off in a whirlwind fashion, but McGraw got going and evened things up to the extent that most of the spectators adjudged the bout a draw.

The star clash of the night came when Young Happy of the Hull Department, and Walter Nelson faced each other. Happy floored Nelson in the opening session, but, through good generalship and a good measure of stamina, Nelson came back and stayed through to the final tap of the curfew.

Gene Bruce, the yard favorite, and his friend, Young Monday, wrestled and assaulted each other to the delight of the spectators. Gene was to toss Monday in a half hour, but failed. Monday now threatens to throw Gene in a half hour in their next meeting.

J. Mullaney of the Welding Shop would like to meet the gentleman who invented Form 73. The meeting would be for 20 rounds.



Jack Finneran and Miss Emily Casey

Our erstwhile chauffeur wanted this picture used to make his wife jealous but we are wondering what Miss Casey's beau will say.

DOG DAYS IN MORSEVILLE

By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist





OUR FAMILY POETS

The Riggers
By Morris Levy

See the foreman, brave and true,
Who gives the orders straight to you;
Out you go with the snapper's gang,
To do the work that is on hand.
Down to the ship you make your way,
And make fast the staging, there to stay,
And the dangers you fear not.
Up the rigging, down the hold,
Go you riggers, 'ere so bold;
Facing danger with a smile,
Laughing, joking all the while,
As the work you quickly do;
Always undertaking something new,
And the dangers you fear not.
Working on the scaffold, be it high,
Or down on decks beneath the skies;
On the water, too, you do your share,
The dangers of a rigger everywhere.
The blades and rudders you put in place,
Without care or worry on your face,
And the dangers you fear not.
Hats off to the riggers crew,
And that worthy, gallant foreman, too,
Who leads them with a smiling front
To the work that calls them, without a grunt.
Let us hope it shall always be
The same old riggers crew we see,
And the dangers they fear not.

A Rigger.

(Air—Dardanella)

Oh, Frank Kinsella, you took a watery dip
When, you lucky fellow, off *Huron* you did slip;
Goodness knows, I'm strong for you,
You sure knew just what to do;
Oh, Frank Kinsella, caulk her tight, way under water, oh,
Oh, Frank Kinsella, who threw you out a line?
You can't caulk her under water, Frankie mine!
Right home you went, just like the landlord when he grabs the rent;
Oh, Frank Kinsella, you sure have luck divine!

The following general order was adopted at a meeting of the Joint Conference Board July 30th: "Smoking is prohibited in the yard, offices, and buildings of this company during working hours. Violation of this rule is punishable by a fine of one-half hour to an hour. Repeated offenses may result in suspension."

David Doyle (21487) a driller, residing at 240 W. 10th Street, New York City, died suddenly Monday morning, July 26th Mr. Doyle, who had been employed by this company for about five years, was a well known and deservedly popular employee, and his sudden death was lamented by men in and out of his department. A delegation of Morse Men attended the funeral, and the floral pieces included a tribute from the Employees' Association.

Why Sacrifice Your Child?

By Miss Genevieve Lansing

You have read in the daily papers
Perhaps with a broken heart
Of the cruel and heartless mother
Who with her child would like to part.

And when at last the stranger comes
To take the girl, or boy,
The mother, with unmerciful soul
Can give it up with joy.

The impatient, sinful mother,
—I can't help this dreadful scorn—
Can pick, and snatch a guardian
Before her child is born.

The only excuse she has for this
Is the want of money supply.
And though it might seem hard to bring
up the child
She could do it, if she'd try.

There's no such word as "can't" they say,
And let us prove that's true.
If no one wanted to take her child,
Then what would the mother do?

Of course she'd try to bring it up
And she surely would succeed,
Though she may not be able to have
Quite everything she'd need.

She may even have to sacrifice
A little of her time,
A little of her dressing-up,
But what's that? That's no crime.

Perhaps when the child is old enough
And can pay her back again
Some stranger will have the benefit,
And what will the mother think then?

If you think you have too many things in life
When you look at the rows in which
they're piled,
Can't you give up a less expensive gift?
Why sacrifice your child?

Frankie Mack of the Hull Dept., helped to condition the new middleweight champion Johnny Wilson of Boston for his bout with Soldier Bartfield. Frankie said that Johnny's showing against Bartfield didn't bring out the best that Wilson has, and the bout wasn't up to expectations. Frankie says, however, that Johnny Wilson has improved wonderfully in five years, and that he earned his victory over Mike O'Dowd.

Gene Brown of the Painters gave orders to Gus, the Painter's Material man to issue no sky-hooks without a check. Gene doesn't say much—but when he says it!!!

George Larsen of the Pipefitters hopes that some day The Dial will publish the pictures of the handsomest Pipefitters. He'd have competitors in Hughie Pace, Joe Martin and "Smoky Joe" Lowe.

The High Cost of Living

JUST why the cost of living has risen, and, more important, how it can be brought down, is thus tersely summarized by the Council of National Defense after a most exhaustive investigation:

Causes:—The Nation's productive powers have not been fully utilized since the armistice.

Too few goods, notably the necessities of life, have been produced, and that even some of these goods have been withheld from the market, and therefore from the people.

The high cost of living is due in part to unavoidable war waste and increase of money and credit.

There has been and is considerable profiteering, intentional and unintentional.

The Remedies:—Produce more goods, and to produce them in proportion to the needs of the people.

Stamp out profiteering and stop unnecessary hoarding.

Enforce vigorously present laws and promptly enact such further new laws as are necessary to prevent and punish profiteering and needless hoarding.

Bring about better co-operation and method in distributing and marketing goods.

Keep both producer and consumer fully informed as to what goods are needed and as to what supplies are available, so that production may anticipate the country's demands.—*Forbes Magazine.*

A Talented Young Lady

WE are using on this page a piece of poetry written by Miss Genevieve Lansing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack H. Lansing, 5309 4th Avenue, Brooklyn. Miss Lansing who lost her eye-sight through scarlet fever when she was two and a half years old, wrote the verse a few weeks ago after her mother had read to her an item from a daily newspaper which told about a mother who was seeking a guardian for her child because she could not support it.

Mrs. Lansing in a letter to The Dial explaining about the poem, said:—"When I read the item to my daughter it touched her to the heart and she went to her typewriter and composed the verse which I thought very good and would like to see in The Dial."

Miss Lansing's father who has been employed in the Morse plant for twenty years as a dock hand is the father of six children, five girls and one son, and enjoys a home which radiates with happiness. In an early issue we will tell more about Mr. Lansing in the department in which we review the Old Timers. His son Charles is also employed here.

Miss Genevieve who is shown in the costume of a Camp Fire Girls Club which she belongs to, is very talented despite her serious handicap in life. She is exceptionally clever with the needle, having made the dress and even having beaded the band on her head. She does beautiful crochet and lace work and knitting and is also an excellent piano player. She deserves great praise.



Miss Genevieve Lansing

TEAM WORK

By Tom Furlong

THE highbrows call it "individual co-operation," a concentration of conscientious effort toward the promulgation of efficiency. We to whom the vernacular is more adaptable give it a synonymous, though grammatically less beautiful term, "team work," a term we are better able to understand.

Nothing successful has ever been accomplished without it. No business has ever become a success without it. No leader in business whether in ship building or home building has ever succeeded without team work on the part of partner, superior or subordinate.

A ship owner gives his ship for repairs into the hands of a firm from whom he expects co-operation—the ship repair firm gives the work in return to faithful workers from whom is expected co-operation. Pulling together,—team work and the results are wonderful. Pulling three ways—dissatisfaction and generally failure.

Capital has privileges which should be respected, but are often used wrongfully. Labor has privileges which are oftentimes abused and wrongfully used. Co-operation—team work—between the two results in a successful organization—satisfied employers and satisfied employees.

If you have ability in your line above the average worker, it is your duty—team work again—to show your employer that you have ability, otherwise it's mere probability.

Team work from you and the department you work in is necessary for the welfare of your employer. Have faith in your firm, in your department, and have faith in yourself. But do not let faith in your department predominate. Remember it's only a unit in a great system, the same as you are. No single unit, whether it's department or person is going to *make* a concern, but lack of team work on the part of the different units may *break* it.

Get a full day's pay for a full day's work—BUT—be sure that you deliver the full day's work.

If your boss is on the level with you, reciprocate. If he's not, he doesn't realize the meaning of "team work"—or else your conception of the term is distorted. Contentment, happiness and honest effort are the basis of "team work." Most bosses realize it.

If dissatisfied with conditions, do not accept them. Don't take terms which you *think* unsatisfactory and give production which you know is unsatisfactory. That's not team work. By accepting an honest hourly rate for an unjust hourly production, you are increasing the cost of that production.

The price of a commodity has ever been based upon the cost of production. Nothing is ever sold for less than it costs to produce. The scarcity of a product increases its cost. Increased production reduces the cost of manufacture and thereby reduces the purchasing price. If we had more team-work between manufacturers and producers we could laugh heartily at the High Cost of Living. Lack of team work boosts prices.

If you're getting a square deal from your employer, pay him back in honest effort. If you think you are not, be a man and tell him. Don't try to breed discontent among others and ask them to shoulder your grouch.

On the other hand, if you are chosen as a listener by one who knocks conditions which you *know* are good, give him the old Manual of Arms—i. e.—Take him by the collar with your left hand, grasp firmly the seat of his pants, and assisted by the toe of the right foot, project him rapidly to a reclining position. That's "Team-Work!" Don't mistake it.

Jack Moakley, trainer of the American Olympic team, has been coaching Cornell University athletes for many years, and the Cornell teams are always

to be reckoned with in the big college meets. If Moakley doesn't develop enough stars per season to sweep the big number of points, he has plenty of second and third point winners behind his stars to make a nice showing. His athletes work with and for Jack. If they can't take a first, they take a second, and if second isn't possible, they are after a third. The points all count for Moakley and Cornell. That's "Team Work." That is why Cornell has made a splendid showing in track athletics for the past 15 years.

You may not be a star in your line, but you can back up the stars in your organization. Keep your average up, and the whole organization will make a good showing. Team work will turn the trick.



SCISSOR



THEFTS

Mistakes

MISTAKES do not "happen"—they are made, and their manufacture is an extremely unprofitable business.

A side-line always found connected with it is the making of excuses. There is no market for either product.

If you run an excuse factory, sell it out and take up a business that pays. One-half the gray matter wasted on the excuse would prevent the error every time.

Don't doctor symptoms. Get after the cause of your mistakes.

Do you suffer from any of these diseases?

1. Bunk-itis, or Chronic Gassing—an affliction which causes its victim to expend thousand of good words trying to put something over, only to get a couple of bad words for his pains. Use your bunk exclusively for sleeping purposes—and don't talk in your sleep.

2. Mental Myopia—a near-sighted inability to see beyond the immediate act into all its important consequences; a kind of "see"-sickness that often compels a man to throw up his job. Extend your brains and use them as a telescope.

3. Mental Astigmatism—"seeing things crooked." Straighten out your theories; you are wasting time trying to bend your facts.

4. Enlargement of the Ego—a disease characterized by severe swelling of the "I." You may be willing to stake everything on your own judgment, ignoring the opinion of others, but perhaps the Company is not.

5. Laborphobia—a fear of work, otherwise described as "that tired feeling." This condition is often blamed upon hook-worm. That seems reasonable enough. If you are that sort of a worm you certainly won't have to wait long for the hook.

6. Boobitis, or Paralysis of the Gumption. Move out of the state of bewilderment into the state of Missouri. Then the next time somebody tries to slip one over on you, tell him where you're from.

7. Sleeping Sickness. Don't complain if somebody wrecks your train of reasoning while you are slumbering at the switch. You expect your job to take care of you. Why shouldn't you reciprocate?

8. Atrophy of the Intellect—a wasting away of gray matter caused by jumping at conclusions instead of giving the brains a little much-needed exercise. The power of reason differentiates men from beasts. Be human.

9. Rheumatic Recollection. Don't blame your memory for going lame if you abuse it. Company memorandum books are free. They cure that complaint.

10. Softening of the Spine. If you believe you are right and the other man insists you are wrong, make him prove it.

11. "Yellow" or "Buck" Fever.—An illusion that leads the victim to imagine he can sidestep his responsibility by passing the buck to somebody else. Don't try to shift your job onto the other fellow. If you'd rather not handle it the Company prefers to pick out a man for the work itself.—*Anonymous.*

Curiosities of Words

By Kelly Miller

From *The Dearborn Independent.*

JINGO was coined in the Russo-Turkish War. The apprehension in England over the outcome of that struggle found vent in a patriotic song whose refrain was: "We don't want to fight; but by jingo, if we do,"

We've got the men; we've got the ships; we've got the money too!"

The song became popular, was heard on every street corner and from every organ grinder, and was whistled by every boot-black. Shortly after this the election campaign began, in which Gladstone, the head of the Liberals, attacked the Tory party, then led by the Earl of Beaconsfield. The Tory foreign policy was ridiculed by the Liberals as one of "bloodshed, glory, and jingle." Since that time the word jingo has been used to designate an individual or section of a party prone to rush, without mature consideration, into the horrors of war.

Lynch comes from John Lynch, a farmer who inflicted summary punishment on fugitive slaves and criminals dwelling in the Dismal Swamp, North Carolina. These outlaws committed outrages that the colonial laws could not reach. John Lynch was a relative of the founder of Lynchburg, Virginia, and is said to have inflicted this method of punishment about the close of the seventeenth century.

Quiz—It is said that Daly, manager of a Dublin theatre, laid a wager that a new word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the town within twenty-four hours. In consequence of this wager the letters "q-u-i-z" were chalked on all the walls of Dublin, with the effect that he won the wager.

Sandwich got its name from the Earl of Sandwich who died in 1792. The Earl was an inveterate gamester, and used to have viands brought to him in the handy form now familiar to the world, so that he might go on playing without interruption. The Earl of Sandwich was first Lord of the Admiralty in 1778, when Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands; hence the former name of that group, the Sandwich Islands.

Sterling, in such application as sterling silver, has a curious history. The people, especially merchants, from Germany, were called Easterlings, because the county lay east of England. About the time of King Richard, money coined in Germany came into great demand in England. Men skilled in minting were imported into England, and the coins they produced were called easterlings, after the name of imported workmen. By the tendency of abridgment that seems inherent in all languages, the first part of the word was dropped, and the word became sterling.

The Unbeliever

"Tell a man that there are 4,345,678 stars in the heavens and he will believe you, but when he sees a 'Wet Paint' notice he just walks up and touches it to find out for himself."

Fulton Invented A Submarine

ROBERT FULTON was probably the first American who ever went to Paris for the purpose of selling war supplies to the French Government. Unlike his compatriots of today, he found anything but a ready market. For three years, beginning in 1797, Fulton tried constantly, but vainly, to interest the Directory in his plans for a submarine. Though a commission appointed to examine his designs reported favorably, the Minister of Marine would have nothing to do with them. Fulton built a beautiful little model submarine of mahogany and exhibited it, but with no results, says Farnham Bishop in "The Story of the Submarine." He made an equally fruitless attempt to sell his invention to Holland, then called the Batavian Republic. Nobody seemed to have the slightest belief or interest in submarines.

Napoleon overthrew the Directory and became First Consul and absolute ruler of France in 1800. He appointed three expert naval engineers to examine Fulton's plans, and on their approval Napoleon advanced him 10,000 francs to build a submarine.

Construction was begun at once and the boat was finished in May, 1801. She was a remarkably modern-looking craft, and a great improvement on everything that had gone before. She was the first submarine to have a fish-shaped metal hull. It was built of copper plating on iron ribs, and was 21 feet 3 inches long and 6 feet 5 inches in diameter at the thickest point, which was well forward. A heavy keel gave stability and immediately above it were the water-ballast tanks for submerging the vessel.

Two men propelled the boat when beneath the surface by turning a hand-winch geared to the shaft of a two-bladed metal propeller. (Fulton called the propeller a "fly," and got the idea of it from the little windmill-shaped device placed in the throat of an old-fashioned fireplace to be revolved by the hot air passing up the chimney and used to turn the roasting-spit in many a French kitchen for centuries past.) The third member of the crew stood in the dome-shaped conning-tower and steered, while Fulton himself controlled the pumps, valves and the diving planes or horizontal rudders that steered the submarine up and down.

Instead of forcing his boat under with a vertical-acting screw, like Bushnell and Nordenfelt, Fulton, like Holland, made her dive bow-foremost by depressing her nose with the diving-planes and shoving her under by driving her ahead.

Fulton was also the first to give a submarine separate means of propulsion for above and below the surface. Just as a modern undersea boat uses oil engines whenever it can and saves its storage batteries for use when submerged, Fulton spared the strength of his screw by rigging the Nautilus with a mast and sail. By pulling a rope from inside the vessel, the sail could be shut up like a fan and the hinged mast lowered and stowed away in a groove on deck. Later a jib was added to the mainsail, and the two combined gave the Nautilus a surface speed of two knots an hour.

She is the only submarine on record that could go faster below the water than above it, for her two-man-power propeller bettered this by half a knot.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men";

But the ass splits his jaw

With a senseless "hew-haw,"

When others the joke have forgotten.

Relief Plan Adopted

AT the instance of the Committee on Collections an additional five cents may now be taken from the weekly envelope to properly care for the requests for financial and other assistance which come from needy employees. This matter, which has been pending for some time, was definitely settled August 2nd, when the two-thirds vote of the yard was obtained by formal balloting.

Ballots were distributed, and ballot boxes were placed at the time clocks. The question was: "Shall five cents be deducted from the pay envelope of all employees of this company when authorized by the Committee on Collections to render relief to members of the Association or their families who may be in need of financial assistance as a result of death, sickness or accident?"

Of the 1202 votes cast, 840 voted the affirmative, while 362 opposed the deduction. As this was the necessary two thirds majority, and as the motion had been carried at an Association meeting, the vote was declared valid, and was ratified by the Board of Directors.

Now, a nickel may be deducted to apply to the worthy cases for assistance. The Committee on Collections will serve notice on the paymaster in such cases. However, the committee does not expect to take a nickel each and every week in the year. It hopes to meet all requests in this way, and at the same time build up a fund for such a purpose.

All requests for assistance are to be thoroughly investigated, and none but absolutely worthy cases are to be considered. The fact that an employee becomes ill or injured does not entitle him to assistance. If he or his family are in want, financially or otherwise, and have no other means of obtaining assistance, the Collection Committee is empowered to act.

Men of Letters

FROM his all-silk shirt the trades union organizer knocked off the ashes which had fallen from his fifty cent cigar as he sank into the embrace of a soft chair in the hotel grill.

"I see the A.F. of L. barred Local 26 of the I.C.M.U." he drawled.

"Yes," asserted an organizer of the I.B.A. as he stabbed a four dollar steak, "but the I.C.M.U. is a-goin' to take it up with the A.L.B.U."

"Yes, but the A.F. of L. is agin the I.C.M.U. and the A.L.B.U.," said the first unionist, "and the Y.B.F.A. and the P.L.A.A. is fightin' em."

"But they don't figger on the A.L.B.F. M.A." contended the other, "and it's joined with the H.T.B.L.O. and the S.L.I. T.U.W. to put the A.F. of L. and the I.L.T.M.S.A. down and out."

"That's all B.U.N.K." interrupted a waiting waiter. "I suggest that you both W.O.R.K.—P.D.Q.," he said, as he flung back a ten-cent tip, "or the H.C. of L. will put the K.I.B.O.S.H. on your whole M.O.B." (Reprinted from "Life")

Editor, The Dial.

Dear Sir:-

Great credit is due to Lieutenant Mygrant and his band for the lovely music they render from week to week. It is thoroughly appreciated by all who listen.

John Beverly, 2416.

Bill Dougherty of the Employment Office has a long distance phonograph to sell. Long distance? Yep!—you can't get far enough away from it.



JIM Smith, the floor boss, aint the man to shout and jump around, but he gets things done. He aint the man to correct a workman on his first mistake, but he's checkin' up from time to time. We heard a good one about Jim the other day. One of the helpers told us. The helper was the same fellow who a few days before was tellin' that he pulled right smart with the boss. He says, "I'm a good man when I'm working, and Smith knows it, and when I want to take a day off he doesn't mind. I went to a ball game a day last week and he didn't seem to care. Never said a word. Then I was in late a couple of days. He never said a word then; he didn't seem to care." This same helper went to Jim for a raise yesterday, and he left Jim's office with kind of a long face. Jim wouldn't come across with the raise, and the helper said he'd get through. "What did Jim say then?" we asked the helper. He told us that Jim "didn't seem to care."

Promotions

WITH the appointment, on August 3rd, of Arthur G. Day as chief timekeeper, succeeding Frank Whitman, a succession of promotions among Morse employees took place. F.R. Dean was made head of the Payroll Department, which was formerly under the direct supervision of Mr. Day, while Carlisle Stecher and James M. Weldon were appointed assistant chief timekeepers.

Mr. Whitman's long and faithful service with the company has been rewarded by his promotion to special work which gives him added executive authority, and his successor, Mr. Day, is given charge of all outside timekeepers and supervision over shop payroll clerks for the Accounting Department.

All of the men involved have come from the ranks in the service of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company. Mr. Whitman is the senior member in point of service with the company. By loyalty and close application to duty, he has earned his way forward.

Mr. Day, in a short time, has worked his way from a clerkship in the Cost Department, to chief of the Payroll Department, and to his present berth. Mr. Stecher and James Weldon have earned their present posts by dint of hard work and honest effort in the company's behalf.

Ed. McGibney of the Plate Shop was rooting for the Shamrock. Is there a Mc or a Mac who wasn't?

Free Course in Ship Drafting

THE annual Ship Drafting and Design Course at Cooper Union will open October 4th. It is held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening until May. There is no charge of any sort for the instructions. All the student has to provide is his instruments and paper. He can take either a one or two year course.

The first year work consists of lectures, drafting and calculations, including the getting out of a complete design according to the student's own ideas. This leads to a certificate.

The second year is advanced calculations and leads to a diploma. The course is open to men over sixteen years of age who are conversant with the parts of a vessel and who have had either one years instruction in the use of drafting instruments or a similar period in some drafting room. The drafting need not have been in ship work.

Applications should be made at once either by mail or in person to the Secretary, Cooper Union, 7th St., and 4th Ave., New York City. Many of the students who have graduated from the last two years course are now engaged in offices of naval architects or ship yard drafting rooms.

From The Drafting Room

Mortimer Lifland and Lawrence (Linney) Wallace have returned from their vacations and with Chief Kelly, they are fit to put in a hard winter.

Rathbone is the class professor. In Mr. Kelly's absence, he handles the new class of apprentices.

Ronald C. Garmey is the latest addition to the force. He served in the old drafting room in 1916, and later, in 1919, he was under Charles Hallock. He is welcomed back to the fold.

The new map of the yard is completed, showing all buildings, departments and pipe lines with controlling valves. It is expected to prove of great benefit to the yard.

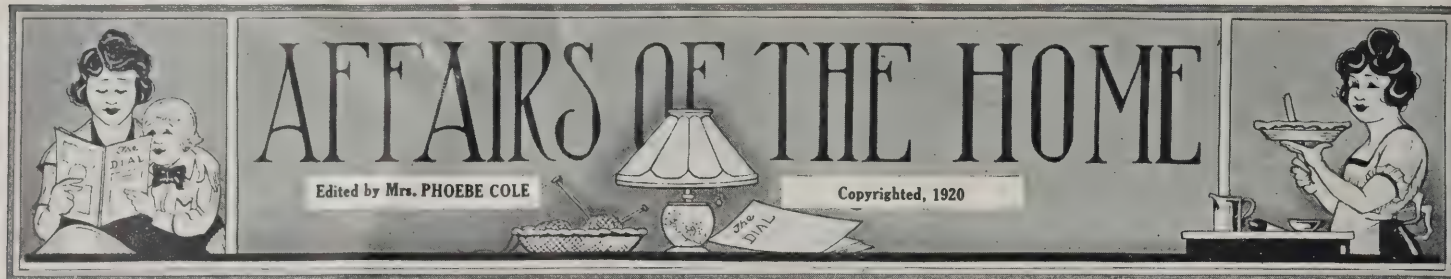
Charles Kelly, apprentice, returned from a week's vacation during which he got married. A long trip you took, Charles!

Classified Column

[As an experiment we are going to publish upon the suggestion of several of our readers, a Want Adv. Column, inserting the advertisements free to all Morse employees. If any employee has an article to sell or exchange, or desires to buy, or rent anything, he is privileged to advertise in this column without cost. Lost and found articles will also be advertised. All advertisements must be brief, and none will be accepted from other than Morse employees. Copy must be in The Dial Office before the 15th of each month for appearance in the issue for the following month. Employees are not privileged to place advertisements for agent or merchant friends and all advertisements MUST be honest. We assume no responsibility for the quality or value of the articles advertised. If the privileges thus extended are abused in any way we will discontinue the service.]

Wanted—To buy a small automobile. See Mr. Wallace, Drafting Room.

For Sale—Camera, Premo 12, special; with complete equipment for using film packs, rolls and plates. Cost \$94.00 six months ago. Will sell for \$50.00 cash. Good bargain. Apply Dial Office.



LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MARRIED LIFE

The Wife and Her Money

ALTHOUGH the Bride had been calling on the Experienced Housekeeper for over half an hour, and although she had chattered lightly on a dozen different topics, the older woman had a feeling that the pretty young matron had not yet broached the real object of her call.

Presently, with a perceptible flush and an embarrassed hesitation she managed to blurt out the request that had been struggling for utterance.

"Mrs. Gray—I don't want you to think I'm awful—but could I borrow five or ten dollars from you for a few weeks? I'll pay you back as soon as I can."

"Why, surely," replied the Experienced Housekeeper, rising to get her purse. She returned, and handed her caller a crisp ten dollar bill.

"No hurry about paying me back," she said kindly. "That's not out of my housekeeping money but out of my own personal allowance, and as I am all through my summer buying I really won't need it till September."

"Oh—how wonderful to have an income of your own!" sighed the Bride with solemn face and wistful eyes. "It's the one thing I don't like about being married, never having a cent of my own, after my good salary before I was married—oh—I hate it! If I'd realized how like a pauper I was going to feel I don't believe I'd ever have gotten married at all, so there! Here's mother's birthday coming next week and I simply *won't* ask Ed for money to get her a present—not after all the mother-in-law jokes I've read all my life. Ed likes mother now and I'm not going to give him a chance to start disliking her. Would you?"

"I certainly wouldn't ask my husband every time I wanted to spend a few dollars buying either him, or my mother, or myself, a little treat," replied the Experienced Housekeeper. "But now that you have, at Ed's express request, given up your nice office position and the good salary that went with it, to become Ed's partner, you certainly have a right to share his income with him, so that you won't need to feel like a pauper. Just what is your financial arrangement with Ed, if I may be inquisitive enough to ask?"

"Why—we haven't any arrangement"—faltered the Bride. "Ed says that all he has is mine. He doesn't see any use in giving a wife an allowance."

"I started in that way myself, dear," smiled the older woman knowingly. "My John had that noble idea about all that was his being mine, too—but he always carried it all in his pocket book! About all I ever had in my purse was a hanky and a powder puff, the first year or two we were married. He paid the rent, and

the grocer, and the gas bill, and handed out stray five or ten dollar bills when I reminded him that it was the day to pay the milk-man or the ice-man. And I wrote home to my mother for money to buy his birthday present and borrowed from a friend to buy mother's!

"Things ran along that way for months, and I never had a cent that I felt was my very own, and I just hated the thought of discussing money with John, as you do with Ed."

"Pretty soon my wedding clothes were shabby, and I needed a new coat as well as a lot of things for the baby that was coming. And when I finally said to John, one pay day, that I'd have to have some money, he looked sort of staggered for a minute and then said, 'Great Scott, Nell, we're over two hundred dollars in debt now—we've got to go slow, kid!'"

"Well, I cried all night. And I planned several kinds of suicide the next day. And then I wrote home to mother about it. She wrote back, 'marriage is a partnership. Insist on knowing all details, plan everything together, do your share of saving as well as spending, divide net profits equally.' And after two or three more days of crying and worrying and wanting to die and wishing I had never gotten married, I screwed up

my courage to have a plain talk about money with John.

"I found I had been setting a more extravagant table than I really needed to, so we decided together what we ought to afford for household expenses. John confessed he had been smoking a good many expensive cigars, and he decided to give them up and go back to his old pipe. We planned out together just what we ought to spend for amusements and insurance and one thing and another, and agreed that I was to have a definite housekeeping allowance, as well as ten dollars a month for my very own, with no questions asked.

"Well, we pulled out of debt within the next six months, and got money saved up for the baby's coming. And I learned to set just as nice a table without having an expensive steak or chops every night. Mother had cautioned me that working men need good hearty food, but I learned to use cheaper cuts part of the time and by careful cooking gave John just as good food for less money. It pleased John to see how hard I was trying to be a wise and careful partner and do my share of the saving and he has always rewarded me, every time he's gotten a raise, by increasing my personal allowance by a few dollars, so that I may be a partner in the *spending* as well as the saving and working."

"Even a flighty wife ought to be taught the value of money by having an allowance of her very own, if its only a very little one. If a man marries a silly, inexperienced girl who won't do her share, he ought to *teach* her how to handle money sensibly and carefully."

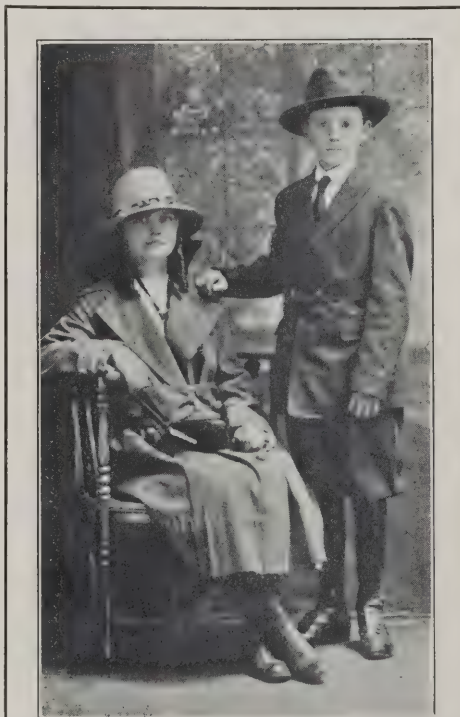
"Moreover, I think children ought to be taught the use of money by having a small weekly allowance of their own. My girls are learning now that if they spend all the nickels on ice cream cones and peanuts they won't have any left for other things. When they grow up they will know how to handle money sensibly. And they won't give up their positions and salaries and marry until they have a thorough understanding with their Toms, Dicks or Harrys that half of the net profits belong to them for their part in the family life."

"I wish you'd talk that way to my Ed," said the Bride.

"All right. Bring him here to dinner Sunday and I will," promptly replied the Experienced Housekeeper. "Now run along and spend your money buying something nice for your mother's birthday. It's probably the last borrowed money you'll ever have."

"I certainly hope it is!" cried the Bride.

Benjamin Franklin said, "Be industrious and free."



Elsie and Gustaf Haglund, children of Hildur Haglund of the Yard Hospital.

Picnics

What's more fun than a picnic party?

Vittles all on the ground—

Ants in the milk and bugs in the butter—
Mosquitoes a-humming around!

WELL, a picnic is fun, in spite of the above-mentioned drawbacks, if the weather is fine and the crowd a congenial and happy one. But how often those who go on picnics spoil the whole outing for themselves and the others by crossness, fussiness and needless fuming about details that cannot be helped.

A picnic can, and certainly should, be considered a means of gaining pleasure, change and relaxation. To the busy city worker it means getting out into the great outdoors, either in fields, woods or on the beach. A day of complete relaxation and happiness in the outdoors may well ward off a spell of sickness to a person who has been overworking and is on the verge of a breakdown. See to it, then, that when you go on a picnic you get all the fun and rest and joy out of the day that it is possible to get.

If you are the mother of the household, you will have to plan ahead and set yourself to guard against becoming so tired on the morning of the picnic, getting everything and everybody ready, that you are all tired out and ready to fly from nervousness and hurrying by the time you start.

Watch the mothers on any excursion train and see them slapping and scolding their children; they don't do it because they hate their children or want to spoil the pleasure of the excursion for them, but just because they themselves are all tired out and nervous from hurrying to get ready to come. But their crossness and nervousness *does* spoil everybody's pleasure as well as their own, and by night everybody in the party is likely to be worn out and snappy. So if you are the mother, and children are to be included in the party, get as much ready the day before as you possibly can. Get all the clothes that are to be worn by any of the family ready the day before; see that all bathing suits are in order, sport hats and old shoes collected, and that all articles needed for the day's fun, such as cameras, fishing tackle, field glasses, parasols, etc., are collected and ready for the start. Have the lunch planned and the materials purchased; have oiled paper (to wrap the sandwiches) paper plates, napkins and drinking cups, and the basket or large, strong pasteboard box in which to pack the lunch, all ready.

Don't have too elaborate a picnic lunch! Remember, there is the day after the picnic to be lived through, and if you give the whole family a spell of indigestion by stuffing them full of fifty-seven varieties of rich food, you will have to stand their bad temper the next day.

Don't provide seven or eight kinds of sandwiches, three or four kinds of meat, pickles, cakes and drinks. Plenty of good bread and butter sandwiches, one kind of meat, potato salad or potato chips, one kind of pickle, cake and fruit are enough, and all that the stomach needs.

Remember that children get much more excited than grown folks do over the prospect of a picnic. Even before the start is made, the little ones are usually all worked up, and to expect the happy little things to "sit still and keep quiet" is to expect the impossible of them. They just *can't*, and since you, of course, want them to have a good time on the picnic, you must expect them to be unusually noisy, excitable, and full of little tricks.

They may frighten you half out of your wits by their pranks, but if you are a wise parent, you will make up your mind before you start not to nag or scold or spoil the children's day by saying "Don't do that!" every five minutes. Nothing spoils everybody's day like hearing some nervous mother scold and nag. I have even had some of my picnic days spoiled by hearing some strange woman, in another party, who insisted on fussing at her children constantly.

Don't dress the children in their best clothes, or even in their "second best," for a picnic. Put on simple, sensible, sturdy clothing that will not be injured by climbing trees, rolling about on the ground, or getting some of the lunch on it. The little girl who is taken on a picnic in a fine, lace-trimmed dress, or the little boy who is arrayed in his best suit and shoes, is bound to have a miserable day keeping clean—or else ruin the good clothes. Dress the children for a good time, and then let them have it.

Don't stay too late, especially if there are children in the party. The best kind of a day can be spoiled by getting too tired and sleepy at the end, travelling home in the late crowds, and getting to bed later than usual. For children this is very bad, and even for adults who have to go to work the next day it is not wise, for the next morning will find you all tired out and feeling as though you had come through a spell of sickness instead of just a day of pleasure.

Write It Down

IF there is a baby in your house—and no home is really complete without a few of these adorable, troublesome, altogether indispensable little creatures—you ought to keep a journal of his doings and sayings. When Junior or Marjorie says something particularly cunning you *think* you'll always remember it. You repeat it to friends for several days, you make a mental note that when you write to baby's grandma or Auntie Mabel you will tell what baby said. But days go by, baby says many other cunning things, and when you get ready to write that letter, alas, nine times out of ten you can't for the life of you remember what the funny saying was.

Get a blank book and jot down all these priceless little sayings. You need not go to the expense of getting an elaborate baby book; indeed, it has very little space in it for actual writing. Any blank book will do. And in later years you will have a record that will be more interesting and more precious as a reminder of the dear lost baby days, than anything else you could keep. Not the least interested reader will be the child himself, for all children love to hear about their own as well as their parents' baby and childhood days. With a collection of kodak pictures, you can thus keep a satisfactory record of the child's growth and mental development. And think how Junior's wife or Marjorie's husband will love to read such a record some day, and how *their* children will love it.

Do not hang a mirror where the sun's rays can fall upon it. The light and heat injure the quicksilver at the back and make the glass dull.

Scatter salt on a carpet when sweeping, and you will not only find it has a cleansing effect, but that it also keeps away moths.

Oilcloth Replacing Linen

EVEN before the war upset the world, stopped flax production in many lands, and boosted the price of linen sky high, housewives were learning that white linen for sideboard and bureau covers, pillow shams, doilies, lunch cloths and the many decorative uses to which it was formerly put, was an expensive and troublesome luxury. Even then, they had begun to look around for substitutes that cost less at the start and kept fresh-looking without weekly trips to the wash tub.

For bedroom use, gay patterned cretonnes or dainty gingham or lawns, long ago displaced the heavy white linen spreads, shams, bureau and table covers that used to be the fashion. Cretonne does not muss easily and a cretonne bed set and bureau cover may be shaken free from dust and used for months without needing to be laundered.

In the dining room, also, linen is taking a back seat in many homes today, even in some very wealthy homes. When you realize that damask has more than doubled in price within the last four or five years, you can understand why Japanese crepe, cretonne and oilcloth have found a welcome place in many very stylish dining rooms.

Hand-painted doilies of either black or white oilcloth, smooth finish, make very good-looking substitutes for linen doilies. For sideboard and dining table runners, nothing could be smarter than those made of the dull-finished oilcloth (which comes in very lovely dark reds and greens as well as black) bound with braid or embroidered around the edges with coarse woolen threads of rich, though gay, colors. One clever woman whom the writer knows made her runners of black, finished the edges with a red woolen buttonhole stitch, very loosely done, and trimmed each end of each runner with round disks of woolen cloth in red, bright blue, orange and green. These were appliqued on, some overlapping others, in irregular fashion. As these runners were used in a dining room furnished with dark weathered oak, a room in which the rug furnished about the only bright note, the effect of smart-looking runners was very good indeed.

Treat 'em Rough

HE was six years old and, having grown up in a household blessed with good health, he had never heard much about sickness or germs 'til Auntie came to visit. Auntie had had lots of operations and loved to talk about them. She was always sterilizing her toothbrush or her nose spray or something. Sonny observed these germ-boiling stunts with keen interest. One morning mother found him in his bath, red as a little lobster, with the bathroom full of steam and the water in the tub about twice as hot as it should have been. She reached for the cold faucet.

"No—no!" cried Sonny. "I want it hot! I'm killing the germs."

"What germs?" inquired mother.

"Oh, any that might be on my skin," returned the small, red person.

"But there aren't germs on your skin, and even if there were, merely hot water doesn't kill them. You are just making yourself very uncomfortable for nothing. It takes real *boiling* to kill germs, you know."

"Well," replied Sonny; "maybe I'm not killing 'em, but I bet I'm makin' 'em suffer!"

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*The
Morse
Kindergarten*

- No. 1. Rita M. Hickey, aged 2 years, 8 months, daughter of Charles S. Hickey (outside machinist, No. 675) 237 W. 20th Street, New York City.
 No. 2. Johanna Veraguth, daughter of Raymond Veraguth (driller).
 No. 3. Raymond M. Mathsen, aged 4 months, son of Nils Mathsen (rigger No. 9659) 325 80th Street.
 No. 4. Evelyn N. Thompson, aged 2 years, 7 months and Lawrence Norlif Thompson aged 4 years, 4 months, children of L. A. Thompson (carpenter snapper) 732 60th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 No. 5. George Randolph Hansen, aged 2 years, 6 months, son of Hans Hansen, (rigger No. 8904) 360 49th Street, Brooklyn.
 No. 6. Eileen Mildred Davidsen, aged 8 months, daughter of Charles Davidsen (rigger No. 9212) 419 60th Street, Brooklyn.
 No. 7. Mildred Lansing, aged 5 months, daughter of Charles Lansing, (coppersmith shop) 358 45th Street, Brooklyn.



Chief Timekeeper Dean claims that this vacation stuff is awful. His wife was away, and he attempted to do some washing. He threw his colored socks, neckties and everything in together, and now he can't recognize his own clothes.

Heard in the Disbursement Department—(Mr. D. to Clerk) "How is your footing today?" (Clerk) "Fine!" (Mr. D.) "Then take a walk down to the storeroom."

Mystery of the Main Gate—"Where does Captain Brown go with the black bag?"

Miss Marion Hayes spent her vacation at Luzerne, N. Y., near Lake George.

Mr. Mead vacationed in the vicinity of Portland, Me. His desk was ably held down by Mr. Kelly of the Investigating Department.

They say that Mr. Riley of the Billing Department considers matrimony in connection with his vacation.

Miss Dolan and Miss Anna Badger of the Payroll Department think that there's no place like Parker's Glen, Pa., and they recommend it as a vacation spot. "The scenery is gorgeous," they say. What do they mean—scenery?

Clancy spent his vacation juggling change in the Magnet lunch. He visited the boys every noon time.

Miss Remsen, "the girl with the dimples" and Miss Mary Travers have been taking swimming lessons at Manhattan Beach.

Miss Scheuster of the Payroll Department, is known as "The Sweetie Girl." She is on the job each noon hour at the 55th Street gate, offering fruit, or candy, or whatever she brings for lunch. It's a great little banquet while Miss Scheuster and Mr. Julian discuss the weather.

Miss H. Amlick of the Payroll Department spends her lunch hour crocheting. She's sure filling that hope chest.

Harry White eats his meals standing. What's the matter, Harry—sunburn?

Their Favorite Pastime



Mr. Allen, Mr. Hall, Mr. Rose and Mr. Kelly around Mrs. Waterman's festive board.

Margy Sullivan and Florence Fenk went sight-seeing in a Morse truck. They passed such places of interest as Gowanus Canal, etc., and enjoyed the thrills of being bumped on cobble stones.

Tom Plunkett asked an applicant for work. "What is your vocation?" "Gee, do I get a vacation too," said the eager one.

Mr. Benton says he exercised so much on his vacation he lost his stomach. Mrs. Waterman says that for a man without a stomach he sure can eat.

When Chief Devlin answers the phone, why does he always put on his glasses?

William Boyle, superintendent of office buildings, has returned from a vacation spent around the Attleboros, Mass., and he is loaded down with jewelry and huckleberries, both of which products are plentiful down that way.

Secretary George Bruder of Mr. Benner's staff spent his vacation in camp with the Third Ambulance Corps. Some vacation, says George.

The street car strike affected the girls in the Tabulating Department, to the extent of keeping them from the beach, and their daily beauty bath.

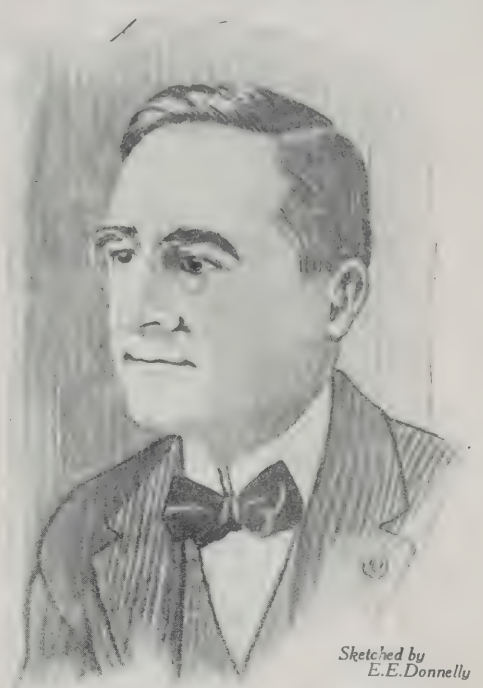
Miss Brath of the Tabulating Department remarked that she was quite a swimmer. Some girls deciding to convince themselves, put Anna to the test. She got out knee-deep and held tight to the rope. Then she yelled for Archibald, the life saver.

Miss Dougherty of the Tabulating Department, is the happy possessor of a baby Ford. It's quite thrilling to go riding in her car, especially when she does the "chauffing." Ever ride on the Witching Waves at Coney?

Emily Casey (Dahlmer) spent her honeymoon at Niagara Falls. Emily chose that location because she could take frequent trips to Canada. Page Mr. Shevlin. The office force presented Miss Casey with an electric floor lamp.

Mr. Glynn of the Cost Department, is looking for a good chiropodist. It's bad enough to have to walk half way to the office twice daily but when a girl in Ridgewood claims your evenings twice a week, it's too much. How about O'Sullivan's heels, Jim?

Harold J. Mager of the General Store-room, formerly of the Carpenter Shop, and Joe Murphy of The Dial have renewed an acquaintance which started in Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1917, when both were in the Regular United States Cavalry. Murphy says, "Mager is a good fellow, but he was a corporal", and Mager says that Murphy was an obedient soldier and always answered chow-call.



Sketched by E.E. Donnelly

Office Celebraties

ATTORNEY Stuart H. Benton, of our Legal Department is not generally known to the rank and file of Morse Men because, in the few months that he has been with us, he has held closely to his desk and a volume of work.

Born in Oil City, Pa., Attorney Benton later waded through the primary, grammar and high schools and then ascended to Cornell University and the New York Law School. He was for eight years in the legal department of the Consolidated Gas Co., of New York, four years of which he was in charge of that department. It was during his service with the gas company that he represented the Employees' Mutual Aid Society with a membership of about 30,000, comprising the employees of all the gas companies of Manhattan, Bronx and Queens.

We do not consider the study of languages much of a diversion, but, we understand, that such is Attorney Benton's hobby. He has become fairly fluent in the Italian language and during the war he organized the Italian Division of Four Minute Men who made inspirational speeches in the theatres and he made the first speech in Italian.

Miss Collins claims that she isn't superstitious but she walked almost a block out of her way to refrain from going under a ladder. Do you believe in ghosts too, Katherine?

Mr. Hunt passed an enjoyable vacation in Pine Bush, N. Y. They say he had acquired a fondness for poker and chickens, and there's so many nice girls at home too.

While the other office girls were coming to work in trucks, Mary Travers spun along in her own car. She can drive, too!

Miss Daly came back from her vacation with a beautiful coat of tan. One shade darker, and she would have made the Gold Dust Twins look like bleached blonds. Of course she gained a little weight too.



"Wotcher doin'?" said a friend in the yard to Joe Conley of the Hull Department, "I hear you're boltin' up!" "No," said Joe, "Just at present I'm shapin' up."

A fresh young carpenter's helper went to the yard hospital with a splinter in his finger. "How did you get it?" said Frank Falconer, "How da yer think I got it," said the fresh guy, "Pickin' me teeth." "No," said Frank, "I thought you might have been scratching your head."

Oscar the Sign King has a rival in George Tuth of the Painters. Tuth "embellished" the sign on the side of the Copper Shop.

Get the salute the bunch gives to fellows like Frankie Fields, Young Happy, Frankie Mack and Johnnie Levine when they appear at our meetings. They have the goods and are not afraid to show them.

Jim O'Connor, carpenter's helper was asked if he'd like to become a joiner. "I dunno," said Jim, "I'm a K. of C. now, an A. O. H. and a Maccabee. What lodge is it?"

Jim Hennessy asked John Donovan of the drillers if he was married. "Naw," said John, "I worked all night, that's why I look that way."

Tutti, of the Paint Shop, went through all the big battles the 106th Infantry was in; the transport he went over on was submarined, and through it all he never got a scratch until he ran a spike in his foot on the *Consort*. Who was the box of candy for, Tutti?

We don't know whether Raymond is his first name or his last, but as a time-keeper he's there. Doesn't exceed his authority and does his real duties well.

Mr. Benner had a box of good cigars. The Picnic Committee met in his office one night. Now Mr. Benner's all out of good cigars.

Dick Burke, our efficient "bolt and rivet sorter" claims to have salvaged enough material for a flivver, if some one would give him the body, an engine and four wheels.

Capt. Roche lost a mackinaw and a ten dollar piloting job on the same day. Ask Dave, he'll tell you.

Eddie Tonry of the Hull Department did no slacking in 1917-18 and does none now. He still "carries-on."

Harry Fox, a popular carpenter who has been with us several years, has left for up state, where he will spend the summer. He left in spite of that 5 P. M. soap.

Peachy Connolly has challenged Ben De Bar to a debate on—Resolved: That the moving picture rights go to Ireland when she gets Home Rule.

Frank J. Burke (3783) of the Pipe-fitters is some boy in card manipulating. Frank can take a cold deck and tell you the price of ice cream in Alaska. He sure has a greasy mitt when it comes to making the pasteboards disappear.

When there's a typewriter on the blink in any of our offices, Billy Robbins of the Inside Machinists knows who to send. He is William Gourlay (2811) who can assemble a typewriter blindfolded. Bill Gourlay has worked in all branches of the typewriter game, and they all look alike to him.

Toby Hanson has been here for several years and is well liked by his fellow-workers and employers. While of a reticent disposition, Toby is a capable mechanic and faithful worker.

Milton Heinze of the Hull department tried to walk on a freshly painted deck in the *Cannonier* one night while soaping it up. Result—Milt lost his equilibrium and saw 57 varieties of stars. It was "quick dry" paint, but Heinzie wished it had been "non-skid."

A shipfitter who had seen the right and wrong ways of lifting shown in *The Dial*, asked his buddy if he knew the right way to lift a small piece of angle iron. "Sure", said the guy, and turning to Morris Levy he hollered, "Hey, Rigger!"

Charley Jennings of the Plate Shop was one of the first to buy one of those new suits sold by the Association. It fits Charley like a glove despite the enormous chest expansion he has since the arrival of that 15 pound new baby of his.

Didja ever hear that one about Fred Steuber, the Boilermaker Snapper? Ask Cepollina, the helper.

Tommy Kelly, electrician's helper, was sent to the store by his mother for currants. "What kind do you want, A. C. or D. C." said Tom.

Tom Rathone of the Drafting Room was working on a blue print which none of the force seemed to understand. "Aw, I know", said young Kelly, "it's a self-propelled perambulator."

Robt. MacQueen of the Blacksmiths has a fine broth of a boy in Robert Jr. who works here at times. Young Bob was across with the 27th Division.

Al Simendinger read about how Kid Demosthenes became such an orator. He could find no pebbles, but substituted a big chew. Tripping over a split infinitive, Al swallowed the tobacco and lay off on oratory for a week.

Joe Whitely, snapper, is located in the Joiner Shop. Joe has been in the yard for several years and aside from being one of the most valuable men in the department is extremely popular with the bunch.

Phil Mayer is one of the most versatile and capable painters of the department. Whether it's a ventilator or a mahogany desk, Phil can put a genuine Morse touch to it.

Archie Campbell and Billie Burke are often seen talking with Tom Nesbit. Politics? Tom would make a good Association president at that.

You may know Rochelle of the Office but if you don't know Rochelle of the Inside Machinists you OTTO.

Ever seen Tom Furlong hurrying home to dinner? Ask Oscar Kruger about it.

Otto Rochelle had trouble starting his automobile. Joe McGuirk and Charlie Davis happened on the scene. Joe made a suggestion as how to start it. "You're wrong," Charlie Davis said, "there's a big difference between a stone crusher and a concrete mixer." Otto and two tires blew up.

Tom Daly of the Hull Department is well read. He got so much soap on the *Arcadia* that he said, "Gee, this boat is well named."

We knew Young Happy was popular with the men but didn't know how he pulled with the gentle sex until the August meeting. Oh, Boy, but the ladies did root for Happy.

Charlie Pearson of the Outside Machinists is anxious for some of the bunch to give him some dope to bring up to the Conference Board.

Joe Bovine of the Sheet Metal workers claims the Shipping Board should have the whole 48 stars on those shields recently ordered. Looking for more work, Joe?

Harry Jost of the Electricians should start a column in *The Dial* representing his department and call it "Current Events."

Only a few dozen men in the yard know Carlie Stecker but how many know "Red Hot." They're both the same guy.

Tom Farrell and Pete Carey of the Hull Department attended Andy Purcell's wedding. When the groom said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Pete turned to Farrell and said, "There goes Andy's motorcycle."

Paddy Crossen says the Republican Party's wrong, after what we've been through with the H. C. L. to give us Harding—Collidge—Lodge.

Charley Kelly looked pityingly at a decrepit horse which was driven into the yard lately and said to the driver, "That horse was never sired by Roseben." "No," said the driver, "but he's been damned by every guy who had to drive him."

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The **MORSE** **DIAL**

OCTOBER, 1920



Think With A Smile

By Bert E. Barnes

OME people get grey hairs thinking about them. They're always watching the calendar.

There are two sides to the human mind; one the reasoning side; the other the imaginative side.

Some imaginations run riot when contemplating old age.

We've got people here in our own organization who are stoop shouldered from worrying about their advancing years.

Forget it, Brother, you're only as old as your aches. That's why some are youthful at eighty, others old at eighteen.

The other day I saw a caulker's hammer made twenty-eight years ago by the man who founded this Company.

I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that the Big Chief could go out today and shape from metal another hammer equally as good though it is known that such a performance requires a mechanic's strength and a youth's vigor. I make this assertion because I know something about his mental perspective on the age question.

I mentioned that hammer to him and told him I had been informed that he made it twenty-eight years ago.

"Twenty-eight years ago," he repeated, "Why it doesn't seem any more than five years ago; but I guess you're right, that hammer was made down at the Twenty-sixth Street plant," and he looked out of his office window over the big industrial organization which his genius has builded.

I could see that his thoughts were travelling over the intervening years, but they travelled with a smile.

Get the point! Since that hammer was made the man who shaped it has lived a lifetime of usefulness.

With him, life is as much a matter of mind as it is physical reality, and after all success and prosperity usually depend on right thinking.

A man is younger at sixty who lives usefully, happily and intensively than a man half as old to whom life is just one day after another.

Get the proper slant Brother, on this age question. Don't let a few decayed teeth and a couple of grey hairs make you old.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



SHIP SURGEONS

By Charles Menzies, Welding Department

("With throbbing heart I've toiled beneath the sun and have not shunned the burden and the heat")

At the entrance of New York Harbor stands a symbol that represents America, the Statue of Liberty, holding aloft the "Torch of Enlightenment." Follow the beam of its light, and behold across the teeming harbor on the shores of Brooklyn, another mighty symbol, the greatest marine hospital in the United States, the ship repair yard of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

Living our lives in the direct rays of the national symbol we Morse people have heeded the commands that stand near cut in the sunlight and shine like a star at night. Liberty thought and enlightened methods — that show we transcribe the message from across the way. And so we welders burn our torches—flaming, humane torches, which heal the ills and afflictions of a ship's anatomy. As the towering Torch of Liberty promises a cure for the ills of the

CHARLES MENZIES, author of this article, has been employed in our welding department for three years. We highly prize this contribution to our pages, coming as it does from one of the rank and file, and indicating the high calibre of the men employed here. Mr. Menzies has had ten years experience in the welding game and writes with a knowledge born of keen interest in his work. He is an enthusiastic exponent of the welding torch as an instrument of unlimited possibilities and he puts into his story some of that enthusiasm which has made our welding department famous.—Editor.

oppressed, and freedom for the serf who has known naught but to till the landlord's soil, so does the Torch of the Welder light the way of the navigator. It burns a flame that is as healing as it is destructive.

Here in this great Marine Hospital, we repair a boiler by chaining the lightning in the form of an electric spark. To weld a broken crank-shaft, we

harness the very flames of Hades. Of torches, we have many and of all kinds, the electric and others, but one we wield frequently and with telling effect—the oxyacetylene torch with a flame of 6300 degrees of heat.

With it, we cut a rivet out of a ship's hull without injuring the plate; we cut a stay-bolt out of a boiler without injury even to the thread. Come to this modern hospital all ye who doubt, and see these miracles! We could cut the great guns of Heligoland as you stand and look, those mighty guns that guarded an empire and took years to build.

And with such a torch we perform here daily

our delicate surgical operations. We are wonderfully equipped as a good hospital needs be. Our tug-boats are marine ambulances, standing by with steam up, night and day, waiting the call of distress.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

Upper left, ship's howse pipe, after several years' erosion.
Bottom, the finished welding job that saved a shipowner several thousand dollars.

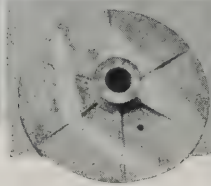
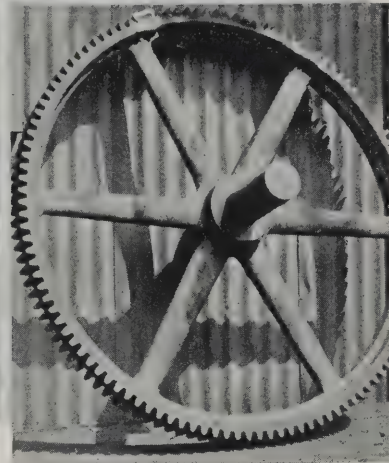
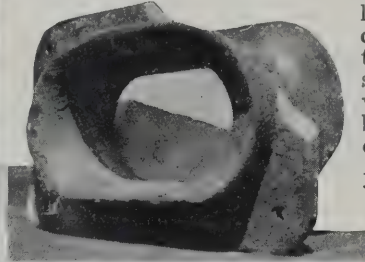
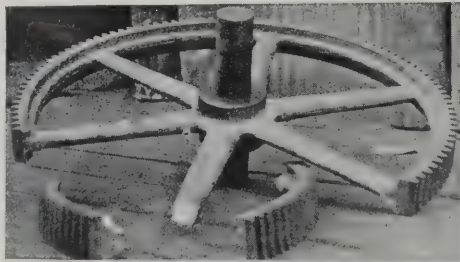
Cable, telephone and wireless communicate to us the ailments of those roamers of the sea, our great *operating tables*, including the largest in America, are placed in readiness. Our largest dry dock can lift from the sea in a very few minutes a prostrate, deadweight patient of 30,000 tons.

Into this hospital there came a few days ago a very tired and disabled ship, the *S. S. Hawaiian* of the American-Hawaiian Line. Don't smile, ye landmen, this ship was really sick! The only time we ship doctors ever see a healthy ship is when she leaves us, blowing her whistle. Aye, man, it's a strange and good feeling to see a ship steam away after you have operated on its very heart and left her with renewed strength.

Well, the *Hawaiian* was sick. Her boilers were laying down on the job; the condenser would not condense; the main engine was talking on the last trip and to top it all, she could not raise her anchors, for the hawse pipes were worn and the huge links jammed and rebelled as they came up, and up, through many fathoms of the sea.

The date "1900" was on the ship's bell. Twenty years on the Atlantic—good reason to be sick! Aye, Aye—Shore, Captain! You know your business. Send her tenderly to the great marine hospital, where the finest ship surgeons are found; surgeons who fear not the mud of the bilges, nor the crude oil in the tanks. They don, not the clean, white cloaks of the land practitioner, but the blue denim garb of the laborer in trench or cellar bottom. And with the wonder torch of acetylene to light the way, they go to transplant the magic glands of youth in the ship's vitals, and thereby rob twenty years of the toll it had exacted by wind and wave.

They find that time and salt water had had its effect on the condenser head in the engine room. The great centre web that ran across it was eaten and gnawed away and, by every law of the sea, and marine repairing, this condenser head is done. The metal is tested and is found sound except the dividing web, and the



All in the days' work

Specimens showing the variety of jobs handled by our welding department. The broken derrick gear in the top left hand picture is shown repaired in the lower right hand picture. This job took eight hours of a welders time. The top right hand picture shows a cast iron mooring bit ready for welding. The picture in the middle shows a hoisting machine frame repaired in a few days time. This was an unusually ticklish piece of work as the frame had to be side welded and absolutely in alignment. The frame was put back in use without any machining. In the lower left hand corner is an air chamber for a pump before being repaired. The picture in the middle at the bottom of the group is that of a hoisting winch drum which was repaired in eight hours.

surgeons have decided to operate, to reclaim the damage of time and tide.

We lead 150 feet of hose down the ventilator and disappear from sight much as a diver does when he submerges with his lines to feed him oxygen. Standing on its edge on the engine room floor, the condenser door is seared by healing flame and new metal-flesh appears, joining the condenser door and making it good as new. We might have adjudged it useless, dead, but at what cost. Riggers would have been called to remove it; pattern-makers to make its pattern; moulders to mould it; machinists to machine it. Time and money would be fleeting in the course of these operations. We are not quacks to guarantee an instant cure; neither are we dishonest to tell the shipmaster that it is for him to wait and pay.

Mr. Shipowner, the ethics of the medical profession stand high. No doctor would remove a man's eye if he could restore the sight by knowledge and skill. We ship surgeons are all that the term implies. We are proud to mend and make steel

hours. In that time a ship comes and away whereas she might have lain at much greater cost of dollars and time while men in the shops patterned, cast and machined on her particular ills.

This modern marine hospital is refusing to fatten on the troubles of the American Merchant Marine, and turns down a \$700 job to order its surgeons to do one costing a few hundred. Why? It is only because we are surgeons—good doctors—and we have as our creed, "What is Best For the Patient."

And, as good doctors, we answer every call for help. We welded the main steel line of the British Naval tanker, "*Britis Star*" when, loaded with gasoline, she reeled off Staten Island and hoisted the signal for help. We have welded the boiler tube of the great pleasure steamer *Mandala* Working as she steamed down the harbor with 3000 merry-makers aboard, we had her sick boiler steaming with its usual power on the return trip. We are a boon to the invalids of the sea. We are the marine emergency men of the minute.

A Key to Success

"IF the young man could only assimilate very early in his life the fact that merely to live and eat and drink and sleep, and then die is not enough but that he must rob himself of many of the pleasures usually taken up by young men, if he means to make his life of the highest possible use to the world, he would set his foot on the pathway to accomplish something worth while. There is no harm in billiards or pool or in dancing, baseball or card playing, or any one

of the scores of different diversions and recreations open to young men. The natural inclination usually is to devote a large part of the leisure hours of young manhood to such pleasures. But the youth who is really earnest in his ambition to do something worth while will discipline himself to resist such temptations during his early, formative years, for the whole fate of a man is largely determined by how he utilizes his plastic years. And there is no doubt about it either.

—Edw. G. Acheson in *Forbes Magazine*.

President McGuirk Speaks

"In behalf of the officers and members of the Association, I wish to thank the committee members who so successfully conducted the annual outing at Ulme Park, August 28th. Despite the fact that our expenses were quite heavy, we were able, through the staunch support of the members and the generous patronage of friends, to clear the expenses with a very small deficit.

"President Joseph McGuirk, Employees' Association."

Learning the Trade

THERE are in the neighborhood of 40 young men, taking the apprenticeship courses now being given by the Morse Company, the classes being held each Saturday morning in the Assembly Hall of the Employees' Association. The young men in these classes acquire valuable knowledge of mathematics, mechanics and kindred things that are helpful in the business of shipbuilding and repairing.

From time to time, they take examinations for scholarships. Meanwhile they are paid while they work and learn. Their tuition as far as technique and theory go, is in the hands of capable men. Chief Draftsman James A. Kelly has a watchful eye on the apprentices and one of Mr. Kelly's capable assistants, Thomas Rathbone, has charge of the Saturday morning classes.

Michael Pascale of the Inside Machinists recently completed a four years' course, receiving a \$200 bonus from the company, and he is now receiving the hourly wage of a journeyman machinist. Mike's number is 2951. He started out as a machinists' helper and he is now well qualified to pursue the trade in which he served his apprenticeship. He has gained more than a practical knowledge as a result of the course.

Harry R. Smith, also of the Inside Machinists, is nearing the completion of his course and has only a short time to go before he receives his \$200 bonus and the hourly wage of a fullfledged machinist.

Parents who are interested in having their boys learn a trade would do well to communicate with Mr. Benner or Mr. Plunkett of the Employment Office, who will be pleased to explain the advantages such a course has to offer.

The boys are learning while they earn and all have the opportunity to receive the scholarship which entitles them to a good trade school to say nothing of the bonus each can receive at the expiration of the allotted time.

Peter Forti and Charles Kelly, Jr., are serving part of their apprentice courses in the company's drawing room as a reward for high standing in a competitive examination. The same chance is afforded to present and future entrants to the Morse trade school and it is to be hoped that many young men will avail themselves of the opportunity to enter marine mechanics.

Apprentice examinations were held in the Assembly Hall, August 28 under the direction of Mr. Rathbone and these young men participated:

Albert Shandle, of 2029 Bath Avenue, Frank S. Paterno, of 818 Hancock Street, Antonio Nasta, of 104 Baltic Street, Joseph R. Wiskotzel, of Glendale, L. I., Carmen Zero, of 1413 65th Street, and John Sims of 319 43rd Street. These young men ranged in ages from 14 to 17 and the average number of points made in the examinations was 62.

A Refrigerator Ship

IN the United States Shipping Board steamer *Nockum* we had an interesting visitor during the latter part of August and the first few days of September. The *Nockum* is a refrigerator ship, though not used as such during her comparatively few voyages, prior to coming here. She contains two 60-ton Shipley tanks and her living and quarters' interior is finished off in California red wood sheathing. In connection with her refrigerating equipment she includes, it is claimed, about 100 miles of pipe. She had been carrying general cargoes from Europe and came here for shell damage repairs.

As guests of the Employees' Association girls to the number of sixty-one attended the performance of "Tickle Me" at the Selwyn theatre, Tuesday evening, September 28th. Plans for the party were in charge of Misses Muriel Nutt, Dorothea Gatzje, Louise Roehrs and Marjorie H. Davis. Tickets were distributed and the young women assembled at the theatre where they occupied choice seats. They expressed themselves as being highly appreciative of the generosity displayed by the Association in providing the tickets for the show.

James E. Tester was elected director and Arthur Meybert was elected to the conference board at a special meeting held in the Blacksmith Shop, Monday noon, September 13th. Mr. Tester was elected to succeed Arthur Fallon and Meybert was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation from the company of Adolph Rental.

Sawing wood and carrying coal are home industries.

The Peer of Shipfitters

DANDY little shipfitter—the best in the port!" Somebody said that about Joe Hagen, our foreman shipfitter, who recently returned to the fold.

Another champion of Joe's ability who was in the group while the verbal bouquets were being thrown at Joe was remaining silent. Finally he said that the meeting should go on record as authority for the statement that Joe is the best shipfitter in the country. It was so voted.

Years ago when Joe was working in Newport News, they, like all other concerns in the same game, were using wooden templates. Joe conceived and devised the paper template, thereby saving a lot of work in the mold loft and also saving a lot of space which was required for storing the templates. Joe's paper template did the work, and the templates for a ship could be stored away in a comparatively small place. Now, there is what is called a "template paper."

The person who was our informant in this tribute to Joe's ingenuity further said that Joe never got much credit for the idea, but it's his just the same. "Well, if he didn't get credit for the idea, they've sure got to admit that he's the peer of shipfitters in the little old U. S.," somebody chirped.

Joe returned to his old love, the Morse yard some time ago. He was down in Savannah, Ga., and other places, where he learned that there's no place quite as good as this. They say that Joe was in the brokerage business for awhile, too.

Relief Given To Members

DATED September 8th, the following notice was sent out by the Relief Committee composed of Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital, William Jackson of the Boilermakers and John Sweeney of the Inside Machinists:

"Under date of August 18th, \$170.55 was collected by the Relief Committee. Of this amount, \$50 was given to No. 6663.

"Additional cases have come up since then and out of the relief funds the committee is making these additional payments—To No. 20987, \$45.00, the recipient having been injured July 27th by a fall and since then his wife and children have been without assistance. To No. 29807 who has been out of work for seven weeks as a result of an operation for rupture, \$25. To No. 3254 who has been out of work for the last six weeks and at the present time is confined to St. Peter's hospital, \$45.00."

Bulletins informing members of the activities of the Relief Committee are being issued on occasion. These bulletins contain the names of those to whom the committee has rendered assistance, and this is done only because they are part of the committee's records. The Dial gives the numbers without the names as a matter of fairness to those aided.



APPRENTICESHIP CLASS

(Bottom row left to right) Charles Haines, Pipe Shop; Selina Seversen, Pattern Shop; Thomas Fawroth, Pattern Shop; John McGoff, Pipe Shop; Frank Stadelberger, Electrician; John Keating, Machine Shop.
(Centre Row) Arthur Wood, Joiners; Arthur Konop, Joiners; Joseph Langlois, Joiners; Charles Ludwig, Sheet Metal; William Bird, Pipe Shop; George Hansen, Plate Shop; William Heaney, Carpenters; Peter Forti, Drafting Office.
(Top Row) Frank De Somma, Joiners; Charles Kelly, Drafting; James Collette, Machine Shop; Paul Thompson, Machine Shop; Walter House, Joiner; Fred MacKenzie, Machinists; Fred Hanson, Machinists; Charles Ambriano, Machinists; Frank Sangiorgio, Machinists.

Annual Outing, A Riot of Fun

AS the press agent for Ed. Wynn's Carnival would say—"It was a riot of fun and laughter." In other words, "It was Some Picnic!" Not an overwhelming financial success, but one of those parties where everybody says to everybody else: "Hello, Bill,—they ain't many here now but I guess things 'll pick up after awhile. Will you have an ice cream or something?"

That's the good fellowship spirit which prevailed at the Morse field day at Ulmer Park, Saturday afternoon and evening of August 28th. All the regulars were there. The goose was hanging high from the time one entered the gate. A "Morse Man" was glad-handed by the reception committee and taken on a tour of the grounds. He was left with a satisfied feeling.

Yes sir, man! Everybody registered "Satisfaction." The "Stranger Within our Gates" enjoyed himself just as much as the next fellow. He got along famously—that is, if he didn't try to take charge of the outing or something. That field day was just made for the fellow who wanted to have a good time and went about having it.

And the women folk, too. We saw a lot of sedate ladies let loose and ride on the merry-go-round, just like they were kids. And some of the boys—30 or 40 years old—had such a good time that they wanted to buy the girls more rides on the hobby hosses, or get up a watermelon party, so as to make the Morse picnic last forever, and then some.

Now, it's a foregone conclusion that some folks expect a grammatical, not to say a very courteous and stereotyped account of the Morse field day. So be it, brethren—so be it!

Just bear with the writer while he gives

you the summary of the races and we'll let the pictures tell the story.

Frank Falconer, George Gardner, Harry Anderson and Joe Quinn composed a bunch of live wires who saw to it that the events on the athletic program got off on schedule.

Naturally, Mr. Falconer was mixed up in the soccer football tournament between departments of the yard. The events were run off in rounds, the first of which was between the Hull Department and the Chippers and Caulkers, with the Hull Department as a winner. The Burners then defeated the Machinists. The Shipfitters failed to draw an opposing team as one wasn't available.

In the second round, the Burners took on the Shipfitters and trimmed them. This put the Burners and the Hull Department in the finals and the Hull won. The Hull team was composed of William Allen, J. Hepburn, J. Galloway, B. McLaughlin and D. Mooney.

The number of points scored by the various departments covering all events were as follows:—Burners, 28; Hull Department, 23; Pipe Shop, 22; Outside Machinists, 10; Salvage, 8; Riggers, 5; Plate Shop, 5; Inside Machinists, 3; Solicitors, 1.

The departmental trophy for the high scores covering the athletic contests went to the Burners. This was a handsome cup donated by Mr. Morse and suitably engraved. To win this cup, the Burners acquired a total of 28 points. The Hull Department was the runner-up for the point trophy, getting a total of 23 points. The individual prizes consisted of gold watch fobs, suitably inscribed, and second and third point individual winners were given pearl stick pins and gold cuff links.

Judges of the athletic events were H.A. Hanbury, C.H. Want and Henry Rochelle.

Homer Baker, the Metropolitan half mile champion runner, was the official starter, having kindly volunteered his services.

During the athletic contests, the Morse Military Band under the direction of Lieut. W.S. Mygrant furnished excellent music. The evening was passed in dancing and general merriment. Joseph Dirosse conducted the dance orchestra and varied the program enough to permit plenty of enjoyment by the old fashioned steppers as well as by those who shake a "jazz" step. It might be well to say that Joseph Dirosse is none other than "Clancy" of the Employment Office.

In the elimination tug-of-war, the Riggers captured first honors with the Burners, runners-up. The contests were held on a platform which had been set on the floor of the dancing pavilion and towered over the shoulders of the on-lookers.

The champion Riggers' tug-of-war team was composed of the following: P. Larsen (9071) J. Anderson (9109) W. Anderson (9076) C. Doviken (8948) N. Mathsen, (9659).

The Hull Department, team was composed principally of hand riveters and was made up as follows: Billy Connolly, Dan Cochrane, Charlie Bohen, J. Bakki and Jim Hepburn.

Bob Brown, Pete Ballentine, Alec Murray, Tom Fallon, Tom Brown and P. Burns were members of the burners tug-of-war team. The latter was substitute and was entered after one of the Burner tuggers had been disqualified.

The children's races started at 11 o'clock in the morning, and many of the Morse kiddies were given prizes. These races were run off under the direction of Harry Anderson, Carpenters, and George Gardner of the Hull Department, as a committee on games.

Pictures by
Morse
Photographer



Short girls, tall girls, and all kinds of girls were in the Ball Throwing Contest at the Morse Field Day.

In the afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock, the events for the adults were started, the first of which were for the ladies including the 50 yard dash, the stout women's race, and the ball throwing contest. Miss Martin won the former event, with Mrs. L. McQuillan, second. Mrs. L. Brown won the run for the stouts and Mrs. A.H. Ingraham captured the second prize in this event. Miss Alice Iverson won the ball throwing contest, and Mrs. J. Mills was awarded the second prize for the next longest throw.

The men's events and winners were as follows:—

50 yard dash—W. Deatz, Burners, first; D. Drescher, Hull, second; A. Stanton, Pipe Shop, third.

100 yard dash—G. Vanchesi, Hull Department, first; J. Ahearn, Burners, second; A. Stanton, Pipe Shop, third.

Old Men's Race—H. Jones, Outside Machinists, first; J. Terris, Inside Machinists, second; W. Julian, Salvage Department, third.

Fat Men's Race—George Drew, Plate Shop, first; Morgan J. O'Brien, Salvage Department, second and Henry Rochelle, Solicitor, third.

Standing High Jump—A. Stanton, Pipe Shop, first; W. Deatz, Burners, second; G. Burns, Pipe Shop, third; high jump, 4 feet, 7 inches.

Standing Broad Jump—A. Stanton, Pipe Shop, first; W. Deatz, Burners, second; G. Carr, Hull Department, third. Winning distance, 9 feet 10 inches.

Running High Jump—G. Carr, Hull Department, first; W. Deatz, Burners, second; G. Burns, Pipe Shop, third; winning jump, 5 feet 7 inches.

Running Broad Jump—G. Burns, Pipe Shop, first; W. Deatz, Burners, second; A. Schmalax, Salvage, third; winning distance, 19 feet.

Three Legged Race—Stevens and Reade first; Furlong and W. Cain, second; Kieleen and Enteman, Hull, third.

Sack Race—Rentall, Outside Machinists, first; Schmalax, Salvage, second.

880-Yard Relay—first, Burners, Deatz, Jones, Murphy and Ahearn; second, Hull Department, Drescher, Carr and Vanchesi.

Bill Wherry of the Hull Department, won the three and one half mile bicycle pursuit race against Eddie Swanner, a well known semi-professional rider. The cycle event was one of the most interesting of the day, Wherry winning by a sensational spurt.

For the soccer finals in the six-man team tournament the Hull Department vanquished the Burners by two goals and one corner. The winning team was composed of Allen, Connelly, Galloway, McLaughlin, Mooney and Hepburn.

Secretary Edward Hannavin's report on the expenditures and receipts in connection with the Association's annual



Women folk and kiddies; all enjoyed the sports.

field day held at Ulmer Park, Saturday, August 28th, was read and approved at a meeting of the Board of Directors Friday, September 10, and is as follows:—

Receipts:—Ticket deductions from the payroll (741), \$370.50; cash ticket sale in yard and at park (1313), \$656.60; total, \$1,027.00.

Disbursements:—Music, dancing, \$100; music band, \$250; badge and buttons, \$135; printing, \$117.40; miscellaneous, \$65.70; expenses and miscellaneous at park, \$37.75; prizes, \$296.47; park, \$150; total, \$1,152.32.

The report when submitted was somewhat incomplete, there being about \$25. outstanding in favor of the Association. This would bring the deficit to about \$65 or thereabouts. In view of the fact that the ticket sale fell short of what was anticipated the above report is considered a very creditable showing.

Good weather, a good time and other things combined to make the occasion an enjoyable one.

—o—

Association Deserves Support

THE annual Field Day of the Employees' Association held at Ulmer Park, Saturday, August 28th was a glowing success, especially from a social standpoint. It was not expected that the outing would be a money making affair. No expense was spared to make it a success and considering this the report of the Field Day Committee is an exceptionally gratifying one.

Of course we all know that there will be some criticism because it is too much to expect that any affair can be managed without someone finding fault. The fact remains however, that the outing merits much praise, and little or no criticism.

The free open air shows managed during the summer, the kiddies' Christmas party last year, and the recent outing are some of the splendid things which the Association has been responsible for. These affairs have served to bring us closer together, to make us know one another better and to create a true brotherhood spirit.

Add to this the relief work which the Association does, the help that it renders to our needy co-workers, and any thinking man cannot help but regard the Association as worthy of the support of everyone in it.

Of course there are some things which deserve criticism now and then, but for the most part these things are of little importance when considered in comparison with the bigger things the Association is accomplishing. To eliminate all criticism requires that everyone pitch in and help to make the Association stronger, bigger and better. It is a fine thing to think that we have in this organization a brotherhood that can be made to look after our interests and to promote social affairs that mean so much in our lives.

The generous spirit of the Association is not to be criticised, but is, rather, to be praised. The aid of the Association has been enlisted by many worthy movements. Its aid has been extended to causes of individuals and organizations. When the 106th Infantry, American Legion, first sought to build a clubhouse for its members, it asked the endorsement and aid of our organization, and, needless to say, received it. The Association had previously extended a welcome to its own service men, and presented to them medals befitting their honorable service. It has exemplified an active civic and community interest in everything worthwhile.

We stand ever ready to lend the helping hand, but it is up to every man of the Association to become an active member, that the good graces of the Association may not be imposed upon and that our treasury may be enriched by unanimous support.

The winter is before us. It will be as long or as short a winter as we wish to make it. The weather may be as cold as the Arctic, but we can make it warm in the friendships and the associations we may gain through personal interest in our organization.

There'll be the month "racket" in the Assembly Hall and other socials which may be inspired by a worthy cause or in the spirit of goodfellowship. Let us, each of us, pledge ourselves to take a deeper interest in these meetings and socials. Let us attend them regularly and participate in the business of the meetings. A knowledge of the Association will increase our interest in it, but we must first show an interest by larger and regular attendance at the Association meetings.



Pictures by Morse Photographer

"They're off!"

Races as seen through camera's eye at Morse Field Day.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the
Welfare of the Employees' Associ-
ation of the Morse Dry Dock
& Repair Company, and to
the interests of the
Company

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
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Margaret McCarthy, and
Charles S. Davis,
Associate Editors

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their correct address is on file in THE DIAL
Office.

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Advertising and Publicity manager, to whom all
communications should be addressed.

Vol. 3 OCTOBER, 1920 No. 10

*Just when the wise ones have unanimously
declared that it can't be done, along comes some
guy who doesn't know any better and does it.*
Elbert Hubbard.

Contributions Welcomed

WE respectfully call attention
to the first page article of
this issue of The Dial,
especially the attention of Morse
employees. You are asked to read
the article, not for the purpose of
finding grammatical or technical
errors, but for an example of what
you may do if you show a similar
interest and enthusiasm in your
work.

In the September issue of The
Dial we had a "Safety First" idea
conceived by Mr. Moffat of the
Burning Department. We were
glad to give Mr. Moffat credit for
his clear and helpful thinking.

The leading article of this issue
was written by Charles Menzies of
the Welders, a branch of Morse Ser-
vice which is housed close to Mr.
Moffat and the Burning Depart-
ment. Perhaps Mr. Moffat's "Safety
First" article inspired Mr. Menzies
to think and write so creditably up-
on the welding activities of our
great plant. We hope that such is
the case, but whatever the inspi-
ration we are particularly pleased
with that kind of co-operation.

By writing about his particular
department, Mr. Menzies has shown
that he has more than usual inter-
est in his department and in his
work. He is forever preaching the
Gospel of Welding. He is pleased
to talk on the healing qualities of
the welder's torch. He foresees a
great future for welding. He has
faith in welding. He feels it to be
a boon to man and ship. In
short, he radiates his confidence in
the welding work which we turn
out. He believes in what he and
his department is doing.

—o—

The Dial By Mail To You

IT is the practice of some indus-
trial concerns publishing mag-
azines like The Dial to use a
method of distributing them which
is distinctly different from that
which we pursue, and, we believe,
less satisfactory to the recipient of
the magazine. It is necessary to
tell you this that you may assist us
in properly checking up on the out-
put of Dials.

To mail The Dial direct to your
home entails the expenditure each
month of a tidy little sum. This
adds to the cost of the magazine,
but the cost is trivial if the distri-
bution is faultless. When, however,
The Dial is mailed to an incorrect
address, or your name is duplicated
on the Dial's mailing list, there is a
wastefulness or a misdirection
which is expensive.

The Dial mailing list is carefully
compiled, and as carefully revised
upon the receipt of each change.
It has been found that some em-
ployees delay in informing The Dial
of a change of address. Conse-
quently, they are inconvenienced to the
extent of walking to The Dial office
for the copy they did not receive.

If your place of residence has
changed since the last issue of The
Dial was mailed to you, or if you
are receiving more than one copy
of each issue, kindly notify us.
Dial boxes are found at the Main
gate and on the North Building,
near the entrance. In these boxes
may be found address cards. All
you need do is to record the change
of address on one of these cards and
drop it in the slot. We'll do the
rest. Thank you!

—o—

Back To Common Sense

IN the first six months of 1919
there were in this country 266
strikes, 264 threatened strikes,
32 lockouts and 3 walkouts.

In the first six months of this
year there were 86 strikes, 106

threatened strikes, 10 lockouts and
3 walkouts.

These figures are given by the
Department of Labor, which took
account only of important strikes—
the kind that tie up traffic, stall
business and make things generally
uncomfortable for the public.

The strike shrinkage is hopeful.
It shows that nowadays before
workmen strike they talk it over
with the boss. When that is done
the strike is usually averted.

Nobody can really afford a strike.
And if employers and employees look
for a way to avoid one they usually
find it.

They are doing that now, instead
of abusing each other and refusing
to mediate.

There always will be dissensions,
of course, but the figures we have
quoted indicate that common sense
is returning, and common sense is
the only thing that can get the
country out of its difficulties.

—The Illustrated Daily News.

—o—

Shun the Rent Schemes

IN these days of rent profiteering
it may not be amiss for us to
sound a warning against some
of the co-operative housing schemes
that are being promoted. Here and
there one will run across a bona fide
proposition but for the most part
the promoters are simply taking ad-
vantage of a nasty situation.

Beware of the glib tongued gentry
and the literature they are handing
out. Before parting with your
money, investigate the proposition
thoroughly and get the advice of
some friend whose judgement you
can depend upon. Unscrupulous
real estate speculators are "unload-
ing" apartments at prices which will
eventually bring severe losses to the
tenant buyers.

—o—

A Fallacy

THE idea of producing as
little as possible is something
based on the mistaken notion
that more men will thus have to be
employed. But where does employ-
ment come from? From consump-
tion, of course. And where does
consumption come from? From
ability to buy. And the cheaper
you make things, the more of these
things will be consumed. The
greater the consumption, the greater
the number of men that will have to
be employed. —Theodore N. Vail.

—o—

Gentlemen accord to each other
the right to disagree: others may
not.

Father Running For Presidency

LAWRENCE (Linney) Wallace of the Drafting Office has the good fortune to be the stepson of a man who is distinguished enough to be a presidential candidate and the acknowledged leader of the "New Liberty Party." His stepfather, Captain Sir Mark Golein, of 656 56th Street, Brooklyn, is running on a broad and liberal platform. It is so broad and liberal that it has caused him to be regarded as an idealist with very little chance of election. He, however, will have launched the party even though his personal ambition falls short of realization.

A post-card exploiting the new party reads in part as follows:—

"The New Party saves the Union and all grant us liberty of free speech and thought and independence, which we do not have now under either the Democratic or Republican parties. The New Party not organized to destroy good laws, but uphold them and to institute new laws benefit the people. The New Party provides a bonus for our soldiers out of war revenues, without taxing the people." Article Five in the party's platform is cuckoo. Here it is!

"Free manufacture and sale of beer, whiskey and other liquors; but as drunkenness is a crime, no money penalty can be paid for it; six months on the chain for convicted drunkards and their family shall receive \$1 per day for his labor for cleaning and repairing our streets and roads. Such drunkards could only get drunk twice a year, Fourth of July and Christmas."

Article Six provides old age pensions for persons 50 years and upward, free education and homes to be provided for the afflicted and the poor.

Morse Men will be pleased to know that the New Party is in favor of plenty of soap," for here is what the leaflet says: "Workmen, clerks and others will, in holding a new merchant marine, have as much prosperity, high wages and overtake as they had during the war." We expect that Linney had something to do with the writing of that plank.

Some of Our Old Timers

Two Other Veterans

WITH apologies to the "Two Louies," Louis Hohorst and Louis Kruse, the watertenders who were subjects of a recent sketch in this department of The Dial, we now combine two more staunch friends and veteran Morse men—Ladies and Gentlemen: Allow us to present George MacLaurin and Kenneth Craig, the former of the Carpenter Shop and the latter of the Estimating Office.

In these "old-timers" we find men who have risen to their present positions as heads of departments after service as journeymen in their respective lines. Mr. MacLaurin is a carpenter by trade. Mr. Craig is a machinist, and prior to his service in the Estimating Room had worked as an Outside Machinists' foreman. For a number of years he worked along with "Billy" Chambers, the present foreman in that department, and also an old timer in the company's service.

Mr. Craig has for the most part of his life followed his trade as it was required in the world of ships and shipping. Some there are who may recall the visit of the

S. S. New York to this yard. At that time The Dial printed an account covering a trip Mr. Craig and Tom Cavanaugh had made on the New York when she was sent to Newport News, Va., in 1894.

Mr. Craig was then a working machinist and with Cavanaugh, who was a hull

worker, made the trip to do repairs in connection with the ship's docking. We recall this to substantiate our claim that Mr. Craig knows what it is to work in overalls and handle wrenches, jacks and other implements.

As for Mr. MacLaurin, he too, knows that real practical experience is what qualifies a man for bigger things. He has followed his trade in the shops and at "The Farm" of the Company where the sections of our big dock were built. He directed the building of the huge sections (six in number) of our big 30,000 ton floating dry dock.

One single section is itself a massive, towering structure of joists, beams and slabs. Six of them complete a dock which enables the Morse Company to drydock some of the largest ocean-going ships.

Much of this important work was accomplished under difficulties, one of which dates back to the time during the war when the government required the property on which Mr. MacLaurin and his gang were at work. He vacated with minimum loss of time and his genius for organization and direction enabled his men to carry on to completion in record time the work of building the big dock.

It may not be amiss to say here that Cy MacLaurin, Mr. MacLaurin's son, is a member of the Estimating Department, with Mr. Craig. Cy, though young in years, is himself an "old-timer" in his service with the Morse Company.



George MacLaurin



Kenneth Craig

He's Going To Get Ahead

WILLIAM Stephenson, one of our shipfitters who lives at 7516 Seventh Avenue, has enrolled in the ship drafting course at Cooper Union, we are informed. The course was announced on page 19 of the September Dial. Mr. Stephenson is one who believes in taking time by the forelock and in making the most of his opportunities.

He has determined to learn shipfitting from start to finish and we prophecy that he is going to get to the top of his trade because he has got the right stuff in him. The ship drafting course is open to anyone wishing to enroll in it and there is no charge for the instructions. The student simply provides his instruments and paper and he can take either a one or two year course. The Secretary of Cooper Union, Seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City, would like to hear from others from the Morse plant.

Friends of Charles Kelly of the Hull Department were very sorry to learn of the death of his wife on September 4th, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Kelly is one of the oldest employees of the Company. He is the father of Charles Kelly, an apprentice boy in the drafting room. To both we wish to express the sympathy of their many friends.

New Sheet Metal Foreman

JOHN McCulloch has succeeded Frank Sheedy as foreman of the sheet metal shop. He comes here from the Fore River plant at Quincy, Mass., where he had been for 16 years. He also had been connected with the Atlantic Corporation at Portsmouth, N. H., as superintendent of the plate mill and mold loft.

In the Fore River plant during the war, Mr. McCulloch sent 7,000,000 pounds of sheet metal work through his shop in one year. This record was not attained by special aggressiveness on his part, but by unity of spirit and effort on the part of the men with whom he worked.

He has plans for greater production in the Sheet Metal Department, and since coming here, he has taken steps toward additional equipment including a spot welder, a rotary cutter and a planishing hammer.

An Old Timer writes—"The other night there was a slight accident on one of the ships and it was reported to the hospital. It took Nurse Miss Magee a few minutes to cover the distance from the hospital down into the engine room to investigate the case. It is a pleasure for the boys to know that we have such an efficient hospital force in case of accident. Three cheers for Miss Magee!"

Pipe Shop Expands

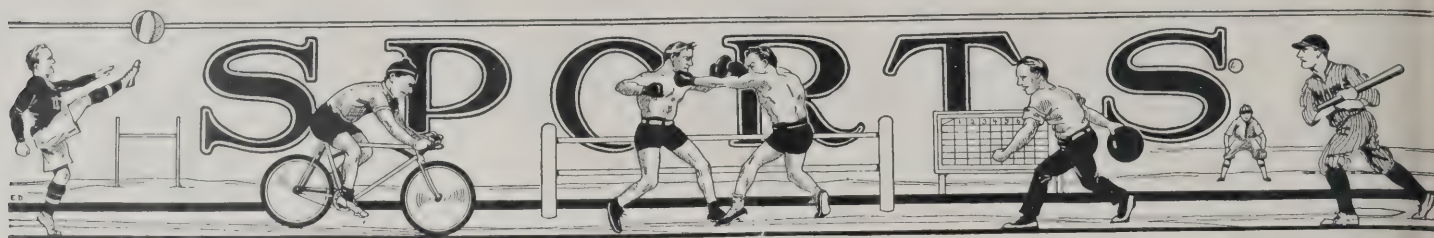
WITH several hundred feet added to its floor space and the installation of additional equipment, the Pipe Shop of this company is now the largest and best equipped in the Port of New York and one of the most important departments in this most complete ship repair yard.

A second pipe cutting machine which will cut pipe from eight to eighteen inches has been installed, and enables the shop to handle the largest pipe jobs. Also, during the week of September 13th, at which time the working space was enlarged upon, the work of installing a track system was started.

The new track system will greatly facilitate the handling of work. On these tracks large heavy pipe can be taken in and around the shop, saving work which in the past was time-consuming. Foreman Murphy is pleased with the changes.



Foreman John Murphy by the Sad Sea lives at his Summer home on Plum Island.



Bowling Tournament Planned

PLANS for the coming Morse bowling tournament were launched at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Association Friday afternoon, September 11th when the sum of \$75 per month was appropriated for the use of alleys and a committee was appointed to assume charge of the tournament and to draw up a schedule of the same.

Tom Smith, Sr., of the Carpenters, was chosen as chairman of the committee, and the choice meets with unanimous approval. He served in that capacity last season and was ably assisted by Bert Banks and Henry Rochelle. This year he will have for his fellow committeemen, John Murphy of the Pipe Shop, Harry Anderson of the Carpenters, William Dunn of the Outside Machinists, Henry Rochelle of the Solicitors, Fred Ulsmer of the Inside Machinists, Adam Lester of the Hull Department, and John Kelly of the Dockhands.

All members of the committee are active bowling enthusiasts and each one was a regular attendant at the alleys upon the evenings his team was scheduled to contest. All of the committeemen are familiar with the conduct of last season's tournament, and their experience will be advantageous in the formulation of this season's plans.

It has been suggested that changes in the representation of teams be made. The Dial team which was entered last season will be combined with Timekeepers, the Main Office and the Employment Office.

It has also been suggested that all who are interested in bowling appear at the alleys on the evenings upon which their department plays. In the absence of regular team members any one from the particular departments concerned will be privileged to play. There are but five men to a side, but it is not always that the entire team puts in an appearance. Of course, the team captain wishes to pick the strongest bowlers. You can, however, put in your name, and if you can't make the regular team, you can at least substitute.

It is up to every member of the Association to turn out on the first few nights his team plays. He will be given a trial, and the best men will be selected for the regular lineup. Even a substitute position will afford many a bowling night, for it frequently happens that one or two men are missing from the lineups each night. If you would have free bowling at the Association's expense, come out with the team representing your department.

The games are to be held at the American Alleys, 51st Street and Third Avenue. Two alleys are allotted to the Morse bowlers. There is picked team rolling before and after the regular games, and if you are at all interested you can have a great deal of fun. Watch for the schedule which is now being made up.

A meeting of the bowling committee was held Monday afternoon, September 13th. Those present were: Adam Lester of the

Hull Department, John Murphy of the Pipe Shop, Henry Rochelle of the Office, Cy Mac Laurin, Estimator, William Dunn of the Outside Machinists, H. Ulsmer of the Inside Machinists and Tom Smith, Sr., of the Carpenters.

Tom Smith acted as chairman, and Henry Rochelle served as secretary of the meeting. The chairman announced that four alleys had been hired for every Monday evening, beginning the first Monday in October. The alleys are known as the American alleys at 51st Street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn.

A motion by Henry Rochelle and seconded by Cy MacLaurin provided for a three-man inter-department tournament, each department to enter as many teams as possible, and a committee appointed to handicap teams with a view to equalizing the strength of all. The motion was defeated.

John Murphy moved that a five-man tournament under the rules governing last year's contests be run. The motion was seconded by Mr. Ulsmer, and was carried.

It was voted to have a sign posted at the Main Gate, informing the captains of respective teams to send the entries with names to Henry Rochelle, Secretary. These entries may be mailed to Mr. Rochelle in care of Mr. Mead in the Main Office.

Last year's standing at the end of the bowling tournament was as follows:

Carpenters won 13 straight games, lost none; Hull Department, won 11, lost 2; Inside Machinists won 10 and lost 3. The other teams finished in this order: Main Office, Pipefitters, Copper Shop, Sheet Metal Workers, Pipe Coverers, Dial Staff, Electricians, Dock Hands, Outside Machinists, Timekeepers, Blacksmiths.

The championship Carpenters' team was composed of: George and Cy MacLaurin, Tom Smith, Sr., and Tom Smith, Jr., Cullen, Devine and Harry Anderson. The Hull Department runners-up, included the following men in its lineup: Cavanaugh, Lester, Petry, Searing and Banks.

John Pollock, sport writer for the *Evening World*, had the following to say of Gunboat Smith who worked with us for a time, and left here to go to the coast: "Gunboat Smith who is still in the fighting game although he has been boxing long enough to have made enough money to retire from it, is now in the West. He met Capt. Bob Roper, the Chicago heavyweight, in a fifteen-round go at Columbus, O., on Monday night and the majority of the newspapers declared the contest a draw."

OUR Kindergarten page does not appear this month because we lack pictures to complete the layout. Don't forget that the Dial is always glad to use pictures of Morse children. We need several more to complete the page. Help us to make the Dial interesting.

Grabbing Morse Players

NATIONAL league soccer will be governed this season by the following officials: President T. F. Wals Harrison, N. J., Vice President, Georg Nichols, Jersey City, N. J., Secretary and Treasurer, William Patrick, Bayonne N. J.

Mr. Patrick was re-elected secretary and treasurer, and the choice is a good one in the opinion of those who are interested in soccer. Frank Falconer of the Yard Hospital and Charlie Menzies of the Burning Shop, both soccer fans and ex-officials, can testify to Mr. Patrick's enthusiasm and willingness to co-operate with any and all in promoting the welfare of the game.

The various teams entered in the league are grabbing off Morse players, since they cannot assemble under the Morse banner.

We have been informed that Samm, Bustard, J. Mackie and Kershaw have been corralled by the New York Soccer Club. Bustard and Mackie are being relied upon to form one of the most powerful middle lines in the country.

Bustard is one of the cleverest center halfbacks playing the game and has been a terror to all attacks pitted against him for several seasons. Mackie is equally a fast and works well with the little sorcerer topped halfback.

In capturing Kershaw, the New York Club has undoubtedly landed the biggest prize around the district. He has earned the distinction of being the cleverest outside right in the country. Kershaw will be better remembered by Morse fans as the man who scored against the Robins in the 1 to 0 game, which was later protested by the Robins management. Kershaw's brilliant shot came at a critical time when Morse was contending for the league championship.

Jimmie Murphy (2359) the crack sprinter of the Burning Department, was laid up with a bad leg after the Morse field day. In one of the events, Jimmie pulled a tendon and was seriously handicapped. Representing the old Mohawk A. C. "Murph" showed some great bursts of speed. He also met the cracks of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

The Outside Machinists have been furnishing a new attraction during the noon hour. They conduct a hand-ball tournament and several of their team have become unbeatable. The Outside Machinists therefore extend a challenge to hand ball teams in any other departments of the yard. Shake it up. For fun, money or marbles.

The Riggers' tug-of-war team wishes to challenge any team in the yard or elsewhere for a side bet of \$50.

There are some glass blowers in this country who can't work except when the glass has foam on it.

New Lloyds' Man Here

JAMES D. PEAT, surveyor for Lloyd's Register, has been permanently assigned to the Morse yard, succeeding Alexander Smellie, who, a few weeks ago, terminated three years' service here in the same capacity, having been assigned to new work in England.

Those friends of Mr. Smellie who assembled to give him a farewell token of their esteem will find that he has a worthy successor in Mr. Peat. Mr. Peat has, besides a pleasing personality and a wide knowledge of ships and shipping, a good measure of modesty, and for that reason we did not embarrass him to the extent of asking him to talk about himself.

We, however, gleaned a few facts concerning him. They are of a general nature, but will serve to confirm our statement that Mr. Peat has received much practical experience in the world of ship-ping.

He served a five years' apprenticeship as an engineer with R. Napier & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland. His apprenticeship gave him experience in all departments of the company and was completed in the drawing office. He had worked as a draftsman in several of the leading shipyards of the Clyde.

Such knowledge as he had acquired in the days of his apprenticeship and in the years following, he rounded out by going to sea. Ten years he passed on the waves as a marine engineer, six years of which time he served as a chief engineer. He has had valuable experience in ship and engine repairing having been a foreman and manager in various yards in Glasgow, Scotland, for about 12 years. He has been identified with Lloyd's for the past five years.

"I like Morse's," Mr. Peat said in speaking of his new assignment.

Lose One, Lose Three.

By F. O. McQuaid

WHEN a man dies there are three losses, the Husband, the Father, and the Provider. The only one that can be replaced is the provider by arranging for the continuance of the income. If it were ever possible for one to exist without an income, conditions would not be as they are to-day and no one would be working. Man was put on this earth to live by the sweat of his brow, so we all have to work in some way.

Two people make a contract and each agrees to perform certain things. If one defaults the other suffers, and so with the greatest contract of all, the sacred unwritten agreement where man and wife form the greatest partnership of all. Do we men really realize what womankind has done for us? When we are gone love is oftentimes greater but what becomes of the home when the provider is taken away? If a revenue is not provided for, one must be created in some way. In marriage the home is the woman's charge and business the man's.

You who have not provided for the future, are you living up to your end of the deal? Your wife will not remind you of it for she does not want to think of such things. It remains for you to do the thinking in this connection. Better look into the insurance plan of your Association—here in the yard.

—o—

Somehow the average man doesn't feel called upon to repent until after he has been caught with the goods.



James D. Peat, Lloyd's Surveyor, recently assigned to Morse plant.

The Editor's Mail Bag

Sept. 14th, 1920

Editor, The Dial:—Are you aware that this issue of The Dial is the best ever issued? I must confess it is simply wonderful. The ideas are great and the reading matter unsurpassed. Accept my heartiest congratulations.

The most interesting and beneficial points are these: you show and prove to the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company that you are not under dictation, nor hampered in expressing your views.

You show the work carried on in each department; you give encouragement, a good word and needful help to those that seek it.

I could go on and use up your entire book praising your good work for the employees, as you praise them, for their work and loyalty.

I will close wishing you success in keeping up the good work, of helping everybody you can. Therefore:

To those that need a friend,

Staunch and true,

Go to The Dial

And it will always help you.

(A Rigger)

—o—

Acknowledgments

Through Joseph Herzog and Paul Troy of the Plumbing Department, Mrs. Mary Rafter, wife of Edward Rafter, sent the following expression of thanks:

"Please accept my thanks to yourself and the other men of the yard who so kindly remembered me and my family in our time of need. The check which you so kindly sent was a wonderful help to us. My husband is still in the hospital and seems much better these days. He has to keep very quiet, though he often asks for the men in the shop. I hope God will bless and prosper you and the men who were so kind to us and that you will never know what trouble means. Your grateful friend, Mrs. Mary Rafter."

—o—

Charles Kelly of the Drafting Room and members of his family extend their thanks to the apprentices who so kindly sent the floral tribute at the death of Mr. Kelly's mother, Mrs. Mary Kelly.

—o—

William A. Bush was elected a member of the Conference Board, representing the Pipe Coverers Department, succeeding Nelson Jacobs, resigned, at a departmental election held on September 21st.

Plating Department's Rapid Growth

OF the many departments in the Morse yard none is outstepping in growth that of our new Plating Shop, housed on the third floor of the building containing the Sheet Metal, Copper, Plumbing and other departments. Since its beginning a few months ago, this new department has handled a large volume of work some of which came from points as far distant as Atlanta, Ga., and Columbus, O.

It is now engaged in plating silverware, dining and kitchen utensils and other wares for some of New York's leading hotels. Its plating processes include silver, nickel, brass, copper, bronze, black nickel, oxidizing and tinning. The quality of work turned out has gone far toward obtaining increased orders and there are indications ahead for a busy future in this department.

The work is in charge of Samuel Bolinsky, an expert plater of 28 years, experience. The department is under the supervision of Albert Jacobson, foreman of the Copper Shop. He has several capable assistants who enjoy the ample facilities of the department as well as its good lighting and ventilation. The floor space is sufficient to meet the needs of this new department in our complete plant, but further growth may necessitate an expansion, and we would not be surprised to see this Plating Department utilizing the entire floor of the building where it is now.

—o—

Pop Terris A Good Sport

THE derby 100 yard dash event of the season took place Friday noon, September 3rd, in the straight-a-way course between the Machine Shop and the Plate Shop, where the famous Cavanaugh races were held. The starters were Claus Terris and Otto Rochelle, both of the Inside Machine Shop. The match was for a side bet of \$10.00, Mexican money.

Claus, who remembers the Smith Bros., when they owned only one cough drop, was the winner of the second prize in the Old Men's race at the Morse field day. His performance on that day was criticised by Otto, and Claus promptly challenged Otto to a race.

Encased in bathing trunks and jersey, Claus toed the mark at 12:30. Rochelle stepped to the line three minutes later. Both runners were tendered a great reception by those who had gathered. At 12:40 the principals were called to the mark and received the instructions. At 12:42, the starting gun sounded.

"Pop" Terris got away to a good start. Rochelle dogged him until near the finish, when he came abreast and held that position until they crossed the tape. This was declared a dead heat.

Rochelle got the starting jump in the second heat and won by a hair. The match was declared the most exciting seen on the Cavanaugh course for 12 years. Wagers were freely made, with the odds slightly favoring "Pop" Terris, the veteran runner, and hero of many a hard fought track battle.

"Pop" Terris and Rochelle, ran the final match race Friday noon, September 17th. "Pop" emerged from the Machine Shop out onto the course attired in the regulation running suit, black running pants, sprint shoes and a jersey.

A large crowd assembled as the runners crouched at the tape, waiting the word. "Pop" got away to a fast start, but Rochelle was pressing him hard until he fell, enabling the veteran speed king to win by a good margin.

IT WAS A PICNIC

By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



From Soup To Nuts

KERNEL Heeza Nutt, otherwise known as Tom Cavanaugh, and about 60 members of the Ancient and Honorable Clan of Mixed Nuts, which is distinctly a Morse organization, went to The House of Stauch at Coney Island, Saturday night, September 4th, for the purpose of holding their fifth annual reunion, and accidentally to put their "dogs" under the table, which was laden with everything from soup to nuts.

After cramming their "shells" full of sea food, The Nuts waded through a emptying array of other eats which had their origin far from the sea. There followed some fried squab chicken (Southern Style) corn fritters and grilled sweet potatoes. A few physical culture exercises were indulged in under the direction of Esteemed Tuff Nutt Crawford after which the members returned to attack the combination salad, corn on the cob, ice cream, watermelon, etc.

Rapping with his gavel, Kernel Heeza Nutt called the attention of the clan to the fact that a present had been purchased for one of the dearly beloved brethren, and suggested that the presentation be made before the assemblage became spiritually removed from the purpose of the meeting.

Thereupon, Exalted Whosa Nutt, H.A. Hanbury arose and addressed Charles Hallock, guest of honor, representing the High and Noble Order of the Squirrels, an organization which is closely allied with The Mixed Nuts.

The Exalted Whosa Nutt in some well chosen words said some nice things about Mr. Hallock. Everybody agreed with the Exalted Whosa Nutt that Mr. Hallock was a good fellow, but it was noticed that Mr. Hallock, himself, didn't take the remarks kindly. So, it was decided that the only way to square things was to give him a fine smoking set. This took Mr. Hallock by surprised and, after uttering a few words of thanks, he kept still and didn't try to break up the party.

After that things went along swimmingly until Grand Midget of the Virginia Lodge of Peanuts, Mr. William McEwen, attempted to stage a couple of boxing bouts between Kid Nutbrown (Frankie Fay) and Knockout Axel Nutt of Walnut Street, Philadelphia, (Matty Herbert). In trying to save the entertainers from injury, the Grand Midget was horribly assaulted. The Zulu Kid and Tim Sullivan then mixed it while the actors Hortimer Cocoanut (Joe McGuirk) and Bolten Nutt (James MacFarlane) were being rubbed down prior to their appearance as recitationists.

Hortimer Cocoanut chirped some rhyming things about an Italian girl named "Rosie" and every nut present said that the delivery was wonderful. Hortimer was unable to receive the delivery and collapsed. They brought him to, and then they brought him two more, after which the angry mob was ready for Bolten Nutt. Bolten fared little better at the hands of the crazed Nuts, and when last seen he was driving a flivver at a terrific pace towards some haven of safety.

Exalted Whosa Nutt Hanbury was invited and even dared to sing a song, so he picked on "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The entire assemblage rose to its feet and declared that the song was about the best



William P. Griffin and William P. Mitchell, Band Members, out for a stroll on a Wednesday night.

they had heard in many years. They all wanted to know where they could get copies of it.

When the meeting had been restored to order, Kernel Nutt suggested that everybody go home before the re-union be reported to the police, whereupon this timely advice was followed and the party broke up to board their special car on the return trip to Brazil.

A Distinguished Visitor

PAUL E. Harwood, vice president of the Pan American Petroleum & Transport Co., made a recent visit to the Morse plant, and in company with George Maddisen, superintendent-engineer of the Pan American Company, inspected the work in progress on the tanker *Canfield*. Mr. Harwood expressed himself as having been keenly impressed with the completeness of our yard and commented favorably upon the clean and orderly appearance of the plant.

The Pan American Petroleum and Transport Co., by the way is one of the most successful organizations of its kind in the country, being headed by Edward L. Doheny whose successful career in the ship and oil fields has made him world-wide famous.

"Spirit" is the thing that gives an institution tone. Without spirit there is no harmony. A fine spirit means a small labor turnover, interest in the work and in the success of the business, a spirit of co-operation, loyalty to the management, and last but not least it means that the employees know and have a genuine regard for one another. There can never be co-operation among strangers.—*Forbes*



Mixed Nuts around the festive board.

His Dream Comes True

HARRY Coleman of the Outside Machinists Department employed here for four years has recently purchased a farm in Wallkill up the Hudson and has left our employ. Mr. Coleman's short career in this country is an example of what a man with the right ambition and the right stuff in him can do in America.

Arriving in the United States from England with about \$5 in his pocket, Mr. Coleman has been able in a comparatively few years to accumulate enough money to fulfill a long cherished dream. He has always looked forward to the time when he might be able to have his own little homestead in the country. Through hard work and conscientious effort he gained the reputation in the plant of being one of our most dependable workers and because of that he was very seldom idle; in fact he missed very few working days.

His efforts combined with the frugality and thrift of Mrs. Coleman, a helpmate in the true sense of the word, enabled him to acquire sufficient wealth to buy 48 acres of farm land upon which there are 300 fruit trees, an acre bed of strawberries, several heads of cattle, a few horses, 30 chickens and a mighty fine and comfortable home.

"This Company made all this possible for me" said Mr. Coleman, "and I cannot help but state my appreciation of the splendid treatment that I have always received here. Farming is something new for me though I did work at it now and then cross the water but I have always wanted a place of my own. It is hard for me to leave Morse's because I am going to miss my friends here."

Finds The Dial Has Prestige

MORTIMER W. Mead, Treasurer of the Employees' Association is convinced that the "Dial" has prestige as far away as Boston, Mass. Mr. Mead went to Maine on his vacation. Reaching Boston he determined to make sure of getting passage on the Boston to Bangor S.S.Line to Bangor. Applying at the Company's office he found that there were no stateroom reservations to be had.

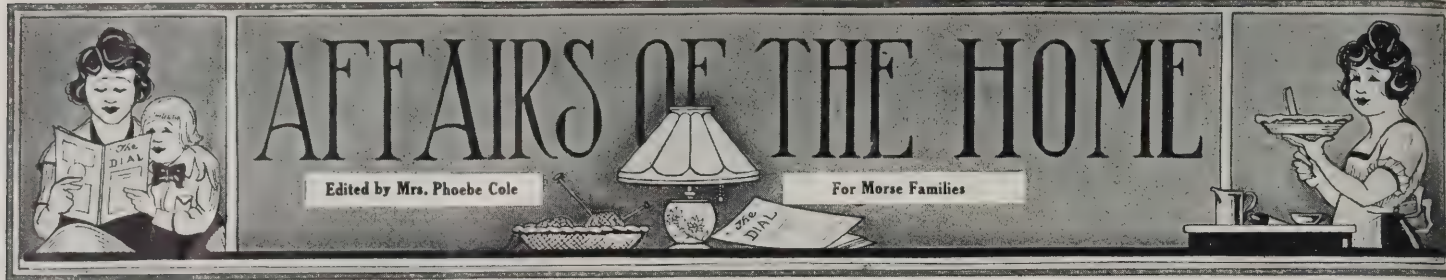
As he stood at the ticket window wondering what to do, he saw laying on a desk in the office a copy of the Dial. Pulling a name card from his pocket he wrote upon it, "Associate Editor of the Morse Dry Dock Dial" and passed the card in to the ticket agent.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Mead; that's a great magazine you fellows are getting out," was the pleasant greeting extended by Carl Scranton, the ticket agent, and a delightful chat ensued.

On the return trip Mr. Mead enjoyed the comforts of the best stateroom on the ship through the courtesy of Mr. Scranton.

In the September Baby Page of The Dial, there was a mistake in the ages given for Evelyn N. Thompson and Lawrence W. Thompson, children of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thompson. The girl's correct age at the time the picture was taken was 1 year, 7 months, and the boy's 3 years and 4 months.

I would rather be wrong once in awhile by trusting everybody, than be right occasionally by being suspicious of everybody.



LITTLE PROBLEMS OF MARRIED LIFE

Giving The Best to The Home Folks.

THE Business Woman was spending part of her vacation with her married cousin, The Worried Woman. The latter had a splendid husband and three healthy children, a good nine-room house and a comfortable income, so she was always worried. But The Business Woman still loved her, even if marriage had made her lose her sense of humor, and always visited her once a year.

The family owned one of those jolly, sturdy cars derisively called "flivvers" by some folks who lack them, and one afternoon the plan was to motor to a beach some twenty miles away, taking along a picnic supper. All was in readiness for the start, the children dressed and the hamper generously packed, when a terrific thunder-storm put an end to their plans.

"Oh dear!" wailed The Worried Woman. "If it had to come, why couldn't this old storm have broken an hour sooner and saved me all the bother of getting ready?"

"The things will taste just as good here at home," said the Business Woman comfortingly.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the bother of getting the lunch ready," replied The Worried Woman. "I meant the bother of dressing up for nothing."

"All dressed up and no place to go?" laughed her friend.

"Well, you needn't laugh," retorted The Worried Woman. "You have to dress every day, and curl your hair, for the office, but after a woman is married and tied down with children and housework, it is no joke to dress to go out. I for one don't want to go to all that bother for nothing, so there!"

"I think you make a great mistake, then," said The Business Woman quietly, "if you think that dressing attractively when nobody will see you but your own family is 'for nothing.' I hope you won't mind if I speak very frankly. You certainly love your husband and children more than anyone else on earth—certainly more than any mere strangers who might see you at the beach. Yet you think it is very important to make yourself look as attractive as possible for guests or strangers, yet consider it an actual waste of time to curl your hair, arrange it your prettiest, powder your nose and put on your most becoming things for your family, those you love best."

"You know as well as I do that every woman has certain little things she does when she wants to look her best. With some women it's curling their hair and putting on a net; with others it's a dab of rouge on pale cheeks and a dusting of powder to freshen up the skin; and with practically every woman on earth there

is a 'company' manner, a 'company' voice, as well as becoming clothes which she puts on when she wants to appear at her very best. What I want to know is, *don't the home folks appreciate a woman's best as well as strangers do?*"

"Well, I'm always neat around home," The Worried Woman defended herself. "I always wear nice clean gingham, and nobody ever caught me sitting down to breakfast without my hair combed. I detest those slovenly caps. Of course I don't curl my hair every day."

"But it is so much prettier when you do curl it, Kate dear," urged her friend gently. "When you are old and the children are grown up, I want them to remember what a very pretty woman their mother was, and how jolly, and how she laughed and joked with them and was their pal. You don't want them to remember just that you were neat. You have a splendid family, Kate. You almost make me wish sometimes that I had chosen marriage instead of a business career, when I see you with those three wonderful youngsters and that nice husband."

"Give them your best! Not just your best cooking, and your most efficient housekeeping, but the best of your personality, the best of your looks, the sweetest tones of your voice, ordinarily saved for callers. And sometimes dress in your very best clothes, just for them. Children love to see you with pretty things—rings, beads, dainty colors, pretty slippers; they love a little whiff of perfume when you tuck them in at night. Don't save all your pretty things for others. Let those blessed kiddies see you in the very prettiest, daintiest things you have, and they will love you ten times more, because they will be proud of you."

"Maybe you're right," reluctantly admitted the other. "I guess I'll leave on this white skirt and georgette waist all evening, and my new pumps. I was going to change, since we aren't going, but maybe I'd better stay dressed up, if you think Frank and the children would like it."

"I know they will," heartily answered The Business Woman.

Well, they've been showing the fall and winter styles in the store windows for some time now, and the H.C. of L. is just as much in evidence as it was last year. Seems as though it would realize pretty soon that everybody is tired of it.

Some folks seem to measure the success of their vacation by the amount of sunburn they can show when they get home.

It takes an awful good-looking woman to look beautiful at the end of a day of preserving.

Variety For Everyday

"VARIETY is the spice of life"—yet too many of us keep all our spice for company and special occasions. Make your housekeeping more interesting for yourself, and your meals more interesting for the family, by studying little ways of changing the diet. This does not mean that you need to spend more money.

Don't have the same old cereal, rolls and coffee for breakfast every morning in the week. There are literally dozens of good cereals on the market. Find out which ones your folks like best. It is no extravagance to order six or seven different kinds at one time, and then change off, serving a different one every morning. By rotating, all of every box will soon be used up, before any have had time to get wormy. Use different kinds of fruit, and change off from rolls to toast, biscuits, corn-bread, muffins, etc.

Do you realize that potatoes can be served in a dozen different ways? They can—here are the different ways: plain boiled, baked, mashed, riced, stuffed, scalloped, creamed, hash-browned, French fried, German fried, boiled and tossed in butter with minced parsley, boiled and tossed in a frying pan with bacon dripping till browned. So shame on you, Mrs. Housewife, if you give your family plain boiled "spuds" seven dinners a week.

A Baking Dish Trick

IF you have a silver or nickel baking dish, with an inner pan of agate ware, you have doubtless discovered that it does not hold more than enough for one serving around, if there are six or eight at the table. And most folks want a second helping, especially if the baking dish contains one of the chief dishes of the meal, such as baked hash, macaroni and cheese, rice and cheese, or scalloped potatoes. A good plan is to buy another agate basin of exactly the same size as your inner baking pan. Then when you are preparing a baked dish, you can bake two pans full, one for the first helping and the other for the second helping. If you have a good sized family with healthy appetites, it makes a big hit about the middle of the meal to bring on the second dish, in the silver container, all crisp and brown and just as attractive as the first dish was.

They say necessity is the mother of invention. Mebbe so. We'll believe it about cook stoves and hair pins and useful things like that, but what we want to know is, *whose child is the saxophone?*

Bet the ocean will be glad when the bathing season ends and it can recuperate from the shock of some of the 1920 model bathing suits.

Use Your Apples Twice

THE old saying about killing two birds with one stone may be borne in mind by the thrifty housewife at canning time; as many of the fruits may be made to do double duty, giving up part of their juice for jelly, the remainder with the pulp making a delicious jam. Currants, raspberries and blackberries may all be used that way, only it must be remembered that if the jam is to have any flavor, only part of the juice may be extracted for jelly.

Here is an oft-tried and reliable method of using one batch of apples in two ways:

Wash carefully one peck of crab-apples and with a sharp little knife remove the pod end and any specks. If you have a fireless cooker, put about a quart of water over the apples and cook for three hours. If you have no cooker, boil slowly in a covered kettle, with enough water to cover the apples, until the fruit is tender. While the apples are cooking make a pickle syrup of two cups vinegar, six cups sugar (brown or granulated) one tablespoon cloves and four or five sticks of cinnamon broken into pieces. Bring this to a boil.

Get jars for your pickled apples all washed and sterilized by boiling. Do not wipe them. While the jars are still hot, drain the cooked apples, place them quickly into the jars, pour over them the hot syrup, with several sticks of the cinnamon cooked down into each jar, and seal quickly. These pickled apples are delicious for winter use with roast pork or cold meats.

With your apples out of the way you still have left a kettle of juice for jelly. Strain this through a jelly bag to remove any solid particles of apple, use about three-fourths as much sugar as you have juice, and boil briskly till it jells. Pour into sterilized glasses while they are still hot.

After you have put part of your jelly into glasses, a pleasant flavor can be given to what remains by boiling with a few mint leaves. This mint flavored jelly is especially appropriate to serve with roast lamb.

When jelly is cold, cover each glass with a thin coating of melted paraffin.

—o—

Mr. Newlywed Speaks

When we on simple rations sup,
How easy is the washing up!
But heavy feeding complicates
The task by soiling many plates.

And though I grant that I have prayed
That we might find a serving-maid,
And scullion all my days, I think,
To see Her smile across the sink!

Wash, She wipes. In water hot
Gousse each dish and pan and pot;
While Taffy mutters, purrs and begs
And rubs himself against my legs.

The man who never in his life
Has washed the dishes with his wife,
Or polished up the silver plate—
He still is largely celibate.

The warning: There is certain ware
That must be handled with all care;
The Lord Himself will give you up
If you should drop a willow cup!

—Christopher Morley.

—o—

Never use soda for scrubbing floors and tables, as it makes the boards a bad color. Plenty of soap and water cleanses just as well.

Substitute Rice When Potatoes Are High

WHEN potatoes are very expensive, as they have been lately, the thrifty housewife can substitute rice for them without cheating the stomachs of her hungry family. Food specialists have discovered whereas potatoes are composed of about four-fifths water and one-fifth food material, rice is four-fifths food and only one-fifth water. So you see when you buy rice you are getting real nourishment for your money.

Careful cooking makes rice as appetizing as potatoes. The fireless cooker is splendid for rice, as is also the steamer or double-boiler. It is a good plan to cook a good sized quantity at once, since it can be used in so many ways. A good dish of rice baked with either cheese or tomato is a splendid potato substitute, while the addition of milk, sugar, raisins, and an egg, gives a delicious and very nourishing pudding, good either hot or cold.

—o—

Savory Rice

2 cups rice, boiled in salted water
4 tablespoons butter, bacon fat or drippings
2 slices onion
2 cups tomato
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup grated cheese

Cook the onion in the butter or drippings till browned. Add the cooked rice and brown it slightly, stirring to prevent burning. Add tomato, seasonings, and part of the grated cheese. Put all into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle remainder of cheese over top, bake until slightly browned on top. This amount serves six good portions.

—o—

Rummage Pickles

2 quarts green tomatoes
1 quart ripe tomatoes
3 small sticks celery
1 large green pepper
1 large cucumber
1 small cabbage
3 large onions
½ cup of salt

Chop all the vegetables except the celery and cover with the salt. Let stand over night. Drain well in the morning. Add the chopped celery, cover with three pints of vinegar and two pounds of brown sugar. Cook till tender and seal in hot sterilized jars.

—o—

Men are funny things. Lots of them
go out and sow their wild oats in a peach
orchard—and then expect to pick a pipkin!

—o—

Some of your neighbors come in without
knocking, but a lot of them can't stay in
that way!

—o—

While the first baby is in his cradle his
folks look forward to his becoming a fore-
man or maybe President of the company
some day. But by the time he is six
years old they have got to the point that
they'll be satisfied if they can keep him
in shoe leather till he is old enough to
earn his own clothes.

—o—

Mrs. Worru no sooner stops fretting
about the children getting their fingers
blown off on the Fourth of July than she
begins to agonize over the awful price the
butcher will probably charge her for
the Thanksgiving turkey.

Don't "Kattercorner" Your Home

MANY women think they give a cozy, home-like appearance to a room by slanting the rugs, instead of placing them straight, and putting bureaus, beds, sideboards, desks, pianos and other large pieces of furniture across the corners instead of straight back against the wall. In the case of a bureau or piano, this is sometimes done to get a better light on mirror or music. But the best interior decorators say that rooms are in better taste, look more restful and have more space when the heavy furniture is all back against the wall and not slanted across any corners. Rugs, too, look better when laid straight instead of slanting.

Don't be afraid of making the room look stiff and formal by placing things straight. A room that is neat and orderly, with clean curtains, a few inviting chairs, a few attractive pictures and, if it is a living room, a comfortable couch with a few pillows that look as though they had been made for use and not for display, cannot look stiff. It will look more restful and more roomy if nothing in it is "kattercornered."

—o—

Selecting Food

THE most important thing to be observed in the choice of livers and kidneys, as with all internal organs, is their freshness. They should be free from spots and discolorations. The color of fresh fish is always clear—the skin smooth and unwrinkled, the body firm and plump, and the eyes bright.

The legs and feet of fowl indicate their age. Smooth legs and feet, with scales only slightly overlapping each other, indicate the young bird. After the first year, the legs become rough and the scales develop large and overlap. The skin should present a clear and unwrinkled appearance. Colors vary greatly with the breed and do not register the tenderness or freshness of the bird. The degree of softness and elasticity of the feet of ducks and geese reveal their age, while the contour of the breast bespeaks their quality.

—o—

"No," said the confirmed Bachelor, "If I had a wife I shouldn't object to her using powder if she had a shiny skin. Using powder on the face is no crime, but using it on the face and *not* on the neck and behind the ears is a crime!"

—o—

My Daisy Field

Looking out of my window,

A daisy field I see;

Each little daisy,

Nodding and beckoning to me.

I know if they could talk

Just what they would say,

"Come out and frolic with me

This lovely summer's day."

Bending and swaying

In the soft, warm breeze,

Decking the meadows

With playsome ease.

Dainty little daisy,

I'll miss you when you go,

You've lent me inspiration,

Swinging to and fro.

The daisy is one of the earliest of our wild flowers. Children come from far and near to gather daisies, which make a beautiful centerpiece surrounded by red roses. The daisy has always been a favorite flower with lovers of nature. It's a symbol of Love and Fidelity. Burns, Wadsworth and Bryant have all written charmingly about this little wild flower.

Ella K. Livermore.

Furlong's Follies

If George Drew three kings, what made Louie lie, Sir, and when did Eddie Lee land and Al Buck up?

A lotta gazabos in the yard must have foreseen this "soapy spell," because so many of them committed matrimony the last month or so.

We knew "Morseville" had it's "Mayor," its Board of Aldermen, election, band, etc., but we didn't know the "Chief of Police" till Harry White sent us a "summons" recently.

Some guy once said, "Show me your associates and I'll tell you what you are." Wish the world could see our little Association, and believe me, Buddy, we'd be happy to be judged by it.

"Fire! Fire!" said Jim McGuire.
"Where? Where?" said Dan O'Hare.
"On Pier 2," said George Drew.
"My bunch'll go," said Joseph Lowe.
"We've got it all put out, my son," said Joseph Toomey, the son of a gun.

Paradoxical in avoirdupois, synonymous in acceleration of all movements for the welfare of the Association, Morgan O'Brien (210 pounds) and Willie Wherry (105 pounds) are two of the most indefatigable boosters the Association has.

George Drew of the Plate Shop's a sinner.

He's always looking for dinner,
There's no one yelled louder,
Though he ate but one chowder,
As usual George was a winner.

Three men from the yard we work in,
Hannavin, McGuirk and Joe Quinn,
All went to our Outing
And sure did some shouting
For "Fat Man" O'Brien to win.

At the Outing we met quite a bunch
Who put us wise to a bunch
That young Georgie Gardner
Our local Ring Lardner
Was pestering Chas. Jennings for lunch.

The writer has worked against Joe Lowe's political aspirations more than once, but we had never seen what a faithful energetic worker he was for the Association. Joe's defeats never dampened his ardor. We've been told he's a hard loser, but by heck, they can't say he's a sore loser. Good boy, Joe, we're with you next time.

—o—

Pipefitters Plan Big Time

A Pipe Shop Halloween is being planned for the evening of October 30th, and Acme Hall, Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, has been engaged for the "Get-Together."

Foreman John Murphy and his assistants say they are not to be outdone by the Riggers and other departments in the matter of these occasional good-fellowship sessions.

Surprises in the way of entertainment will be sprung, but the session will not pass out without the little talks by the heads of the department, urging the co-operation and interest of the men.

The tickets are limited to Pipe Shop workers, who now have sufficient representation to quite fill Acme Hall.

Letters of A Self Made Riveter to His Son

My dere Sun Micky—

Hear I am lnce moar with nuse from the Boys as per yore instruksions.

We hadda fine time at Morse's Piknic. Yore Muther maid a home-maid huckel beri pi witch we brot with us, but little Paddy carried it & when we got 2 the Park the Pi lukt sick—so did little Paddy.

Bill Kiernan wuz there with his car, & his Boss, Billie McKeon seen him & sent him on a errant. Kiernan didn't get sope 4 it, but he got a lotta spirit UL consolation offa McKeon.

Jimmie McFarlane wuzn't there coz he knew his bunch uv Burners wuz gonna cop alla the Prizes & he didn't have the Hart to see the disappointed faces on the guys in the other depts.

A good time wuz had by all Xcept Harry Anderson, who judged the Kid's gaims, 87 kids finished & 84 uv them thot he wuz 1st.

George Gardner woodn't run coz they woodn't put the Judges at the starting point insted uv the finish. He sed he could run better away from a Judge than towards him.

I had a new helper on the DeKalb named Salmon but Whitman kot him smoakin & Salmon got canned.

Tom Cavanaugh & Jim Hennessy is talkin it up 4 the Irish Republic and Morris Levy is helpin them. Clancy sez Morris is a true son of Erin only he spells it Aaron.

I wuz drivin rivets in the chane locker on the Chas. Pratt & I sez to my helper, "Trow down yore air gun," & he thru me it down. "Hurry up down, and bring down yore 'old man,'" sez I. "Me old man is dead," sez he & bustit out cryin. Knockin cents in 2 a guy like that is like trying to put a 5/8 rivet in 2 a haffinch hoal. It can't be dun—still there's guys wot try to do it.

I had brekfist in the yard restrant yesterday & I wuz openin me eggs when Joe Quinn sez, "Looka that guy workin on a shell job." I chukt a kruller, witch is a doe-nut with a haff hitch in it, at him, but he dukt.

Larry O'Neil wuz doin a Hootch E kootch on the Drake & sez 2 the bunch, "It otta cost U guys a dollar a peace to see this," when Harry White kum along & it cost Larry 80 cents 4 doin it.

They're still plantin seade in front uv the Pipe Shop, but now that the coald wether is hear & the grownd is so hard, Joe Lowe sez they'll haffta plant it with a shot gun. I must close now, Micky, as I haffta fix the hen koop, witch has a kuppel a slats busted.

Hoping U R the same, I remain.

Yore Luving Father

—o—

Edward L. Traynor, inspector, is recovering from the serious injuries he sustained in a motorcycle accident several weeks ago. The accident occurred in the vicinity of Mersey Hill near Bedford Avenue. Mr. Traynor has undergone five operations upon his left leg which was fractured in four places. Many of his friends were pleased to see him at the annual outing. His attendance indicated too his keen interest in Morse affairs as he had to use crutches to get to the picnic. "Couldn't miss the outing," he said, "And it sure does seem good to see the fellows from the yard."

—o—

Time goes fast in the Plate Shop since Bill Schroder got his new watch.

New Craft Launched

WOULD that Mr. Drumm, the Canadian poet, could have muse about the oil barge, *Jimmie Collins* as he did about the "Wreck of the *Juli Plante* on Lake Champlain."

Of course, we don't want to have Skip per Jimmie Collins tie his daughter to the mast and have her freeze there while the barge is grounded in a wintry storm; the fellow in the poem did, but Mr. Drumm could have written a nice piece about the launching of the barge.

It was launched from the Plate Shop in our yard; dropped right over onto the big dry dock and lowered into the South Brooklyn waterfront with the *S. S. F. Q. Barstow*, which was on the dock at the same time. This launching occurred Saturday, August 28th, picnic morning. But perhaps we'd better explain just what the Oil Barge *Jimmie Collins* is.

It's a big floating tank, built in the Morse Plate Shop, by Morse workmen and affords a new service to ships coming here. When ships' tanks have to be emptied of oil, *Jimmie Collins*, and a tug boat to tow it, goes on the job.

The tank is equipped with a pumping apparatus, and the oil is drawn right into the barge's tanks which have a capacity of 800 barrels. The barge is 40 feet long 19 feet wide, and 17 feet deep, a solid mass of steel containing 13,852 rivets.

Jimmie Collins? Oh! He's the Plan Engineer for the Morse Company, the man whose engineering proficiency and efficiency keep up the steam and electrical power and maintain the whirr of industry.

—o—

Association Sells Shoes

LIEUTENANT Mygrant, band leader, is exhibiting six pairs of sample shoes direct from a manufacturer and orders for these shoes are being taken at comparatively low prices. Lieutenant Mygrant is acting for the Employees' Association and every man in the yard and offices of the company is entitled to take advantage of the offer. There is no obligation. You are invited to examine the shoes, and, if you like them, give your order to Mr. Mygrant. You pay on delivery.

The samples include dress and work shoes. The dress styles range in price from \$6.15 to \$8.25 while the work shoes can be obtained for prices between \$3.9 and \$5.25. The writer was privileged to see the shoes before announcement of their sale was made, and it can be truthfully said that they are worth the money.

Those interested in the announcement may see the samples during noon hours except on Tuesday and Thursday (band concert days) and every afternoon after 4 o'clock. Lieutenant Mygrant may be found in the Employment Office.

—o—

Want-Ad Column

For Sale—Three genuine Airedale dogs, pedigreed and registered stock, three months old, and country bred. Cheap. See Joe Murphy, Dial Office.

For Sale—Practically new bassinet, grey reed stroller and oak high-chair. Inquire by mail to:—

Adam F. Cobis, 82 43rd Street, Corona, Long Island

—o—

Opportunity comes every day to the man who believes in himself and goes out and chases after it.



"What's the name?" asked Tom Plunkett of an applicant for work. "Sandwich," was the reply. "Ham or egg?" Tom queries.

Mrs. H. D. Tillotson, Former Head of the Stenographic Department, paid the office force a visit recently. She was greeted with smiles wherever she went, and judging from the hand-clasps she received, she still maintains a warm place in the hearts of our office girls.

Mr. Pope of the local Standard Oil office in the yard says he didn't care if the cars were on strike. Shouldn't think he would after seeing him riding home in state the other evening, in that "Hudson."

Tom Plunkett, general utility man of the Employment Office, was pinch hitting, for F.O. McQuaid when the latter took his vacation. Tom knows the insurance game now, and the sick and injured got their checks as promptly as ever. "Mac" went to the Adirondacks.

Miss Catherine Ulmer, formerly of the Printing Department, is now attached to the Payroll Department.

Miss Celia Kurlandt, formerly of the Tabulating Department, is now a resident of Rockville Centre, L. I. As a motion picture studio has also located in Rockville, we expect that Celia will now realize her ambition to become a screen star.

Chief Devlin of the yard fire department vacationed during the week of September 13th in Winwood, Pa., and neighboring places. During the chief's absence from the yard, Joe Lowe was in charge of the fire department.

Miss Kirsten Jensen, our esteemed nurse, and Miss Mary Travers of Mr. Morse's office, have been roughing it in the wilds of Maine, the State made famous by blind tigers, moose and back woodsmen. Millbridge is the name of the place and it is just a few miles from the Canadian border.

And Marion still pines for Luzerne, N. Y. Tale of the lonesome "pine."

IT isn't often that one catches Frank Whitman napping but this picture is the real goods and we understand that Whit got away with it. At any rate no one ever heard of his receiving an efficiency slip. Some of Whitman's friends who saw the snapshot assure us that it was taken on a Hudson River excursion boat when Whitman was on his vacation, but we're from Missouri. Boy, please page the Investigating Department, we want to solve this mystery.



Frank Whitman

Mr. Charles G. Hall of the executive force, spent a delightful vacation during September in West Virginia, visiting some of the places familiar to his boyhood, including Wheeling, Clarksburg, and Charleston. On his return home he stopped off at Deer Park, Maryland and visited Washington's home in Mount Vernon. Mrs. Hall and their daughter accompanied him.

Miss Dellar of Mr. Benton's office decided recently to go on a diet. Shortly after her decision became known, she received an invitation from Miss Brady of Mr. Piper's office to dine with her at the Biltmore. The invitation was accepted. "Can't I change my mind?" said Miss Dellar when asked about the diet program.

When Hunt and Keenan went out one Saturday in Carlson's Hudson, Red Hot remarked that the brains of the company were departing, and George tipped his hat. A car makes a big difference.

While on his vacation, Fire Chief Devlin joined a choir up in Wayne County, Pa. The chief had met an old friend before going to church and when he started ragging the hymns, he was told to stop singing.

Mrs. Margaret Waterman, housekeeper has been vacationing in Norfolk, Va., her old home. Pass the waffles, please.

"Flowers are love's truest language," quoted Miss Remsen of Mr. Want's office the other day as she swiped a posey from one of our unsophisticated young men. Later in the day she was seen pulling out the petals and quoting "He loves me, he loves me not." Who's the guy, Miss Remsen?

The many friends of William S. Dooner, formerly head of our Disbursement Department, will be pleased to know that the Dooner family has been increased by one very fine boy who arrived September 1st.

John Hoffman, who has been clerking in the Receiving Department, for about a year and one half, resigned during the week of September 13th. to accept a position with the New York Central Railroad company. John was a capable and popular employee, and his departure was regretted by Mr. Thompson and all members of the department.

Gene Sullivan of the Towing Office spent his vacation in Ulster County, N.Y., at Ye Olde Homestead. He told glowing stories about the Morse yard, and all the folks plan to visit here when they come to see the Statue of Liberty and Grant's Tomb.

McCauley, of the Cost, donned a "monkey suit" and his other impedimenta on a Monday night to officiate as "best man" (Mac was as good as any there if not best.) He came early on Tuesday: but on Wednesday, How come, Mac?

Office Celebraties

IF we were asked to state the most outstanding characteristic of Albert W. Murray, Assistant General Manager, without hesitation we would mention his modesty. Possessed of an unassuming quiet, easy-going nature Mr. Murray has won the everlasting friendship and respect of his associates. A man who has had a thorough training in ship and engine building and who has seen long and varied service in ship construction and repair work, Mr. Murray has exceptional qualifications for the position he holds. Prior to coming to the Morse plant he was for several years with Lloyd's where he enjoyed a high rating as a man of technical ability and knowledge.



Albert W. Murray

Two Popular Employees Wed

MRS. Eleanor E. Shears whose pleasant voice is known to everyone in the plant who has occasion to use the telephone, became the bride of Charles E. Small, superintendent of the Blacksmith Shop on September 25th. Mrs. Shears was employed here as telephone operator for a year and eight months and the many friends she made during that time are very sorry to have her leave. Everyone of them asserts that Charlie Small is a mighty lucky chap. Mr. Small has been employed here for a long while and has been in charge of the Blacksmith Shop for the last few years. He has a large circle of friends. The nuptials were held in St. Andrews Episcopal Church, and were attended by many friends. The wedding trip was to Niagara Falls.

A Willis-Night

WALTER J. Willis lost his car the other night. Someone took it from his garage. When he reported the matter to the police they asked him how it was that he didn't hear the noise when the burglars were taking the machine out. "Why, that machine runs so quietly you'd never know it was around" he replied. In telling of the incident it was remarked that the car must have been a Willis-Knight. "Well," replied the proud owner, "I know it was a Willis-Night for me that night."

Famous Sayings

Goldsmith:—"Well, how they comin'?"
McCauley:—"It's a tough 'woil,' Jimmy."
Insull:—"Well, for cryin, out loud in the woods."
Jack Byers:—"Couckoo!"
O'Donnell:—"You don't mind if I have an aqua pura cocktail?"

Thompson, Disbursement, says he was born in a fog, for everything he touches is "mist."

John Billing is a glutton for punishment. He intends to commute from Rockaway this winter for "divers reasons."



"Slim" Carr of the Pipe Shop copped a fob in the three-legged race with a partner so much slimmer than he, that the bunch thought it a leg he borrowed from someone else.

Eddie Hannavin said there isn't as much brass in his store room as there was in the guy who thought he should have two chowders at the outing.

If anyone wants "front porch" candidates for the next Association election, we respectfully suggest Tom Cavanaugh or Eddie Hannavin.

Carley Stecher has been spending two weeks at Cranberry Lake. Carley's sojourn was at the proprietor's expense, as he sent several boys from the yard there. They all liked it except Dick Ullman, who objected to being served liver on Sundays.

Buch Farley is back in the yard. Formerly several years with the Painters, he is now one of our new timekeepers. Here's success, Buch.

Hughie McQuillan of the Inside Machinists was there with bells on at the Outing. Great, Hughie!

Stanley Van Dunk of the Hull Department, doesn't have much to say, but he is one of the most reliable helpers in the yard and a conscientious worker. Van has been here several years.

William P. Mitchell of the Pipe Coverers, also a member of the Morse band, was camped at Fort Wright, Fishers' Island, N.Y., with a military organization during August.

Friends in the yard have received postal cards from A. Holguson (2221) of the Boiler Department, who went to Panama on a trip in which he combined business with pleasure. Mr. Holguson sends regards to his co-workers.

Eddie Mayo of the Pipe Shop is an ex-cross country runner of championship honors. Eddie runs a little now under the colors of the Brooklyn, A. A.

Fred Daddi of the Carpenter Shop spent a part of his vacation motoring to Niagara Falls.

Noon time, and McKeon, timekeeper, is anxious to get away. He wanted to punch the diver's timecard. The diver was submerged near the big dock. McKeon dove down and punched his card, then left for dinner.—You can think of these easy after feeding on home-brew.

Captain Kirby lost his office pot while washing it in the slip back of the shanty. Dredging started soon after.

It is said that James MacFarlane has taken up the study of law. For Sale—"Further Adventures of James MacFarlane." Twenty nine volumes.

They took Gus Larsen away from helping Oscar, the "Sign King" and put him red-leading on the *Arcadia*. "From the sublime to the ridiculous," thought Gus, until he learned he was averaging over a "buck" an hour.

A.H.Matzen, trombone player in the band spent a two weeks' vacation in Chicago recently and tells an interesting story about Loop-the-loop. Who did you say you were with, Matzen?

Pete Bresnan says that anybody seeking information about flats should get in touch with Mr. Doherty of the Truck Garage, whose chauffeurs find a flat occasionally; sometimes two.

On the *S.S. Cuba*—"Smiling Ernest" (369), Outside Machinist, was reaming holes for holding down bolts. He said to Nick Melde, the snapper—"Hey, Nick! If they had this job for punishment in Sing Sing we would have fewer criminals in New York."

We have been requested to pass the hint along to Willis that the speed limit in the town of Yonkers is 12 miles per hour. No, not smiles, miles. Smiles don't get you anywhere with the traffic cops there.

Information comes to us that James Dougherty, foreman of the Traffic Garage, was seen hacking in Times Square during his vacation but we could get no verification of the report. We did learn however that Dougherty went to Pennsylvania on his vacation and it is suggested that perhaps the hacking stunt was to get money to pay for the trip. He had Willis' car, by the way.

Charlie Mazzio (8635) was a popular guy during the street car strike and his automobile was always crowded on the way home. Requests for a ride were so numerous that Charlie had to charge a fee but that didn't lessen his popularity.

Al Barnes, riveter, fell asleep and his wife cut his hair. Al is very much satisfied with the hair cut, and now he is going to buy his wife a shoe shine box.

Charlie Jennings, Morgan O'Brien and Joe Toomey were the heroes of a small fire on the *Tancarville*, Sunday evening, September 12th. When a blaze broke out in the vicinity of a paint locker aboard, the boys hustled for the Plate Shop apparatus, and extinguished the fire. But why was the alarm sounded after?

Billy Robbins of the Machine Shop, whose knowledge of machinery is unrivalled, is reported as having great trouble with the circulating system of his private still. Any suggestions from Shipping Board men will be appreciated.

Joe Martin claims that he's going to go to the bank every Saturday after he sells his car. Who's bank, Joe? The traffic or savings?

Artie Brown of the Hull Department has a sweetheart he calls "Soap." He's clean crazy about her.

Clancy didn't like our paragraph on him about Mr. Benner purchasing gas masks until a cigar dealer sent him six of his best smokes. Now Clancy wants us to write another.

Smithy asked Joe Luft of the Electrical Department for a loan of "two bits," "How much is two bits?" said Joe. "A dollar," said Smithy—and he got it.

"Do you live near the yard?" asked a fitter of Joe McGuirk, "Yes," said Mc., "20 minutes by subway, half an hour by elevated, and 45 minutes by telephone."

Marty Cosgrove says he remembers when 10-20-30 used to be the price of a ticket for a good show. Now it doesn't pay the War Tax.

Charley Lohman says—"This is the month when we uster glance appetizingly at the signs, 'October Brew.'"

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, On the Pipe Shop soap hound, young Slim Carr

When he sees this, oh, me, oh, my, He'll bounce an "elbow" off my eye.

A fellow applied to Richardson of the Employment Office for a job as a carpenter. "Gotta set of tools?" said Mr. Richardson, "Sure" said the guy, "a hammer, saw and a chisel." Richardson fainted and Frank Whitman gave the guy a cigar, saying, "You've got nerve if ya got nothin' else."

Red Hot says that where there's grease there's always "soap," but where there's smoke-ing there's generally fire-ing.

Charlie Hensen of the Welding Department who has been working all season on the boilers of the *Mandalay*, was taken for one of the crew by two girl visitors who asked him where the dance hall was.

Mat McCarraghrs of the Pipe Shop runs two baseball contests, one for himself and one for his son. Who wins, Mac?

L. Benjamin of the Pipe Shop was busy one noon time dreaming about the ponies. Charlie Fitzimmons came along and asked: "What's the name of that ship, Ben we were on last week?" Ben replied: "Man-O-War, and a damn fine horse I'll tell the world."

A reward to anyone who knows or has seen Joe Daley's angel or Jack Moran's beans: Apply Pipe Shop.

James McLaughlin of the Plate Shop is seen eating ice cream every lunch hour. Prohibition is a wonderful thing.

John Dunn of the Burners will run "Young" Terris of the Inside Machinists. Paddy Feeny challenges the winner.

Safety First Spells . . .

Safety always—all ways

Earning power is prolonged by safety

Let George take chances

Forethought is cheap; afterthought is expensive

Provide danger guards

Remember you have folks at home

Other men are careful, why not you?

Teach the new men the right way

Enthusiasm for safety is the big thing in industry

Call help for a job you can't handle

Think as much of the other fellow as of yourself

Instruct him in the lessons of Safety

Only the safe way is the right way

Now is the time to practice "*Safety first*"

MORSE SERVICE PICTURED



Top left photo depicts the Norwegian Steamer, Sark, being ushered into Dry Dock by Morse Tugs.

Photo below is the S. S. Eastern Coast, built in Japan to meet the U. S. Shipping Board's War-Time programme, undergoing repairs in the Morse yard.

Circle photo is the Eileen Morse of the Morse Tug Fleet, and the official mark boat in Shamrock-Resolute Races. The photograph was taken by M. Rosenfeld during heavy seas when the Yachts were forced to withdraw.

Top right photo shows a steamer of 5858 gross tons, from Kawasaki Ship Yard, Kobe, Japan, on one of our dry docks.

Bottom picture is that of Avalon, in service as a Pacific Coast Excursion Ship, after being rebuilt by this company. The excellent picture was taken and copyrighted by B. V. G. Reyes through whose courtesy we are permitted to publish it.

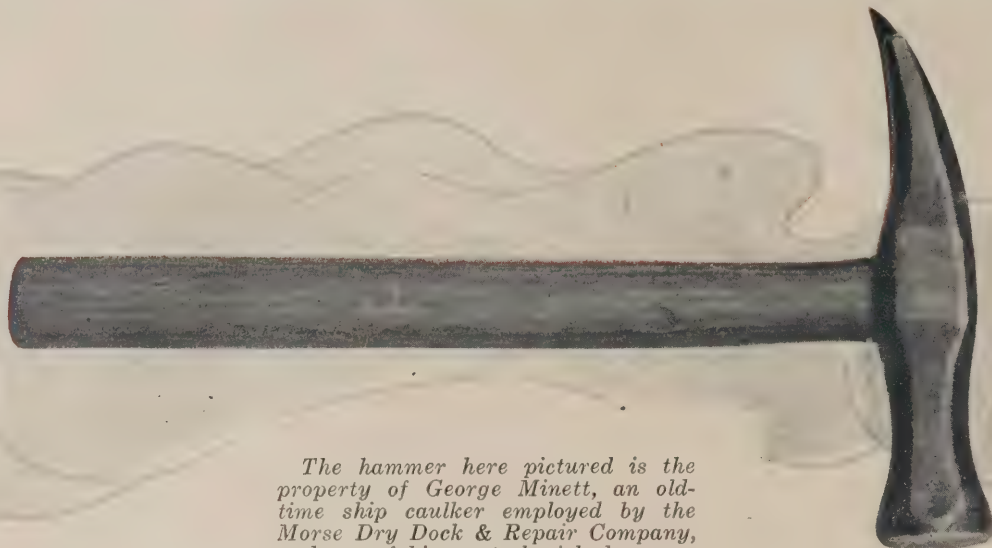
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MORSE DIAL

November 1920





The hammer here pictured is the property of George Minett, an old-time ship caulker employed by the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and one of his most cherished possessions. The hammer was forged by Mr. Edward P. Morse, Sr., thirty-two years ago, four years after Mr. Morse started in business.

Back of the Beatin' Hammer

(With apologies for the title to Berton Braley)

I T'S thirty years ago, boys,
 Since I carried it in my kit;
 Them was the days when a caulker
 Had to have the goods or quit,
 We was workin' on wooden bottoms,
 And a caulker was the boy
 To shape up in a gin-mill
 'Til the cry of "Ship Ahoy!"
 We didn't have no club-house;
 Used to go over to Dan's,
 Where caulkers was always welcome,
 And the brew went out in cans;
 We'd shape-up in a silk hat
 That was shiny for the silk,
 And nary a man would dare to say,
 "I'll take a little milk"
 Well, them was the kind of Dandies
 That carried a caulker's kit,
 And a hammer in your pocket
 Was like a dollar in your mitt;
 No rivet guns in them days,
 No tons and tons of steel;
 Just a sheath of copper,
 And a hammer for to wield;
 Them wooden ships was Lulus;
 They'd rock, and squeak and groan,
 And some of 'em was worm-eaten
 Like a corpse that was left alone;

An' a caulker had to get under,
 As well as on the decks,
 And to see the leaks in the bottoms,
 You didn't need no specs;
 Some of 'em was so rotten,
 They'd sink into the blocks;
 You was lucky they didn't crumble
 Afore they reached the docks—
 What'll I take for the hammer?
 Why, you haven't got the price!
 It'd be as cold to you, man
 As a fish upon the ice—
 But to me it's warm as the summer
 sun
 An' recalls my palmy days
 When a caulker was the boy to
 mend
 A ship upon the ways;
 Where was it made? — at
 Morse's!
 E. P.'s old place, I
 mean
 An', gee, how it re-
 minds me
 Of the good old days
 I've seen!

—Joe L. Murphy



MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

November, 1920

No. 11

An Industrial City and Its Commerce

By Joe L. Murphy

A PART from the community in which we live, we employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, are citizens of another city—"The City Within Our Gates."

Such a city has been described in part by an interesting booklet which is distributed to every new employee through the Employment Department, that department which pulses with the influx and the ebb-tide of our population.

"The workers of the Morse Company," says this booklet, "outnumber the inhabitants of some incorporated cities." The activities of the citizens of our industrial centre are likened to those of any regularly settled community, village or town. Industry is coupled with civic and community responsibilities, for the resident within these gates has all of these.

We have our own industrial and social government as embraced by the Employees' Association, and in this magazine we have an official newspaper of and for that government. We have our fire department, our hospital, our band, our meeting room, our restaurant and various other features which identify all progressive growing communities.

Industry is the key by which one is admitted and remains in our city, but

industry is not stretched to the point of making our existence one of humdrum toil, with all work and no play. Our government, embodied in the Employees' Association, sees to it that our social life is brightened. We have, apart from other outside amusements, our monthly meetings and entertainments, our band concerts, Christmas parties and different social affairs.

But as industry forms the backbone of our city and our government, so does commerce play its part in our success and advancement, and it should be of interest

to our readers to know those channels through which that commerce passes.

Being a city, we, of course, have trade and tradesmen, stores and delivery systems, the only difference being that our commerce involves materials such as are used in the repair and reconditioning of ships. As these materials run into thousands upon thousands of dollars it is very important that we have well-managed departments in which this material is purchased, received, handled and distributed.

What may be called our general store is located at a central spot within our gates and occupies several thousand feet of floor space in the basement of our main office building, facing the thoroughfares which lead to our shops, piers and docks. This

The New Citizen

Lewis Hartley Wilson

I am the new man, the new dweller in your wonderful city. A stranger, I came unknown to your people, but your citizens took me in, received me with kindness and courtesy and made me one of them. They assigned to me a place in their midst and my allotted tasks were made easier by the co-operation, kindness and good feeling of my fellow workers. This is why contentment grew within me and a spirit of loyalty to those in authority in our city, began to permeate my being.

All citizens are equal in this city and loyalty and service are the only requisites for preferment. Here the quiet unassuming workman, he in unkempt working garb, needs no herald if he possess ability and loyalty. In this city the citizens tarry long and son follows father in the path of loyalty and service within the commonwealth. And our chief ruler is loved and esteemed by those under him.

Such is the city I am now a citizen of; the end is labor with contentment, compensation commensurate with tasks performed and the pride and joy of citizenship in the city of Contented Workers, where the disturber finds no resting place and each dweller is proud of his citizenship.

store is designated as the Receiving Department and in it may be found materials and supplies ranging in size from a tack to ships' anchors and chains.

A busy receiving and distributing centre is this department with its store superintendents, and keepers and its office clerical force.

The activity abounding here is first generated by William J. Daly, purchasing agent, and his staff, who negotiate for the purchase of our city's supplies and direct that they be delivered to the large Receiving Room, which, in turn, distributes them to its sub-stores which may be found in the many shops and departments, in this most complete ship repair yard.

Some of these sub-stores carry in themselves a large and expensive stock and require the services of one or more store-keepers, such, for instance, as the brass storeroom, a model store in itself.

It is quite evident that these sub-stores are essential and help solve the problem of distribution of the vast volume of materials such as brass, copper, bronze, composition metals, rivets, bolts, angles, pipefitting and sheet metal materials, plumbers' and machinists' supplies and innumerable fittings used in the daily work of our big organization.

Metals aggregating hundreds of tons and representing thousands of dollars, are checked in and out of the Receiving Department, and started through the channels which lead to final destination. The smallest parts which may come by messenger or parcel post, find their way first to the Receiving Room and are checked

with the same attention to detail which accompanies the more valuable consignments.

Uniform system and rigid routine govern the management of the central stores and their subsidiary branches. Not all materials billed for our city come via the water route—railroads and motor trucks bear a share of the burden—but for a purely illustrative purpose, the object of which is to show the procedure in receiving city supplies, let us use the water route.

A barge or lighter laden with supplies of iron, sheet steel or massive ships' fittings may tie up alongside one of our piers, convoyed there by Morse tugs, and awaited by riggers and laborers whose work is facilitated by the cranes and hoists which dot our yards and waterfront.

Before the process of unloading starts, the Receiving Department, or general store, must be notified. A checker is dispatched and the consignment, being found O.K., is unloaded in minimum time under the supervision of the checker or receiver, acting for the stores, and watchful that the work is done quickly to save demurrage.

The operation of our stores is under the direction of men who know the law of supply and demand as it applies to this industrial city's requirements.

William J. Daly, purchasing agent and his assistants are mindful of our needs, and have the very great responsibility of placing the orders for all materials purchased by our company in connection with its business. This responsibility carries

with it the important task of seeing to it that prompt deliveries of the materials ordered, are made, and that the materials are purchased at the lowest market prices and in the most economical way.

A purchasing agent is generally a walking price-list, and catalogue combined. He has to know the current market prices on all materials; he has also to know from whom materials can be bought.

In William J. Daly, the company is fortunate in having a veritable encyclopedia of information pertaining to the cost of things used in our city. Mr. Daly who has grown up with the company has arrived in his present exalted position by reason of faithful and conscientious service. His position is a trying and very difficult one, and many are the stories he could tell about his strenuous game, could one find him unoccupied long enough to tell them.

Some day we'd like to have Mr. Daly furnish us a story which we could head, "War Reminiscences of a Shipyard Purchasing Agent," because we know that such a story would be worth the telling.

Talk about romance in industry, there is romance enough in that one department of our industry to fill volumes with interesting reading.

Like every other department in our big organization, the purchasing department has been greatly expanded in recent months. Whereas Mr. Daly once had the added responsibility of attending to the receiving and distribution of materials, this important phase of our city's commerce is handled now under the direct supervision of Superintendent of Stores, Harry C. Thompson and his assistant, Frank A. Brennan.

John Byers is chief receiving clerk and William Schwartz is keeper of the main store, Edward Hannavin is custodian of the Brass Storeroom, rich in pure and alloyed metals, and an important unit of our distributing system.

These tradesmen and their assistants handle the commerce of our city and provide us with supplies which turn the wheels of industry, preserve our industrial city and hold together our citizens, some of whom have lived here since that time when Mr. Edward P. Morse, Sr., and the first settlers arrived.

S'Marvelous

OPEN a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5; then add 20; then add the number of the line you have selected; add 5; multiply the sum by 10; add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the tens column the number of the line; and the remaining figures the number of the page.

Senior and junior alike will find interest in testing this puzzle out and endeavoring to reason why the result is right every time.

—Kalamazoo House Magazine

A third story has been added to the office building, near the head of the big dry dock, between Piers 2 and 3. The new floor is occupied by Assistant General-Manager Murray, Superintendent Charles Hallock and Walter J. Willis, in charge of the company's turbine work, which includes turbine balancing.



Commerce within our gates originates in our Purchasing Dept., and is carried through our stores, as shown in larger pictures of group. Small picture at top right is Wm. J. Daly, Purchasing Agent. Small left photo is Ed. Hannavin of brass storeroom. Bottom group from left to right includes: J. Byers, W. Schwartz, H. Thompson, F. Brennan and M. Shonberg.

Pictures by Morse Photographer

A Real Chance To Learn

IT is almost three months since the opening of apprenticeship courses for the youth of the Morse organization. Twenty-eight students were enrolled at the start. While the class has not materially decreased in size, some of those apprentices who started the term have completed their apprenticeship terms, and others have left for school. However, there are newcomers from time to time and it is expected that the class will eventually reach the numerical strength of fifty or thereabouts.

Thomas C. Rathbone, of Mr. Kelly's draughting staff, is directly in charge of the classes. At the beginning of this term he was rather lenient in the matter of class discipline, the Saturday school periods in the Assembly Hall being new to the boys. But as the work has progressed, the school sessions have taken on the seriousness which marks earnest work, and the discipline is most satisfactory.

Up to the present time, but four main subjects have been taught—arithmetic, algebra, geometry and mechanical drawing, the essentials of a technical education, but plans have been formulated for courses of instruction in elementary ship design, study of ship's machinery, auxiliaries, electricity, industrial physics, hydraulics, general design, etc.

Special courses suited for the individual departments are also planned, such as sheet-metal development, pattern-making designs, etc. Special work is to be given to the more advanced students as well as those whose education is below standard. In addition to the valuable training offered through the apprenticeship course, the class attendants receive instructions on mental and body hygiene from Dr. Wynne, of the company's medical staff.

Following are the apprentices who had high averages following the review of October 2; Misset, Kelly, F. Hanson, Ambriano, Colletti, DeLomma, McKenzie, Burr, Felice, Tramantana.

Distinguished Visitors

SELDOM does a week pass that the Morse plant is not favored by a visit of some delegation of foreign speaking people, interested in shipping. Here, where we repair many foreign merchant ships, we receive the representatives of far-off countries, who are eager to inspect the most complete ship repair plant in America. Our monster floating dry dock which is as well known abroad as it is here, alone attracts many visitors.

The latest group of foreign delegates to pay us a visit were men from the Orient, representing shipbuilders, owners, operators, importers and exporters, and also the Imperial Japanese Navy. A tour of New York and vicinity was not adjudged complete lest the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. of Brooklyn be included in the itinerary.

Mitsui & Co., Ltd., of Tokio, Japan, maintain an office at 65 Broadway, New York, and this office is the Mecca for many Japanese shipping men. H. Merker, who is shown in one of these groups, is the official interpreter of the company, well known among the shippers of Nippon. T. Ikeda, also pictured in one of these groups, is an executive in the company's freight department. These gentlemen from the Orient spent the better part of a day in our yard and found much to marvel at. They expressed surprise at the completeness of our service and the rapidity with which our big docks were operated,

Letters of A Self-Made Riveter To His Son

My dere Sun Mickey,

jest a few lines 2 let u kno every Think is O. K. in the Yard & all the boys is astin 4 u, so I am sending the nuse 2 U.

Joe McGuirk shuk his storor kell-E 4 A veLure katie. He sed he wood of wore It yet only Jimmie Hennessey put It on the Bum carrying Rivets in It.

Sum 1 gave mr. Crawford a receep 4 makin A Beveridge with A kick in it outa Dandylions & he tolled Billy McKeon & Billy tolled him this wuz A helluva time 2 tell him coz he kud of had Tom Cavanaugh grow Dandylions this summer indest of posies.

Dick Ullman lost his pare of workin shoes & sed he found them again on the new Dry dock, but Charley Lohman sez this is im Possible coz the dock is limited to 30 thousand tuns.

Tommy Tighe sed they shud of named the Jimmie Collins after Louis DeGroot coz It tuk to water so well.

There is not mutch nuse, Mickey, only Jimmie MacFarlane wuz lookin at A 2nd Hand car last weak & wud of bot It only It didnt have no whip sockit on It.

Matty Wright brot his car 2 A repare shop & ast the guy wot she needed 2 B A number 1 & the guy sed, "Chip her & caulk her."

Tom Cavanaugh seen Joe Murphy's ad in the Dial about dogs 4 sail & Tom went & bot a Hen so he kud sell sum of the Eggs 2 sum of the Eggs in the yard, but the Hen's name wuz Jerry & Tom hadda callit off.

Billy Connolly bot a N gagement ring 4 his Financee & Showed It 2 Dan Cochrane & Dan sed, "That's wot I call A swell plate job."

Jack Coffey had A Nuncle who dyed & Jack went 2 a forchin teller 2 find out where he went 2. "He's within a mile of Hevin," sez she, & tuk 2 buks offa Jack. Then she went in 2 A Nuther trance & sed, "He's A haffa mile from Hevin" & tuk 2 moar buks offa Jack. Then she

went in 2 A Nuther trance but be 4 she kum out uv It, Jack beat It, coz he wuz nearly broak, but he left a Note wot sez, "If he kant maik that lettin go ta hell."

Not many guys goes outa the yard noontimes now & It seems strange 2 see Tom Flaherty & Frank O'Brien with ice cream Cohens in their hands.

Jack McDonough went in 2 the yard restrint & ast 4 an Eyetalian omelet. "Never herd uv sutch a Thing," sed the wayTress. "Aw," sed Tom, "it's maid outa eggs from a Guinea hen."

Lotts the guys got sope on the tanker Ville & Jerry Cleary workt on her & him & Frank, the time Keeper got on fine. Frank sez he luvz every bone in Jerry's hed.

Joe Donovan had A argument the other nite with a kunductor on his way hoam—that is—the kunductor wuzn't on his way hoam—Joe wuz—and he tolled the kunductor he had his i on a sete & A guy sat on it—that is, on the sete—not on his i.

Frank Kenny heard Chipper Rogers singin a Song uv his own, entitled, "Hey, Matty," & sed, "Gee, Rogers, if I kud get that tune on A Pianola record i'd maik a forchin."

Geo. gardner is soapin It up as per Usual. He workt all nite 1 day last weak & Red Hot ast him wuz he ringin in or ringin Out & geo. hadda run back & ast Billy McKeon wot wuz he.

Yore muther & Me wuz at the in 4 mul dance held by the Pipefitters on Holler Eve & Be lieve me Boy, it wuz Sum rackit. It taiks those guys 2 run A affare. Joe Martin wuz thare in an opin face suit & Jack Murphy workt as if he wuz on a sope job, tryin 2 maik everybody happy.

Andy Dunn is workin 4 MacFarlane sortin out M. T. bottles from those wot is full uv Gas.

Hoping U R the same, I remain
Youre luving Father

McQuaid, the insurance clerk, wants Mr. Piper to take out a golf insurance. Three dollars a year, covering all claims persons may make against Mr. Piper when he makes wild swings at the ball.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with some one who hasn't.



Picture on the left shows members of the Japanese Navy: (left to right—bottom row) Lieut. Commander M. Ossada, Engineer, Captain K. Goto, J. Yamoki, Ordnance Lieut. Commander T. Utsunomiya, (standing) N. Higuchi, Electrical Engineer Seiji Hashimoto, Kent Okasaki, representing the Morse Company.

Picture on the right: (left to right) standing—T. Ikeda, H. Merker, (sitting) S. Tada, R. Nishimura and S. Hongo, shipping representatives of Tokio.

A Message From Hell

SATAN, Faust, Mephisto and most of those big league sinners are strangers to Edward P. Morse, Senior, except as they have become familiar to him through unfortunate relationship and business dealings with their prototypes on this mundane sphere.

Hence, it was with unwonted surprise that Mr. Morse received through the mails a few weeks ago a card postmarked Hell. Brushing back the beads of perspiration which came to his brow, probably because of such direct contact with the lower regions, and reflecting on the uncertainties of life, he turned the card over seeking the name of the sender, and this is the message he read:

"Dear Sir:—From here I wish to thank you for that beautiful basket of fruit and for those nice cigars you were kind enough to send to the steamer on my departure from New York. I am smoking one of the cigars now and suppose you did not expect that they would reach such a famous place. Fortunately I procured a return ticket so I expect to be back in New York some time next month. With regards and best wishes I remain,

"Yours thankfully,

Th. Jullum."

The reverse side of the card depicted a scene in a village in Norway. The name of the village is Hell.

Here is Mr. Morse's answer to Captain Jullum:—

"When you left New York I had not the slightest idea that you were going to the place mentioned on your postal card, or I would have had the basket of fruit covered with asbestos. However, I am glad to hear that they will allow you to return in the near future. Looking at the picture on the post card, I am surprised to find that Hell is a very pretty place, and I should judge there is good boating and fishing in the bay. The next time I go to Europe, I will take a run down to the same place.

"Edward P. Morse, Sr."

Beating The Other Fellow To It

WE do not offer the following facts in a boasting way, but business is business, and it is only fair that we keep the marine trade informed that "Morse Service" is not falling below its high standard.

Recently a competitive ship repair concern declared that it could not machine and drill a propeller blade job in the three days allotted for the work.

Our Inside Machine Shop assumed the contract and turned the job out in two days. Some of the apparatus used in the work was conceived by "Billy" Robbins, superintendent of the Morse Machine Shop, and was constructed here for our use. The ship was the *S. S. Kamesit*.

Saves Money For Business Deal

AUSTIN L. KENNEDY, of the Burning Department, a Morse employee for several years and well known in the yard, is to open a sanitary and individual wet wash business at 90th Street and Fifth Avenue.

While working here and saving a part of his wages, Austin has been able to finance this business proposition, and those wives who preside over Morse households are asked to remember Austin when they are sending out clothes for washing.

Kennedy promises to give his customers a rub for their money and he says there will be plenty of soap in his new business.

Apprentices Form Club

MORSE apprentices to the number of about 35 have formed a club at the suggestion of Thomas Rathbone, instructor, and Thomas Plunkett of the Employment Office. The organization took place Saturday morning, October 2nd, following their weekly school session. It is the purpose of the club to have social get-togethers to promote the mutual interests and work of the class.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles Ambriano (3077) Inside Machinists; vice president, Charles Kelly of the Draughting Room; secretary and treasurer, Thomas Rathbone of the Draughting Room.

Other apprentices employed are: Ira Burr (3537) pipefitter, Angelo Nasta (7652) woodcaulker and Fred Mahland (6158) of the Electricians, whose father is employed in the Inside Machine Shop and Adrian Bernard (7132) Joiner Shop.

Garrett Missett (2909) and Archie White (3033) apprentices in the Inside Machinists, have returned from vacations. James Colletti (2834) also an Inside Machinists' apprentice, has joined the Claridge Club, a Bay Ridge organization.

How To Get A Home

SIX hale, good-looking young men are working on piece work in the same shop, beginning on the minute when the gate opens and stopping at the first blow of the whistle.

One of the six fellows "works like a horse," as the saying goes, because he is in love and expects to get married to a fine girl down town as soon as he can make "the first payment" on a little house he has his eye on. In his mind, he furnishes every room in that house every day, and he is at his work every day, while the other five shopmates work as little as they can and spend their Sundays in excursioning, fishing and jollifications, and their Mondays with headaches and "sleeping it off."

Mr. Dependable wins the good opinion of his employers, is appointed foreman and his wages raised; and he maps out work for the other fellows. Gets married and buys his small house; next thing, has a small shop of his own.

Time goes on. The industrious chap is making his way; owns a Ford, and his five comrades on the street corner, of an evening, see him and his little family taking the fresh air, while they, perhaps, adjourn to a meeting to pass a resolution on the labor hardships, because of inconsiderate capitalists.

The Locust

There's a bug in the tree, with a harsh high note,

Who tells of the fierce, long heat;
'Tis a heartless song that he sets afloat,
Its burden is far from sweet.
And you bravely strive to forget the pain
And the sun is blazing free,
But you strive in vain against the refrain
Of the bug in the maple tree.

There is many an hour that might still be fair,

For some faltering, toil-worn friend,
In spite of the care that he has to bear
And the sorrow that will not end.
Were it not for some babbling and
Thoughtless one,

Who prattles with gossip glee,
And from sun to sun lets his chatter run,
Like the bug in the maple tree.

They're Going Ahead

TO get a slant on the calibre of some of the young men employed here, we have been making inquiries lately and are pleased to be able to announce that a big percentage of our apprentices have enrolled in various schools of the city for night studies.

Peter Forti and Charles Kelley, Jr., both of the drafting room, are not content to rest back on the laurels they have already attained in connection with the free scholarships awarded them by the Company. Their ambition knows no bounds as is indicated by the fact that they have registered for special studies in Pratt Institute this year. We make the prediction that both of these boys are going to get to the top of the ladder because they've got the right stuff in them and they are wise enough to devote the best years of their life, to studies that will mean something to them later on. The parents of both of these young men have a right to be proud of them. The company they work for certainly is.

Charles Ambriano, Thomas Fauroth and Vincent Brasile are going to Cooper Union, inspired with the same ambition displayed by Forti and Kelley.

We learned also that the following young men have enrolled for studies in Manual Training High School:—

Frank Stadelberger, Frank De Somma, Tony Telese, Frank Sangiorgio, Walter House, Arthur Konop, Frank Owens, John Keating, Tony Nasta.

All these boys are to be commended for their efforts to get ahead.

Niobe Is In U.S. Dispute

THE *Niobe*, a steamship which was one of several figuring in a recent dispute between President Wilson and Lloyd George, came to this yard for U.S. inspection and minor repairs during the latter part of October.

In reference to the final disposition of the *Niobe* and the other vessels, an international dispute waged and was brought for settlement to the Supreme Council of the Allies. As a result of this dispute, the *Imperator* was detained by the U.S. Shipping Board.

A German subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company owned the *Niobe* and the ships in question, and, with the armistice, the allies confiscated eight of these tankers. They were sent to the Firth of Forth while England and the United States exchanged notes over the *Imperator*. When the U.S. said that the *Imperator* would be held if the tankers weren't turned over, Lloyd George "sat tight."

Then President Wilson ordered the Shipping Board to deliver the *Imperator* to the Cunard officials. Great Britain held to the tankers, and the matter was then brought to the attention of the Allied Supreme Council.

The tankers were really the property of the U.S., although they steamed under the German flag until the armistice. So, the high tribunal of the Allies awarded the U.S. five of them, of which the *Niobe* was one.

Sid Long of the Painters, stationed at the yard garage, has turned out some splendid work recently on some of the passenger cars. Sid can make a Flivver look like a Rolls-Royce. Foreman Mullaly calls him "Old Reliable."

Thrift is the means of thriving.

An Interesting Vessel

THESE are tankers, oil tankers, and cocoanut oil tankers among the ships that ride the ocean. We had one of the latter type here during the last part of August. This was the good ship *Tancarville*, which carries, instead of the oil which is a product of the wells, that oil which is used for shampooing and other purposes. We said "the good ship *Tancarville*" and indeed she is, for she has been in service many years and her hull is of iron plates.

While the *Tancarville* has been on dry dock at other times during her career, her powerful iron shell never before received a thorough overhauling such as she received here. Her hull was completely strengthened, new plates being put on where needed, and other plates made water tight. This outside covering job was most extensive, and indeed, the *Tancarville* might be said to possess a new underbody when she left here.

We have said that the *Tancarville* carries cocoanut oil. She does—generally, but she carries fuel oil, too. She is operated by the Filipino Vegetable Oil Co., and plies between Manila and London. The cocoanut oil, coming from the oil company's factory in Manila, is almost entirely disposed of in London. Just now cocoanut oil is quite expensive, and, of course, it only goes into the finest of toilet soaps. It is also used for shampooing creams and it is further utilized in the making of a butter.

The *Tancarville* has had an interesting history. Once it experienced a boiler explosion which caused the ship's sinking off the coast of Siam. The vessel was salvaged, however, and completely fitted out in Hong Kong. Since its conversion it has been known as the Motor Ship *Tancarville*. It has two motors of 500 horse power each. These are said to be giving excellent service, and an average speed of seven knots an hour.

The *Tancarville* recently made a trip from Manila to London in 69 days, including stops in Singapore, Suez and Port Said. On this trip she carried 2818 tons of cocoanut oil. She is 292 feet in length and of 37 foot breadth.

It is interesting to note that the personnel of ship's officers includes several Filipino deck officers. These natives are thoroughly Americanized and staunch advocates of the American Merchant Marine. They are apt students of shipping and navigation. And, also, they work with a spirit of loyalty and helpfulness toward the American officers aboard, including the captain, chief engineer and first assistant engineer.

Laugh!

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it, then
Sit on the lid and laugh!

Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and your worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely,
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely, then
Sit on the lid and laugh!

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.

Becomes Plant Chemist

J. S. KAVANAGH, chemist, has become identified with the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, having assumed duties during the week of Monday, September 27th. A laboratory for Mr. Kavanagh's use has been fitted out on the west end of the top floor of the Sheet Metal shop. At present Mr. Kavanagh is engaged in air tests and kindred work, but later he will take up research work consistent with the company's interests.

A graduate of the Columbia University chemical course, Mr. Kavanagh has for the past seven years been employed as a graduate chemist. Five of these years were passed in the employ of the Du Pont Company and afforded him valuable experience in his profession.

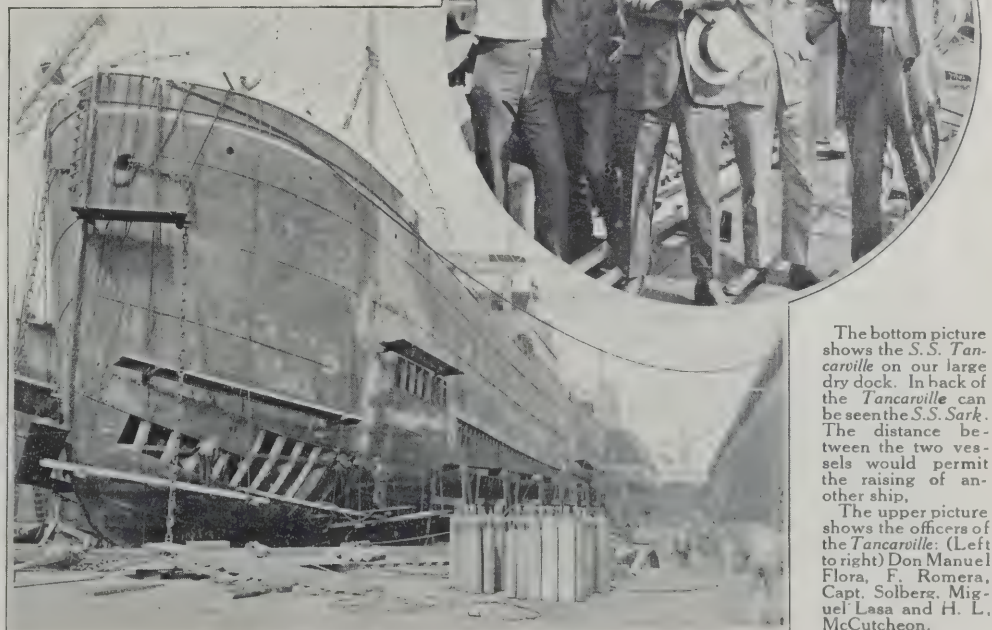
During the war, Mr. Kavanagh pursued experimental work in connection with high explosives. This work was carried on with the utmost secrecy, the scene of the experiments being laid in a dismal swamp a number of miles from habitation. A resident of 73rd Street and Bay Ridge for the past 16 years, Mr. Kavanagh was not an entire stranger to the Morse organization before coming here. In fact, he considers us so progressive that he is quite proud of his association with us.

Leaves To Resume Studies

HENRY B. KNOWLES, who has been employed as the payroll clerk of the Paint Shop, left this company Saturday, September 25th, to resume his art studies, this time abroad, where he expects to study with some of the best teachers in Paris and London. He will specialize on portraits, landscapes and kindred subjects.

Knowles while working here set aside a few dollars each week to enable him to pursue his art education. He is to work his way across the Atlantic, using what money he has saved for his livelihood. He studied in this country for several years, during which time he was affiliated with the Art Students' League. He also attended Pratt Institute and for a time taught mechanical and architectural drawing in Williston Seminary, Massachusetts. He plans to remain abroad several years.

Pictures by Morse Photographer



The bottom picture shows the S.S. *Tancarville* on our large dry dock. In back of the *Tancarville* can be seen the S.S. *Sark*. The distance between the two vessels would permit the raising of another ship.

The upper picture shows the officers of the *Tancarville*: (Left to right) Don Manuel Flora, F. Romera, Capt. Solberg, Miguel Lasa and H. L. McCutcheon.

More Apprentice's Wanted

IF your boy or the son of one of your neighbors does not seem to fit in the so called "collar and tie" job and he hankers for mechanical work, there exists in the Morse yard a splendid opportunity to learn one of the profitable marine trades.

Our broad apprenticeship agreement by which the company guarantees to teach any boy of common school education to become a thorough mechanic in any of its branches covers a period of four years and embraces the privilege of working in various departments of the plant.

At the end of the training period, the Company agrees to give to each apprentice who satisfactorily completes his course of training a bonus of \$200, an amount that most young men starting out do not save in their first four years of employment.

The course further provides for one day each week being devoted to school which is maintained under the supervision of the chief draftsman.

Scholarships in technical schools are offered for high standing during the term, these scholarships making it possible for the winners to enter such recognized technical schools, as Pratt, Polytechnic and others. All entrants receive the mechanics' full rate of pay upon the completion of the course, thus acquiring a monetary value as well as an educational advantage.

Those interested in the offer are advised to visit the employment department and ask for Mr. Benner or Mr. Plunkett.

"Bill" Smith of the Investigating Department is building with his own hands a home and is racing against the coming winter. He works nights, sometimes in inky blackness, and that accounts for a bad fall he got lately. Everything is coming down.

A Bit O' Politics

JUDGE Nathan L. Miller of Syracuse, Republican candidate for the governorship of the State of New York, was the guest of Morse workers Monday noon, September 27th, when, in connection with a noon-day band concert, he addressed "Morse Men" upon the issues of national and state politics.

Among those who occupied seats on the speakers' platform with Judge Miller and other Republican district and state leaders was Mr. Morse, to whom Judge Miller paid tribute in the course of his speech. Declaring for the causes of American ideals, such as affording to each and all the opportunities one's ability may properly claim, Judge Miller turned, pointed to Mr. Morse, and said:—

"You have right here a living illustration, the head of this great institution. Not so long ago he worked with his hands but because there is in this country the opportunity for skill, for industry, for intelligence, for application, he is where he is to-day. If we maintain that principle, your boys and your girls will have the opportunity which he had."

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Harry A. Hanbury who introduced Judge Miller in a brief and fitting speech. Prior to the address the Morse band paraded about the yard.

Arrangements for the meeting were made by Commissioner D. H. Ralston who escorted Judge Miller and party to the plant.

Judge Miller's address was as follows:—

"Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—

"I assure you that it is a very great pleasure to begin my campaign looking into the faces of you men who did so much to win the war, because I apprehend that it can be safely said that no class of our people did more valiant and faithful service to help win the war than did the faithful ship workers of this country. I want to thank the band for being here and I want to say to them that it was not necessary for them to slick up to do it, because I have worn overalls myself.

"Now men, there is one subject in which I am sure you are interested and that is the establishment of an American Merchant Marine. This great industry from all of the evidences has been long and well established. As I look into the faces of you men, I am sure you have been here, many of you, a long time, that you have your little homes in this community, that you have been bringing up your families here.

"While this business here was well established, the shipping industry in this country before the war was not well established, but owing to the stimulus of the war, the ship workers of this country increased in number from 50,000 to more than 350,000. The American shipping increased from something like 250,000 to more than 13,000,000 of tons.

"Think of it. At the close of the war we were in a phenomenal position to establish a Merchant Marine upon a sound and permanent basis; to open lines for American steamships and to assure the continuance of this American Merchant Marine built up during the war, but for two years, we have been dilly-dallying around with this problem. The last Republican Congress as you doubtless know passed an act to place our Merchant Marine upon a sound and permanent basis and the fundamental principle of that act, was that we should have American ships, owned by Americans, built in American shipyards, by American labor, manned by American seamen and flying the American flag. (Applause).

"You do not have to be told that the conditions of the ship workers of this country, the conditions of the American seamen, the standards which are set by the people of this country, and by the government of this country are way above those of other countries. You do not have to be told that these standards must be maintained, but American shipping cannot maintain these standards and compete with foreign lines without something be-

ing done, and that something necessarily is to give preferential treatment to goods carried in American bottoms, to give preferential treatment to American ships flying the American flag.

"Now this act to which I refer should provide for such treatment, as you know, we had treaties with a great many countries which contain provision against preferential treatment. It is a common thing, it is an ordinary thing for a party to a treaty, if a clause in that treaty ceased to work satisfactorily, to give notice to the other party of a desire to abrogate the treaty in that respect. It is a thing of common occurrence, while this act provided for the abrogation of the clauses of treaties which prevented us from giving preferential treatment, and you may have noticed only within the last two or three days that the president, although he signed the bill has refused to carry it out. He was to give notice of abrogation within a certain time limit, I forget what, I think it has about expired and instead of giving notice to the other parties to these treaties, that we propose to abrogate these clauses, he gives notice to the American people that he refuses to carry out an act of Congress which he himself had signed.

"Now men, that kind of autocracy, that kind of one-man domination in this country we propose to put an end to on November second next. Candidate Cox seems to think that because he has said it, it is a matter of reproach for Americans to be for America ahead of all of the rest of the world. The Republican party and its candidates are not ashamed and do not apologize for standing upon a platform of America, first, last and all the time.

"You are vitally interested in the development of this great port which nature intended to be the greatest port of all the world. You know that the state of New York has expended something like \$150,000,000 to build a barge canal, and it proposes to spend \$30,000,000 more to provide terminals for the barge canal in order that the great shipping from the west may come to this port; and yet the Democratic National platform proposes to build a ship route from the lakes to the sea by the St.



Pictures by
Morse
Photographer

Judge Nathan L. Miller, Republican candidate for Governor, gets warm reception from Morse employees. In the middle picture are: Left to right: William Boardman, Deputy State Comptroller, Mr. Edward P. Morse, Sr., Jacob A. Livingston, Republican leader of Kings County; James E. Windle, Republican candidate for State Comptroller; Mr. Hanbury; Commissioner D. H. Ralston, William W. Wingate, Edward J. Van Siclen, and Judge Nathan L. Miller, Republican candidate for Governor.

Lawrence River, to destroy these millions that the people of New York have expended, and they propose to make the State of New York pay the large cost of doing it, the result of which will be to divert shipping from this port to Montreal, a foreign port. Do you want that? I don't think that you do.

"You are interested in the development of this port, but there has been a great deal more talk than action and the business of the port has been increasing faster than the development and the result is that the shipping is leaving the Port of New York. We should do everything that can be done to develop and improve our waterways about this wonderful harbor and to improve the shipping and terminal facilities to the end that you men and those that come after you will have work to do in the trade that you have elected to follow."

"We hear a good deal nowadays by very well intentioned people about social welfare schemes and there are a lot of people who do not know anything about the problems of the working men nor the conditions of the working men who want to coddle them and who want to do a lot of things which they think are for their benefit. They want to put a prop under you, to look after you, to see that you do not have to do anything for yourselves. You will indirectly pay for every one of these plans which are intended to extend charity to you.

I say that the American working men do not want charity, what they want is justice, a square deal. They do not ask for more than a square deal. They will not be satisfied and they should not be satisfied with less than a square deal, but they want it in the pay envelope. They do not want it in a paternalistic foresight by the state. They want to maintain in this state the great principle of equality of opportunity, they want every man to have the reward and only the reward which his merits entitle him to. They want to maintain their self-respect. They want to stand on their own feet; but they want to have opportunity for themselves and for their children. Why, men, in this country by the maintenance of this principle what has happened? You have right here a living illustration, the head of this institution. Not so long ago he worked with his hands, but because there is in this country opportunity for skill, for industry, for intelligence, for application, he is where he is to-day. If we maintain that principle, your boys and your girls will have the opportunity which he had. Now I am for maintaining that opportunity, I am for maintaining it one hundred per cent. The thing to do in this country is to create co-operation between employers and employees. You have that in these great works. You demonstrated it during the war. That is the thing that we must retain hold of and must not sacrifice."

Some Career Dave's Had

IF what is said of Dave Roche, our master pilot, is true:—

He is the oldest pilot in New York Harbor.

He knew Annie Rooney, "Chuck" Connors and Lily Langtry, the actress.

He helped lay the Atlantic Cable, taking it ashore from his tug at Coney Island.

He rode Lottie Collins and Chauncey M. Depew from a steamer in quarantine.

He used to ride Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt from Elizabethport, N. J., to Oyster Bay long before Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York.

He smoked cigarettes with Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, who used to run blockades during the Cuban and Hayti revolutions.

He was run over by his own tug boat four times in an hour in a northeast gale when the tug was trying to pick him up after he went overboard.

He once saved a man from drowning and the guy asked him to go back after his hat.

He saved a skipper and his daughter, found drowning after a squall had wrecked an excursion boat on the way to Mt. Idlewild.

He is the hero of the Black Tom explosion and a thousand fire and salvage jobs.

He knew Sir Thomas Lipton when that gentleman had only one pot of tea to his name.

He was taken from aboard a tug when seven other members of the crew had died from exposure one very cold Christmas morning.

He was the first man to take a foreign man-o-war up the Hudson. He towed the *Hollander* up to Newburgh, heading a parade in which all the celebrities participated.

He towed an excursion barge on which John L. Sullivan and Johnny Elliott fought, and thereby evaded police interference.

He got \$15,000 for going 15 miles to sea and rescuing the *S. S. Labrador*, which was afire.

He has flirted with death in the form of smallpox, cholera and yellow fever while bringing authorities to and from Quarantine.

He is now worth a half million and claims that he is the poorest man in his block.

He would buy a car, but all his friends have one.

He would like to buy Capt. Kirby a new coffee pot, but they have greatly increased in price and he hasn't had a piloting job for three days.

A Fable of Prophecy

ONCE there was a fine, upstanding man, wonderful physique and great character—a man who really counted for something among men.

The Brotherhood of Red Corpuscles got together with the Brotherhood of White Corpuscles and held a pow-wow in his heart. The Boss Phagocyte said to the Head Leucocyte, "This man is absolutely in our power, we can make him do just as we please," and the Head Leucocyte agreed that it was high time that something was done for the Brotherhoods.

They took it up with the Brain who said that such was his appreciation of the good work done by the Brotherhoods that he would gladly and sympathetically see to it that both of them were more abundantly supplied in the future—which he did, although the Stomach said that it put a pretty heavy tax on the Gastric Union.

Encouraged by their success, the Brotherhoods got together again and figured it out that if they were so important to the fine, upstanding man that they would probably be able to take over the management of the work that had been done by the Brain and administer the whole system for the benefit of the Red and White Corpuscles.

The Brain got the news and protested, "You boys are mighty important, but, since I've been increasing your supplies, you haven't put the same amount of en-

thusiasm into your work so that our fine, upstanding man isn't nearly the man he was. You've actually weakened him a whole lot. Now can't you plan to give a better return; the kind of a return you used to give when he was feeling his best and forget about this management business? It isn't in your line, you know."

"Huh! If I can run a White Corpuscle Brotherhood why can't I run a Man?" asked the Boss Leucocyte.

"Different kind of work and more than that, a different kind of intention back of it."

"Naturally we'd run it for the benefit of the Brotherhoods," replied the Boss Corpuscles.

"Just the trouble," replied the Brain, "I run the whole system for the benefit of everybody so as to serve the general welfare and you would slant everything a little your way with the result that the other members of this organization would all suffer."

"That's their lookout—many a time the Stomach has short changed us."

"Yes, I know," replied the Brain, "but not as a general policy—as soon as it became evident, measures were taken to correct it, weren't they? And they were corrected because we aren't running this man for the benefit of the Stomach."

"No, nor for the benefit of the Corpuscle Brotherhoods either," chanted the Boss Corpuscles, "and that's what we propose to do."

"You'll spoil everything—for the love of Heaven, be reasonable. If you get your own way, you'll be so gorged that this man'll die of apoplexy."

"By gosh, if we don't get our own way, we'll strike. We'll quit work. Where'll your man be then?"

"He'll be dead, you'll spoil it all with your restlessness and ambition. Now do be good fellows and go back to the job—do a good job again and we'll all be running smoothly in a short time."

Meanwhile the Stomach, the Lungs and the rest of the organs looked on and smiled, a little pleased to see some one talk up to the Brain in that way and anyway the Corpuscles had told them that if they gained control there would be less work and more supplies for everybody.

But the Brain finally sent a message to the Brotherhoods, saying, "I've carefully thought this thing over. I know it will not work and I am absolutely against it so that I will not give my consent, but, there's something more important than that; I'm not only against giving up running this man for the benefit of all of us but I simply can't stop and neither can you. You can't do somebody's else job and do your own. So that's final."

So the Brotherhoods struck. The man died and with him all of the organs and organizations.

And the worms who have no union and work 24 hours a day were the only ones who profited.

—*"The Helix"*

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Activities of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

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Margaret McCarthy, and
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Vol. 3 NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 11

I have noticed that folks are generally about as happy as they make up their minds to be.
—Abraham Lincoln.

How To Get "Soap"

THE agitator is at large again. He lurks outside our plant. We saw, about the last of September, his footprints and his handiwork. He was seeking men to join the "One Big Union of All Workers in the Shipyards," and circulated a handbill inviting the workers to attend a meeting for that purpose.

Men are steering clear of his poisoned fangs. There were, we hear, about a dozen at the meeting. Mighty good sense, the ship yard workers are showing. They are not swallowing the bait of the professional, paid agitator. They have seen the damage he has wrought.

Business in the ship repair yards is not any too brisk. The Morse yard is getting a goodly share of what business is coming to the port of New York. It would get much more, if it were not for the agitator, that fellow who is making conditions intolerable. He has tried to exact too much from the employer, and in turn, from the ship master and owner.

A thoughtful, wise man has said,

"Steamships are not like houses. They do not have to stay put. They can be moved." We have known of cases where they moved to other ports. The man who moved them was the professional agitator. He moved them away from the very workers he is supposed to benefit.

Get the vessels coming to the port of New York, and there will be plenty of business, and plenty of "soap." The agitator cannot do this. Only you men, yourselves can do it.

—o—

A Man From Malta

A Coppersmith employed in this plant formerly worked on the Isle of Malta which nestles in a spot in the Mediterranean Sea, and is geographically described as being east of Africa and south of Sicily. Complying with the rules of our Service Department, he stated on his application for employment that he left the Isle of Malta because, as a coppersmith, he received only one dollar per day.

This man now receives several times one dollar per day and his standard of living has improved accordingly. He is, of course, grateful to the country which offers him the opportunity of pursuing his trade at greatly increased wages. He has an equal chance with all other men in this great land and in the trade which he has elected to follow. He should become a good citizen, if he is not one already.

An agitator is an ingrate who has not chosen to abide by the constitution of the country. If he is not unprincipled by nature he makes himself so for pay. In either case, he is unprincipled. As the man from the Isle of Malta knows, this country pays big wages, and has no room for agitators. Therefore, he will be guided by his own wisdom and experience.

—o—

Can't Stand Prosperity

THE most gigantic swindles are aimed at the workingman.

The cleverer schemes are presented to the professional promoter, whose capital and brains help toward keeping the schemes "within the law."

Ponzi knew his limitations in at least one respect. He preyed upon the wage-earners. The wage-earners never discovered his deceit, his dishonesty. Ponzi was brought to bay by the financiers.

So it is with all get-rich-quick projects. Usually, the schemes which would "revolutionize" things are

presented to the wage-earner. We have in mind the proposition of a man who opened a place not far from this plant. He promised to make automobiling a pleasure, inexpensive, something within the reach of everybody.

Did he promise to make a new automobile at a price within reach of all? No! He simply worked quietly, printed volumes of literature and sent the same to those homes which knew no riches. He said he had a substitute for gasoline which could be produced for 5 cents a gallon.

Immediately, those persons who had never even owned an automobile believed they could become enriched at the expense of those who did. How foolish!

Sad to tell many of our employees fell for the bunk. They invested their savings, Liberty Bonds and what not in the gasoline substitute business. To-day they are poorer men. Handsomely engraved stock certificates are all they possess. There are some people who can't stand prosperity anyway

—o—

A Burner's Responsibility

A disastrous explosion occurring in a neighboring ship repair yard some weeks ago should not be forgotten easily. The toll of dead and injured was not far below that of the Wall Street explosion. Of course, it did not get the same amount of publicity, for it was regarded as accidental and didn't possess enough sensationalism for the newspapers.

Notwithstanding, this explosion and the accompanying loss of life was serious. We, of the Morse Company, should give it some thought. The same thing can and might occur here, if we are not guided by caution. This caution may come from the thought we give to our neighbor's regrettable misfortune.

Burners, particularly, should exercise extreme care. It has been recommended that the burners' torch be kept extinguished until he is told by somebody in responsible authority to go ahead with his work. This permission should come only after investigation of the premises.

It is not the writer's intention to infer in the slightest way that burners' torches claim the heavy percentage of accidents, but the burner and his torch can, better than most any other worker, make caution his guide.

One burner snapper we know

does not permit a burner to start work until the snapper personally inspects the premises. This snapper does not value his own life above all others. In fact, he is not always on the scene. But he regards the lives and property of others. He thinks!

Perhaps there are other snappers who are equally as cautious. We hope so. At any rate every precaution should be taken and it is up to the snapper, the foreman or the inspector on the job to do the thinking.

It is not an uncommon thing to witness burners doing odd jobs around a boat for any one that asks them. Burners have been known to do jobs upon the request of passer boys. They have been found burning on bulkheads, on the reverse side of which would be a locker filled with paint or some other inflammable material.

They have been known to do work on the decks of oil tankers when the chemist will not allow anyone to go in the tanks.

The company looks to the men in charge of the job to regulate these things and it is their responsibility but the burner himself can save a whole lot of trouble for everyone concerned if he will refuse to take orders from anyone but those whom he knows to be in authority.

—O—

Goodbye Silk Shirt

A writer for the *National Labor Digest* opines that there is a hopeful sign of approaching return to sanity in the passing of the silk shirt. Since reading his article we agree with him, though he dealt us a blow right in the face. We, too, had succumbed to the silk shirt weakness. Harken to his wise words:

"The silk shirt was but one of the wholly unnecessary extravagances indulged in by wage earners during the past three years. A silk shirt, or even a so-called silk shirt, cost the purchaser more than any shirt was worth. It was by far less serviceable than a shirt of good linen or other material. The laundry charge was much more than for any other shirt, though its life was materially shortened by each cleansing. Taken all together, when a man bought a silk shirt he displayed very ordinary taste and very bad business judgement."

Since we are convinced that silk shirt buying was pure folly and waste, let us, while we are impressed, think back and determine in

what other respects we had wasted our money. And when we have learned, let us resolve to steer clear of the Spendthrifts' road, and get back to that lane which leads to independent and contented old age. Ben Franklin was a wise old bird when he said: "A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone."

—O—

One Needs The Other

EDITORIALLY, the *New York Tribune* says: "Red flags no longer float above the factories in Italy. The workingmen who took possession have evacuated. The plants seized, after three weeks of idleness, have been turned back to their old managers, nothing damaged or stolen."

The Italian workman has learned that it is necessary to know more than the use of tools. These are junk unless they are used. To use them, one must first assemble his raw material and train his salesman to sell the product after it is made.

The Italian workman has learned, too, that co-operation between management and workers is indispensable and that when production stops, wages stop.

It has been an Italian victory. Victory for the owners, and for the workers. Out of it will come a new spirit that will make Italian industry highly successful in the world's trade.

Calendar Tide Table NOVEMBER High Water Governors Is.						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1 11:21	2 0:12	3 1:24	4 2:34	5 3:37	6 4:34
7 5:25	8 6:12	9 6:57	10 7:38	11 8:18	12 8:56	13 9:33
14 10:09	15 10:45	16 11:24	17 0:20	18 1:15	19 2:07	20 2:38
21 3:47	22 4:34	23 5:19	24 6:04	25 6:51	26 7:38	27 8:28
28 9:20	29 10:16	30 11:16	East Quad 3:02	New Year 10:25	1st Quad 13:15	Full Moon 25:15

TIME OF TIDE IS A. M. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. HIGH WATER AT SANDY HOOK DEDUCT 30 MIN. (EASTERN STANDARD TIME)

Association Calendar

Collection Committee meets every Tuesday at 4 p. m.

Finance Committee meets last Tuesday of every month.

Directors meet last Wednesday of every month.

Association entertainment and business meeting last Wednesday of every month, unless otherwise announced.

Entertainment Committee meets 2nd Monday of every month.

Fire Prevention Committee meets 3rd Monday of every month.

Relief Committee meets last Monday of every month.



Employees' Association Directory

OFFICERS

President—JOSEPH MCGUIRK
Hull Department

Vice President—JOSEPH QUINN
Burning Department

Secretary—EDWARD HANNAVIN
Brass Storeroom

Treasurer—MORTIMER W. MEAD
Office

Directors and Conference Board Members
(d) for Director; (c) for Conference Board

CARPENTERS, JOINERS, PAINTERS
AND WOOD CAULKERS—Peter Bresnan
(d) Harry Anderson (c) Patrick O'Mahoney (c).

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS—Charles Pearson
(d) Al. Cumming (c) William Mills (c).

INSIDE MACHINISTS—John Sweeney (d)
Hugh McQuillan (c) Frank Ulsmer (c).

PIPEFITTERS—Michael O'Day (d) Charles Davis (c).

BLACKSMITHS—James Tester (d) Arthur Mayhert (c) Robert McQueen (c).

RIGGERS AND DRY DOCK HANDS—
Edward Kelley (d) Eugene Callahan (c)
Harry Carlson (c).

COPPERSMITHS, PLUMBERS, PIPE
COVERERS—Thomas Hayes (d) Joseph Herzog (c) Wm. A. Bush (c).

BOILERMAKERS—William Jackson (d)
Harry Beattie (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed Arthur Sylvester, who has left the Company.

OFFICE, ESTIMATORS AND SOLICITORS
—Frank Falconer (d) Miss Marjorie H. Davis (c) George F. Keenan (c).

DRAUGHTSMEN, PATTERN MAKERS,
INSPECTORS—James M. Donovan (d)
Leonard Wallace (c) Thomas C. Rathbone (c).

SHEET METAL WORKERS—J. O'Brien
(d) Frankie Mack (c) Joseph Bovine (c).

PLATE SHOP—Edward McGibney (d)
George Drew (c) Louis Leiser (c).

ELECTRICIANS—Harry Jost (d) Thos. White (c) Al. Chisholm (c).

HULL DEPARTMENT—Al. Simendinger
(d) David Lyle (c) John Dresch (c).

BURNERS AND WELDERS—James MacFarlane (d) John Beverley (c) William Dralle (c).

MISCELLANEOUS—Including Chauffeurs, Storeroom Hands, Garage Mechanics, Crews of Launches, Timekeepers and Watchmen—Carlisle R. Stecker (d). William A. Jarrell (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed John Finneran.

COMMITTEES

RELIEF COMMITTEE—Morris Levy (Riggers) Archie Campbell (Carpenters) Otto Rochelle (Inside Machinists).

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—
Frank Falconer (Hospital) Joseph Quinn (Burners) David Lysle (Hull Dept.) Samuel Olsen (Chain Gang) Harry Beck (Carpenters) Ernest Harvey (Outside Machinists) Joseph Bayliss (Laborers).

SANITATION COMMITTEE—Joe Toomey (Hull Dept.) W. Carr (Pipe Shop) Dan Smith (Plumbers).

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—James Weldon (Office) William Burke (Carpenters) Joseph Lowe (Pipe Shop).

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Charles Menzies (Welders) Harry Anderson (Carpenters) Michael Flarthy (Air Plant).

WELFARE COMMITTEE (Embracing Yard Collections)—Frank Falconer (Hospital) William Jackson (Boiler Shop) John Sweeney (Machinists).

BOWLING COMMITTEE—Henry Rochelle (chairman) John Murphy, Harry Anderson, Jack Gannon, John Kelly, Adam Lester.

FIRE PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Joseph Lowe (Pipe Shop) Chairman; William Leiser (Plate Shop) Harry Gardner (Burners).

Relief Work Goes On

THE following notice was sent out by the Collection Committee under date of September 24th: "The committee on collections has authorized the following payments to be made in connection with the emergency cases reviewed below. These payments are to be made from the amount realized from the payroll deduction arranged for the week ending September 28th.

No. 2148 has just been discharged from Kingston Avenue Hospital where he was confined with a case of scarlet fever. He has been out for several weeks and will not be able to return to work for another week. The committee has authorized a payment of \$40 to assist this man in getting back on his feet.

An employee who has had several deaths within his family in a short time was voted \$50, medical attention and funeral expenses having drained his funds.

Under date of October 6th, the following notice was posted:—

No. 29808—Operated on for appendicitis Sept. 10th, has not yet returned to work. He is the main support of his mother and cannot work for six weeks more. Arrangements have been made to assist him in paying the hospital and doctors' bills.

Office Bill Clerk—Has been ill for quite some time. Is at present away for his health and his aunt and sister, whom he has been helping to support, are unable to make both ends meet and at the same time pay his board in the country. The committee has thoroughly investigated this case and arranged to assist him.

No. 4031—Outside Machinists Helper. Fractured his arm by falling from one of the trucks during the recent car strike. He is married and the bills of the doctor and hospital are unpaid and it will be some time before he is able to resume work. The committee has arranged to assist him in his efforts to get on his feet.

No. 104—Patternmaker, injured his right hand and has undergone several incisions to prevent poisoning. He is married and has two children dependent upon his earnings. He will probably be laid up for about six weeks and the committee, after careful investigation, has arranged to assist him.

No. 22479—of the Welding Department, hurt in an auto accident during the last week in August. Shortage of funds, his wife was forced to work and not enough money to pay hospital. He was paid \$40.

No. 4333—Pipe fitters' helper with wife and three children. He underwent operation and received \$40 to defray expenses. Both of these amounts were paid from money deducted Saturday, October 9th.

The Collection Committee which is doing such helpful and careful work in behalf of the Employees' Association, consists of William K. Jackson, Frank D. Falconer and John Sweeney.

Canopic Raised In 25 Minutes

IN the White Star liner, *Canopic*, we entertained rather a distinguished "visitor" about the middle of October. Morse men paused in their work on tankers and freight ships long enough to give the underbody of the *Canopic* a thorough examination and such repairs as were needed. She occupied all six sections of our 30,000-ton dock and was raised in 25 minutes actual pumping time.

The *Canopic* came here from Boston where she discharged 1700 passengers and 35,000 barrels of Spanish grapes. Following her repairs here, the ship continued her regular service between New York and Mediterranean ports.

She is 600 feet long, of 12,500 gross tons, 60-foot beam, draught of 34 feet, twin-screw type and makes about 15 knots an hour.

Shipping interests are greatly encouraged by the announcement of a new Diesel engine burning only a third of the oil required by ships with oil-fired boilers. The value to the American Merchant Marine of such an engine can hardly be overestimated and the news of the achievement is being received for what it is, an undoubted revolution in the building of oil engines for marine and other purposes. It is stated that the new engine is of two-cycle build, but develops the same horsepower as a four cycle motor, and that it has already proved itself particularly adapted to American operating conditions.

Minstrel Show Planned

CHRISTMAS tree party and annual ball committees were appointed at a Board of Directors' meeting Friday afternoon, October 8th, and it was voted that a minstrel show, composed of 150 members of the Employees' Association, be given in connection with the annual ball.

The minstrel show will be rehearsed, and directed by professional talent and promises to be a big hit in the ball program. Heretofore, professional vaudeville talent has been engaged at great expense to the Association, but this year it is expected that much fun at little expense to the Association will be derived through the rehearsals and subsequent performance.

Mrs. Margaret Waterman, company housekeeper, was elected chairman of the Christmas tree committee, to be assisted by the following: Miss Kirsten Jensen, Mrs. Russell, Charles Jennings of the Hull Department; John Beverly, Burning Department; and W. R. Smith, Electrical Department.

The annual ball committee appointed was as follows: Charles Pierson, chairman; George Gardner, Hull Department, M. W. Mead, Office; Patrick O'Mahoney, Carpenters; George Keenan, Office; Carlisle Stecher, Timekeepers; and David Lyle, Hull Department.

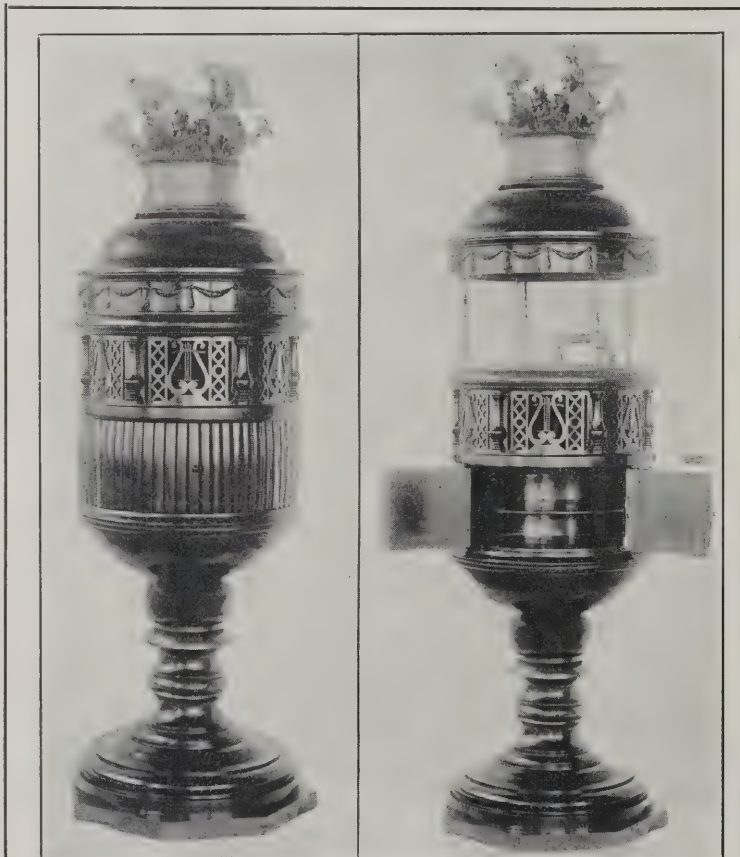
For the Christmas tree party, the armory of the Second Battalion Naval Militia has been procured through the personal efforts of Mr. Benner and Joe McGuirk, and the courtesy of Captain E. T. Fitzgerald and Mr. Brown, the armorer.

The armory is located at 52nd Street and First Avenue and is given over to the Employees' Association for use on December 29th. The use of the armory has been given free of rental charges, and without expense save for heat, lights, etc.

It is hoped that a large number will respond to the call for minstrel show rehearsals. End men, ballad singers, choristers, dancers and any and all who have talent for entertaining are requested to appear at rehearsals. The star parts are to be allotted to those who best qualify for them. The rehearsals, too, promise to be sociable occasions—that is, before and after those hours which are set apart for actual practise.

Mr. Tebbs, who has directed community sings, in which the Employees' Association have previously participated, has been asked to lead a community chorus in connection with the Christmas party. Mr. Tebbs has been invited to attend a meeting of the committee, after which the date for rehearsals will be announced.

Harry E. Gold, a professional theatrical director, with a long string of successes to his credit, has been engaged to stage the minstrel show. Mr. Gold will start rehearsals probably about the last of November, following his return from a trip to Texas.



THIS handsome phonograph of solid mahogany, hand carved and beautiful in finish has been added to the household effects of Mr. E. P. Morse, Sr., and was presented to him as a surprise by Joiner Foreman Fred Daddi and fellow workers. The work was done in spare time before and after the regular working hours and much of it was accomplished by Foreman Daddi, the designer. The instrument has the automatic stop and other features possessed by the latest machines.

2000 Enjoy Outdoor Show

THE last outdoor show of the season under the auspices of the Employees' Association was held Wednesday evening, September 29th, in our yard and was attended by fully 2,000 persons. The entertainment brought together professional vaudeville and boxing talent and provided a few pleasant surprises, one of which was the appearance of Gene Ryan of the Plate Shop.

Murray Canary's orchestra furnished the music and these artists put out a line of jazz that made a Broadway cabaret orchestra sound like the village choir. The music made everybody feel so good that Harry Anderson and Tom Smith, Sr., swapped newspapers, and "Red Hot" gave somebody two nickels for a dime. Joe McGuirk was inviting people to his house and Joe Lowe wanted to take up a collection to repair the damage to the Wall Street buildings.

Miss Cecelia Kane of our office force, was the first artist to favor the audience. She sang two pleasing selections and retired with much applause and a feeling that "the Morse boys are the top of the can" (milk can). The Young Americans came next. These were five young and pretty girls, nicely costumed for song and dance numbers. The act was known as Joe Small's Military Girls. The young ladies were: Blanche Galburn, Pearl Lansing, May Hollywood, Gertrude Kinsella and Ethel Love.

Tabor & Claire, a sister song and dance team, were announced as "old favorites" having appeared at a previous outdoor show here. They were as peppy and pleasing as ever, and this time their offering went through from start to finish without interruption by rain. The Egyptian number in which one of the young ladies pulled some serpentine stuff caused those married men whose wives were present to look very much disinterested and, in some cases, bored.

Lieutenant Mygrant gave an excellent cornet solo and was heartily applauded.

A song publishers' contest was held and Mrs. Murray Canary rendered some very pleasing vocal numbers. The appearance of Gene Ryan was preceded by an announcement by "Red Hot" who said that Mr. Ryan was a side-kick of Billy Wiencke in the Plate Shop and by special permission of the Keith & Proctor circuit had been allowed to appear at the entertainment.

Gene wore a silk hat and carried a cane. He gave an eccentric dance, the first of which was entitled "The Silk Hat Harry Hula," and the second was an imitation of "Snuffy, the Cabman." Gene shakes a wicked cane, and fully earned the ownership of the brown derby.

(News of the boxing will be found on the sport page.)

Another Political Meeting

TWO more judges seeking political honors descended upon us Tuesday noon, October 19th, and like Judge Miller, candidate for governor, talked to us from our yard band-stand. These judges were Norman S. Dike and Walter H. Jaycox, Republican candidates for Supreme Court Justices.

The meeting followed a concert by the Morse band. The speakers, accompanied by Mr. Morse and Mr. Hanbury, made their way to the band-stand and were introduced by Mr. Hanbury, the first speaker being Judge Dike.

Justice Dike injected a measure of good nature into his remarks beginning at his greeting when he declared that he recognized a good many in the audience. He amended the statement to mean that he recognized many of them as one-time jury-men.

Speaking of his judicial career, Judge Dike declared that it was a pleasure to him to hear a jury pronounce a verdict of "Not guilty" in a criminal case. He declared that he has always wanted to believe men as being not guilty of criminal offenses. "I shall punish the confirmed criminal," he said, "but I believe that the first

offender should be shown leniency and another chance, if the case against him be one which will permit of mercy." He further declared that he had suspended sentence and put on parole more young men (first offenders) than any other judge on Long Island.

The judge caused more mirth at the close of his talk when he commented on the fact that a young friend of his (a Democrat) was in the crowd distributing match packs containing Judge Dike's picture and slogan. "I don't know why he does this," said Justice Dike, "unless it is because he wants to see the judge 'lit up.'" The judge thanked the crowd for its attention and invited everybody to visit him at the county court, which remark caused another laugh.

Justice Jaycox was no less humorous than Judge Dike. He corrected the impression Chairman Hanbury had created when he introduced the judge as a bachelor. "If Mrs. Jaycox should hear that I am masquerading as a bachelor, I would wish that I had never been a candidate for the supreme court," the judge said.

Judicial duties are irksome and unpleasant at times, according to Judge Jaycox, who contrasted the dry and uninteresting civil suit with the criminal trial with its human interest and study. He spoke of having handled many criminal cases and said: "When I see in men's eyes that something that tells me they have learned their lesson I am sure to give them a chance."

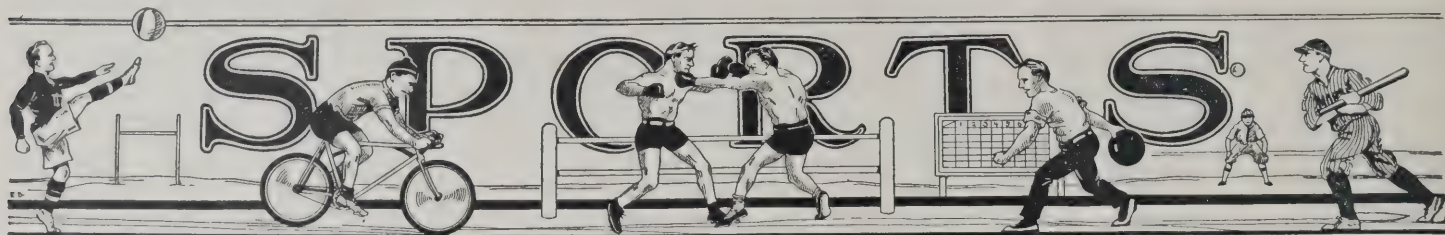
He cited the case of the young man who took his employer's automobile and was arrested after an accident. "I made him pay \$250—\$5 per week and I made him earn the money with his own hands," the justice said. "And afterwards," he continued, "the young man's mother came to me and said that it was the best thing that had ever happened to her son."

"I know what it is to work," Judge Jaycox said. "I was a farmer boy and worked for \$8 a month, and I saved what I could to get what education I have."

Flashlight photo by Morse Photographer



Just a part view of the crowd attending a recent outdoor show of the Employees' Association.



A Good Fight Card

THE last outdoor show of the season under the auspices of the Employees' Association provided a good fight card. The opening argument brought out Young Euritis of the U. S. S. Arizona and Kid Victor of South Brooklyn. The latter conceded quite a little weight to the battleship mauler who proved a tough customer and a slashing hitter. Euritis beat a steady tattoo on Victor's ribs and abdomen and had the South Brooklyn pug all but hanging onto the ropes when the blow off came with the curfew at the end of the fourth.

Young Happy and Johnny McManus were putting up a red hot argument in the second frame of their four round clash when it was reported that McManus was withdrawing because of a broken nose. Up to the time Happy connected with McManus the latter was setting a fast pace and was showing something in the way of style and hitting. Happy drew the claret and McManus showed signs of letting up. He put up a game exhibition and withdrew with the applause of the ringsiders.

Frankie Fay, who has met both Joe Lynch and Jack Sharkey, and is still trailing them, was pitted against the old warhorse, Petey Clark. Petey didn't flirt with Frankie's fast ones, but just egged him along through four rounds. This bout was a good training stunt such as could be seen in any gymnasium.

Charlie Kohler and Young Lavigne, the latter of our Pipe Shop, tangoed through four sessions, both very cautious and looking for a decision on points. Young Menzies floored Young Stanley twice in their set-to, but Stanley came back and evened things, making the affair a draw.

Some Slaughter

IN a nine inning game that lasted only three hours the formidable baseball rivals representing the Clans of Charles G. Hall and A.W. Murray, neither of whom were present at the slaughter, met on St. Agatha's Field, 50th Street and Ninth Avenue, Wednesday afternoon, September 22nd.

The kings of swat were taken to the scene of the fracas in Morse trucks and flivvers. Hostilities didn't start until 5 P.M., after Henry Rochelle, Tom Smith, Sr., Kenneth Craig, Bill Chambers, Captain Kirby and a few more young fellows warmed up in batting and throwing practice. Umpire M.W. Mead then rang the gong and warned the spectators to refrain from any demonstration against either the players or the Umpire.

The line-ups were changed as often as a chorus lady changes costumes. Nesbit, Willis and Kirby were only a few of the hurlers used up by Hall's club, while Crawford, Craig and Kid Jimmie Stephens star hurler of the Boilermakers' League, went to the mound and were sent to the dug-out by the Murray forces.

Young Kirby appeared to be in the best form of any of the Hall pitchers. His delivery had some nice breaks, breaking two of Catcher Troy's fingers and the hat

of a woman who was passing the ball park.

Hall's team bunched scores in the sixth and ninth innings, getting eight and seven respectively and ending the agony with a score of 19 to 12 in favor of the Hall nine.

The box score, carefully compiled by Tom Smith, Jr., follows:—

HALL'S TEAM

Players		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rose	1 B.	5	2	3	6	2	1
Nesbit	P. 3 B.	5	2	2	3	1	1
Troy	C.	2	1	0	1	0	1
Willis	P. S. S.	4	2	1	4	4	1
Mullaly	R. F.	4	3	1	0	0	1
Jacobson	C. F.	4	2	2	2	0	1
Chambers	2 B.	4	2	3	0	4	1
Johnson	L. F.	3	1	2	0	0	1
Kirby	P.	2	1	1	2	1	1
Henderson	S. S.	3	2	2	2	2	1
Donovan	C.	2	1	2	5	1	1
Total		38	19	19	25	15	11

MURRAY'S TEAM

Players		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crawford	P. 1 B.	4	1	2	6	2	2
Rochelle	C.	4	3	2	5	1	2
Craig	P. 3 B.	3	1	1	2	2	2
Jacobsen	3 B.	3	0	0	1	2	2
McEwen	S. S.	3	1	2	0	3	2
Greenfield	C. F.	3	2	1	0	0	2
Taylor	P. L. F.	3	2	2	3	1	2
Smith, Sr.,	2 B.	3	2	2	0	0	2
Stephen	P. R. F.	3	0	1	2	1	2
Daly	P.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy	P.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total		29	12	13	19	12	18

Umpires:—Mead. Want.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hall's	1	0	1	0	2	8	0	0	7—19
Murray's	7	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	—12

Time:—3 hours

Two base hits:—Willis, Nesbit, Kirby, Crawford, Craig, Taylor, Greenfield. Double plays:—Craig, Rochelle. Left on base:—Murrays 5, Halls, 3. Struck out by Willis, 2; Kirby, 1; Nesbit, 3; Crawford, 0; Craig, 1; Taylor, 2; Stephen, 3. Losing pitcher, Crawford.

Saw World's Series Games

MEMBERS of the Employees' Association to the number of 50, at least, were enabled to witness the world's series baseball games through the activity of President Joseph McGuirk.

"Joe" got in touch with President Charles Ebbets of the Brooklyn team, Gene Sheridan and a few more of the boys just before the plans for the series were launched, and as a result a block of 50 tickets was delivered (C.O.D.) to the Morse organization. These were in turn sold to members of the Association desiring them. Because of the small number of tickets available it was necessary to draw lots for them and this was done in the Assembly Hall under the supervision of President McGuirk.

"It takes years to earn a good reputation that can be lost in a day."

With The Pin Boys

WITH Henry Rochelle as chairman, the 1920-21 bowling tournament of the Employees' Association is now under way at the American Alleys, 51st Street and Third Avenue. The opening game of the season was held Monday evening, October 4th, and was marked by good attendance on the part of the contesting inter-department teams and respective rooters.

Rules which governed last year's tournament prevail this season and it is the intention of Chairman Rochelle and his fellow committee members to enforce them rigidly. No bowler who is not employed in the Morse organization will be permitted to participate in the games.

It was brought to the attention of the committee that on the second night of the series, Monday, October 11th, the Inside Machinists were handicapped in their match with the Hull Department, the latter team including in its personnel some rollers who were not employed in the Hull Department, nor in the Morse yard.

John Murphy of the Pipe Shop, Harry Anderson of the Carpenters, Jack Gannon, Timekeeper, John Kelly, Dock Hand, and Adam Lester of the Hull Department are assisting Chairman Rochelle to make this season's tournament surpass in interest and excitement the one of last year, in which the Carpenters and Hull Department waged a spirited contest for first place.

The rules governing the tournament are those of the American National Bowling Association and the Bowling Committee is empowered to decide all questions that may arise in connection with the tournament. The rules follow:—

Each team shall consist of five men. No postponements of games shall take place. Failure of a team to appear will result in forfeiture to opponent. All games shall start at 8 P. M. sharp. Second game fifteen (15) minutes after completion of first game. To be eligible for high individual prize, entrant must participate in at least twenty (20) games as well as in the last two games his team bowls. The captain of the team which is scheduled to bowl the final game of the evening shall send the scores for the games of that evening to the league secretary who shall act as official scorer.

Suitable prizes will be awarded at the end of the season. The high records for such prizes must be made in the games on the schedule and must be one of the inter-department contests. Picked team bowling may be indulged in before and after the scheduled contests, but scores made in these games will not qualify for the tournament.

All members of the Association are invited to participate in this bowling tournament. The fact that one is not a member of the team representing his department does not prohibit him from visiting the alleys and taking part in the picked-team games which precede and follow the regular, official matches. The Association has engaged several of the alleys by the sea-

son, and these are open to all Morse Men before and after the scheduled games. Come up to the alleys on the night your team plays. There is always a chance to roll.

On the opening night, October 4th, the Riggers defeated the Plumbers in a close game by the small margin of 47 pins in the total pinfall. O. Carlson was the main pin toppler for the hardy riggers, getting an individual score of 159. A. Carlson trailed him with 134. J. Larsen, G. Waller and C. Ellison were the other Riggers who helped take the measure of Paul Troy's gang.

Salmon and Schrieber were the "Man-o-War" horses for the Plumbers, getting the respective scores of 139 and 132. Troy, Mass and Salmon were the "yes men" in the line-up.

The unbeatable Carpenters got off to a good start by hanging the Indian sign on the Pipe Shop. The old Carpenter Shop reliables were in the line-up in addition to a new roller named Amenson, who started the season easy with a score of 210. Harry Anderson was second high with 167. Smith, Cullen and McLaurin were the other rollers who contributed to the high team score of 824, defeating the Pipers by a score of 163 pins in the total.

Ordemann and Searing with 161 and 145 were the headliners for the Pipe Shop. The "also rans" were Carr, O'Day and Hughes.

It was a terrible lacing the Carpenters gave to the Copper Shop! The Carpenters' line-up remained unchanged from that used against the Pipe Shop, while Semmack, Reicke, Pelletier, Loeffler and Lansing appeared for the Coppersmiths. Amenson, the Carpenter Shop Babe Ruth got 202 in this game.

Headed by Chief Day, the Timekeepers made their bow against the Plumbers and vanquished Troy's gang in a close game, with a lead of 22 pins. Martinez and Gannon were the star performers for the Timers, getting 134 and 133 respectively. The other Timekeeper rollers besides Boss Day were Fisher and Sharkey (not the fighters) but the bowlers (?)

Schrieber and Troy, the former with 154 and the latter with 131, were the wicked pin smashers for the Plumbers. Mass, Salmon and Osborn were the added starters.

The Timekeepers made a merciless onslaught upon the Riggers, defeating them by 312 pins. Martinez and Sharkey were the aggressors in this attack upon the helpless Riggers, the former getting 181 and the latter 147. Day, Gannon and Fisher all rolled strong games, bettering the scores they made against the Plumbers. The Riggers were represented by A. Carlson, Larsen, Waller, Ellison and O. Carlson.

George Pennington, who was connected up with the Morse team when we were in the baseball limelight, has made a great showing this season with the Hartford, Ct., club, and next year, George goes to faster company. The Boston Red Sox have pinned his name to a contract. Mickey Dann, also well known as a former Morse player, was on the receiving end of George's delivery.

Sid Leslie, track athlete, formerly of this yard, is now a member of the Guaranty Trust Company track team, and is doing his training in the Thirteenth Regiment Armory. Sid has taken a much needed rest and is now in the best of shape for a strenuous track campaign.

Yard Bowling Tournament Schedule

Nov. 1—Riggers vs Copper Shop; Hull Department. Timekeepers vs Pipe Shop; Inside Machinists.

Nov. 8th—Riggers vs Office; Carpenters. Copper Shop vs Dock Hands; Plumbers.

Nov. 15th—Riggers vs Dock Hands; Inside Machinist. Pipe Shop vs Office; Plumbers.

Nov. 22nd—Timekeepers vs Office; Hull. Outside Machinists vs Inside Machinists. Inside Machinists vs Carpenters.

Nov. 29th—Timekeepers vs Copper Shop; Outside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Dock Hands; Hull.

Dec. 6th—Hull vs Outside Machinists. Hull vs Carpenters.

Dec. 13th—Riggers vs Timekeepers; Plumbers. Copper Shop vs Pipe Shop; Carpenters.

Dec. 20th—Dock Hands vs Office; Outside Machinists. Plumbers vs Hull; Inside Machinists.

Dec. 27th—Timekeepers vs Dock Hands; Carpenters. Riggers vs Pipe Shop; Outside Machinists.

Jan. 3rd—Copper Shop vs Office; Inside Machinists. Plumbers vs Outside Machinists; Carpenters.

Jan. 10th—Riggers vs Copper Shop; Hull. Timekeepers vs Pipe Shop; Inside Machinists.

Jan. 17th—Riggers vs Office; Carpenters. Copper Shop vs Dock Hands; Plumbers.

Jan. 24th—Riggers vs Dock Hands; Inside Machinist. Pipe Shop vs Office; Plumbers.

Jan. 31st—Timekeepers vs Office; Hull. Outside Machinists vs Inside Machinists. Inside Machinists vs Carpenters.

Feb. 7th—Timekeepers vs Copper Shop; Outside Machinist. Pipe Shop vs Dock Hands; Hull.

Feb. 14th—Hull vs Outside Machinists. Carpenters vs Hull.

Feb. 21st—Riggers vs Timekeepers; Plumbers. Copper Shop vs Pipe Shop; Carpenters.

Feb. 28th—Dock Hands vs Office; Outside Machinists. Plumbers vs Hull; Inside Machinists.

March 7th—Timekeepers vs Dock Hands; Carpenters. Riggers vs Pipe Shop; Outside Machinists.

March 14th—Copper Shop vs Office; Inside Machinists. Plumbers vs Outside Machinists; Carpenters.

March 21st—Riggers vs Copper Shop; Hull. Timekeepers vs Pipe Shop; Inside Machinists.

March 28th—Riggers vs Office; Carpenters. Copper Shop vs Dock Hands; Plumbers.

April 4th—Riggers vs Dockhands; Inside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Office; Plumbers.

April 11th—Timekeepers vs Office; Hull. Outside Machinists vs Inside Machinists. Carpenters vs Inside Machinists.

April 18th—Timekeepers vs Copper Shop; Outside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Dock Hands; Hull.

April 25th—Hull vs Outside Machinists. Carpenters vs Hull.

Artie Clecket has left the Painters for the Shipfitters. Here's "soaping" you like it, Artie.

With The Fight Fans

Gunboat Smith, formerly employed here, experienced at the hands of George Carpentier some punishment that was fully as severe as that the Frenchman meted out to Battling Levinsky. Levinsky says that the Frenchman can hit harder than Dempsey. Gunboat says that Carpentier's swings are poison.

It looks like a busy winter for Frankie Fay, the clever bantam who has appeared at many of our boxing shows, and who has worked in the yard from time to time. Frankie is duly registered with the boxing commission and has some good matches ahead. He is in fine form and should make some of the boys in his class look to their laurels.

Billy Burke and Jimmie Weldon are looking for suitable opponents for Young Happy, Johnny Levine and Frankie Mack, our yard pugs, who are scheduled to go on occasionally at the monthly meetings in the Assembly Hall this winter.

Frankie Fay put the K.O. on Freddy Siedel in Elizabeth, N.J., Saturday night, October 2nd, in the second round of a scheduled 12 round go. Frankie was in excellent form and had Siedel groggy from the start, scoring a couple of knockdowns in the very first round.

Phil Bloom, formerly of the yard, lost a decision to Paul Doyle after twelve rounds in Providence, R.I., September 23rd. A dispatch to the *Evening Journal* said: "They slugged each other all over the ring, and were matched to meet again."

Frankie Sullivan, who has appeared in many of the Association boxing shows, lost the referee's decision to Happy Howard in a ten round mill held recently at Mitchell Field, L.I.

Bobby Hanson formerly of the Carpenter Shop, went on in a preliminary to the Joe Welling-Johnny Dundee bout at Madison Square Garden, September 17th Bobby mixed it with Tommy Noble and was shaded for the decision.

The Inside Machinists—Hull Department bowling match is under protest. The grounds of protest are that no official score of the game was kept, and that the score covered only seven or eight boxes. The Inside Machinists' line-up was composed of: Lock, Hargreave, Frohberg, Lyden and Frank. The Hull Department rollers were: Mitchell, Shanahan, Searing Curtis and Lohman. Tom Cavanaugh was on the side lines and was trying out new bowlers for Adam Lester, the Hull team's captain.

Acknowledgments

Paul Sheehan, chauffeur, (29808) writes: "I hereby extend my sincere thanks for the generous contribution of your check for forty five dollars to me and my family, I assure you all of my grateful appreciation."

John Costello of the Employment Department and members of his family, express their heartfelt thanks to members of the Employment Office for the floral tribute sent in connection with the death of Mr. Costello's mother, Mrs. Catherine Costello.

Cultivate the habit of thrift.

Thomas P. Mulligan has succeeded Charles Potter as the company's millwright. Mr. Mulligan has been in the employ of the company for about four years. He has worked as an outside carpenter, and in the Machine Shop. He thoroughly understands the duties of millwright, having worked with Mr. Potter for many months, and up to the time that Mr. Potter left the company's employ.

Al. Simendinger, Joe McGuirk's campaign manager, is not signed up for the next yard election. If Joe runs, Al will be on the job. Otherwise Al is open to engagements.

Charlie Jennings of the Shipfitters is sporting a pair of trick trousers. Notice the crease in 'em. They're sewed. You can't fool us, Charlie.

Clarence Wilson of the Tool Room is wearing a diamond bar pin. Clarence expects to be quite popular with the ladies.

The boys of the Employment Office nickname all the new comers to that department. Joseph B. Lowe is now known as "Lookout B. Lowe."

(McQuaid, the insurance clerk to applicant for insurance). "Who is your nearest relative?" Applicant—"My uncle." McQuaid—"When did your mother die?" Applicant—"My mother ain't dead." McQuaid—"I thought you said that your uncle was the nearest relative." Applicant—"He is! He lives in Brooklyn, and my mother's in Baltimore, Ohio."

Jack Madden of the Drillers asked his dentist for a tooth which had just been extracted. "I wanta take it home," said Jack, "and I'm gonna feed it sugar and watch the son of a gun ache."

The Morse Dry Dock Band, under the leadership of Lieutenant W. S. Mygrant, furnished the music at a recent clambake and dance under the auspices of the Victory Memorial Hospital, 92nd Street and 7th Avenue, formerly known as the Bay Ridge Hospital.

Oscar, the Sign Kink, recently painted a picture of a decayed apple and everybody agreed it was rotten.

Contentment may be measured by the things you are willing to do without.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by. Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I." Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you, And strive to make your estimate ring true.

The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink, And common bonds will gain a stronger link.

Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I." Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Uselessness is the result of ignorance.

On every hand

We hear this roar:

We're getting less

And paying more!

The wage is high,

But still we frown,

Because we find

Production's down.

The fate of man

Is surely tough,

He's long on cash

And short on stuff.

—Detroit Free Press.

Morse Baseball—Murray's team at top. Hall's, bottom group. Mead, Umpire. Kirby gets 'em with a bucket. Frank Rose, covering the bag. Troy, twirling. Tom Smith, Billy Chambers and Kenneth Craig, twirlers, warm up before the argument. Rochelle on the receiving end.

Murray's team, left to right—Taylor, Willis, Donovan, Greenfield, Craig, J. Jacobson, Tom Smith, Sr., Rochelle, Stephens.

Hall's team—Chambers, Troy, Kirby, Nesbit, Henderson, Rose, Mullaly, A. Jacobson, Johnson.

See
Page 12
for
story



Pictures by
Morse
Photographer

"AT WORK AND PLAY"

By E. E. Donnelly, Dial Cartoonist



Morse Foremen Play Ball
"One game that wasn't fixed"



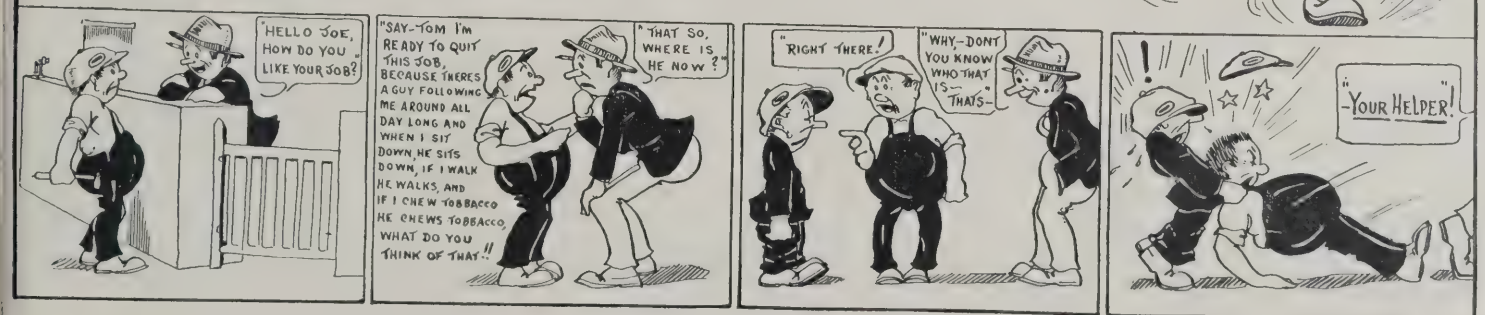
Mr + Mrs C. Tedder attend the World Series game

Mc Lellen the house - carpenter of the North Building, on the job



- E. DONNELLY -

Gene Ryan of the plate shop shakes a wicked leg at our last racket.



Some of Our Old Timers

An Old Old Timer

CHRISTOPHER Boughal, "Chris" as he is familiarly called, is the oldest of the old-timers, the dean of those veterans who have trailed along with Mr. Morse and the Morse Company since the good old days of yore when a ship in the yard meant a full pail, whether it be the dinner pail or one of those containers which carried sudsy, foamy brew.

"I've been in and out all these years," says "Chris." But he's been "in" most of the time, for he has always found it rather lonesome away from the yard, which he has somehow associated with the word "home." "And, to tell you the truth, I'd rather work here than any other place," "Chris" says.

We have claimed for "Chris" a place of honor among the Morse old-timers. Now, we must substantiate those claims.

"There wasn't an old-timer in the outfit that I remember of who started in my day, except Paddy Crossen and Tom Boyle," Christopher will tell you. He will tell you that he was at the Twenty-sixth Street plant with Mr. Morse in 1896. He will tell you that on more than one occasion Mr. Morse took a hand at punching and shearing.

And he'll tell you that some of the boys could negotiate Mr. Morse for a small loan, or a little advance money and get away with it. In other words, "Chris" knows that there wasn't so much system

in ye olden times and it was quite common to meet and talk with the boss, and, incidentally, to tell him that the cousin was coming from Boston and they'd have to roll in a half barrel.

We, however, didn't want "Chris" to achieve fame on so many generalities. "Tell us something definite—something with names and dates," we were saying. "Chris" scratched his fast graying head and straightened to his full six feet as he gazed at the ceiling.

Joe McGuirk was "Chris's" second, his "yes" man. "Be calm, Chris," Joe was saying "Think a little—think a little; you'll win the handsome celluloid rivetting gun yet," Joe encouraged.

And "Chris" thought. Finally, he blurted out—"I have it! I remember I came to this plant from the old plant on the Transport Kilpatrick. We were fixing her for the Spanish-American war. Yeh! And I remember when we were doing a fleet of nine oil tankers here—The Northtown, The Northman, The Northeast, The Winnifred and some more of 'em."

"You win," we told "Chris," and we directed Joe McGuirk to lead him to the photograph and finger-print expert Charlie Bailey of The Dial. The result of the operation accompanies the article. Meanwhile "Chris" continues as a handriveter, and is sporting badge number 20707. All hail to "Chris" Boughal.



Chris. Boughal

Naval Militia Offers Training

AN opportunity is offered in the "Naval Militia" to gain experience in Engineering and Deck Duties. An oil burning turbine cruiser, steam launches, and sailing cutters are placed at the disposal of the members for week-end cruises.

At the Armory a gymnasium, swimming pool, bowling alleys, pool tables, indoor baseball, tennis courts, etc., are placed for the benefit of the members. Enrollments are taken care of every Monday and Wednesday evening at the Second Naval Battalion, N. M. N. Y., 52nd Street and 1st Avenue, Brooklyn.

We receive frequent requests for back numbers of the "Dial." The Public Library of Bayonne wants a complete set of the 1918 issues. If any employee has copies of The Dial that appeared in 1918 or 1919 which they do not want we will appreciate it very much if they will send them in to us so that we can supply those who wish complete sets. We would like to receive the issues of February, August and October of 1918; January and June of 1919 and January and March of 1920.

Cartoonist E. Donnelly of The Dial and Mrs. Donnelly were hosts to The Stork Friday, October 8th. Their guest brought a girl. Jimmie Weldon remembers the time when Donnelly drew a cartoon of Jimmie walking a baby and stepping on a tack, and now Jimmie is waiting for the same cartoon with the name changed.

Has Our Sympathy

THE many friends of Captain J. J. Brown of the Morse police force and guards were grieved upon hearing of the death, during the week of September 20th, of Mrs. Brown and child. Death follow an operation which, it was hoped, would be successful in prolonging the life of Mrs. Brown and the baby. Captain Brown's burden of grief was weighed by the deaths, coming, as they did, not long after the demise of two other children. Every man and woman of the company extends to Captain Brown their heartfelt sympathy.

The *Black Arrow*, first ship to be raised on the 30,000 ton floating drydock of this company, shortly after the big dock was placed in commission, is being offered for sale by the United States Shipping Board. She is an ex-German passenger and cargo vessel, constructed in 1904, and of 6,599 gross tons and 7,050 deadweight tons. She is being reconditioned at the Boston Navy Yard to carry 80 first class and 560 steerage passengers.

Boss Doherty of the Truck Garage, ran afoul of the Coney Island police recently when he was caught without his automobile lights going. Helluva place to be caught in the dark.

God send us men, alert and quick,

His lofty precepts to translate,

Until the laws of Christ become

The laws and habits of the state.

—F. J. Gillman.

Says World Needs Love

JOHN W. Cossaboom, wood-caulker, is a family man, and rightfully proud of his grandchildren whose pictures appear on another page. Mr. Cossaboom is an interesting gentleman to talk to and has some very good notions about present day social ills. He believes that we need more true religion. He says:

"The world does not care so much for the theology we preach as it does for the life we live. We are in a world of sin and death. Multitudes all around are going down into death daily.

"The world," he says, "is on the eve of a great change. What are we doing to rescue lost souls? The world needs Christ—Christ in the hearts and in the lives of everyone. People need some one filled with love and a passion for souls to come to them, seek them out and say kind words that will lift them from darkness into light."

Should Get A Victory Medal

THE following communication was sent to The Dial and was signed "Hull Department Men:"

"Eddie Tonry is now back in the Hull Department, working every day. Tonry was in the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company's Employees' Association when it first started. He was working in the yard for three years when war broke out. Tonry went and came out O. K. He is the only man in the yard that has six stars on his victory medal for the six big battles his division was in. He came home last September and being an old employee he did not get a victory medal from the Employees' Association. Being that Tonry is an old member of the Association he should get one. If the Association hasn't got one, one should be made for him."

A Bolshevik Salad

CHARLES Jennings, shipfitter, procured this recipe for "Bolshevik Salad" from the Filipino chef on the *S.S. Tancarville*. Cut in small pieces eight cold potatoes, the same quantities of beets and carrots; cut in the same manner an equal proportion of green peas, fresh tomatoes and cabbage. Cut in pieces asparagus tips, add an equal proportion of chicken, shrimps, and crabs. Cut these in small pieces and mix all together. Season with vinegar, salt and strong pepper to make hot and cover with a Mayonnaise sauce. Cut three hard-boiled eggs in quarters; place them with the hearts of lettuce around the salad. Decorate with long strips of sweet, red peppers.

And Here We Have

Gene Ryan, Plate Shop jazz dancer, and candidate for president of the Employees' Association. Gene put

on his act for the "Home For Homeless Horses" last month and one of the nags admitted that Gene shook a wicked hoof. Gene announced that any of the girls in the Main Office may receive copies of his photograph by applying to Mr. Wiencke. Gene says that the next time he puts on his act for the Association, he will get paid in advance.



Gene Ryan, Comedian



OUR FAMILY POETS

A Poet Painter

Gus Hornig, material man of the Paint Department, who has been with this company since he returned from France with the 305th Infantry has written a poem which will bring back memories to the ex-doughboys in the yard.

Gus is a silver button boy, having been wounded at Vesle River, September 1st, 1918, and cited for bravery in action by his Divisional Commander. He received his discharge as a Top Sergeant.

Here is Hornig's poem, entitled:—

A Little of Both

Mademoiselle, la guerre est fini,
Tout suite soldat parti American
Restez pour toujours aux Etats Uni—
Mademoiselle, Adieu!

II

Mademoiselle, you are sorry, I know,
Sorry to see those Americans go,
Loved us because of the francs we would
blow

Mademoiselle, Adieu!

III

Mademoiselle, parti avec nous?
Mais, non! Ma cheri, that would never do
What would our sweethearts and folks
think of you?

Mademoiselle, Adieu!

IV

Mademoiselle, there's a girl over there
Who has all the charms that make one
really care;
She's witty and pretty and wholesome
and fair

Mademoiselle, Adieu!

V

Mademoiselle, when bright shone the moon
O'er the wheat fields, often we'd spoon,
But we never thought 'twould be over so
soon;

Mademoiselle, Adieu!

VI

Mademoiselle, if you said, "Kees me
queek,"
And swiftly I kissed you on your soft
cheek,

It was for my fiancé en Amerique.
Mademoiselle, Adieu!

VII

Mademoiselle, birds of feather gather in
flocks
It's petites for Frenchmen and nurses
for Docs
And me for the girlie who knitted my
socks!

Mademoiselle, Adieu!

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
And some highway hanner make.
If you can't be a "muskie," then just be
a bass,

But the liveliest bass in the lake.
We can't all be captains, some have to be
crew,

If you can't be a highway, then just be a
trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star:
It isn't by size that you win or you fail;
Be the best of whatever you are.

—Marathon Safety Bulletin.

"Morse's Life Insurance"

The Morse Life Insurance
Has been a great success.
The first few years working
Have been the very best.
They teach you how to save your pence
To relieve your mind of great suspense
By paying at a small expense
Does Morse's Life Insurance.

There are no directors' fees to pay
In Morse's Life Insurance;
No shareholders' dividends
But prompt payment of their claims.
They urge you to insure your life
To make provisions for your wife
To fit you for the fiercest strife
Does Morse's Life Insurance.

Now friends, I think you all agree
The best thing you can do,
Is to let Mr. McQuaid
Take a policy out for every one of you.
Then you all can go to rest
Quite free from all annoyance,
Knowing you have done your best
To promote our Life Insurance.

—Llubegrocy

Harvest Time

By Ella K. Livermore
Seaford, L. I.

Harvest time is here again
With its fields of ripened grain
Luscious pears and apples too
Plums and grapes of purple hue.

Beans, corn and potatoes
Good and sound
Yellow squash and pumpkin
Lying on the ground.

Cabbage, beets and turnips
Every thing we need
Just the "Masters" blessing
And the farmers seed.

Let not this crop be hoarded,
To bring a higher price,
Let all—share this blessing
Profiteering is a vice.

We are all Gods farmers,
Tilling the fields of life
We must be careful what we sow
Lest we reap bitter strife.

Plant the seeds of honor and justice,
Love and fidelity,
Kindness, truth and faithfulness,
For the harvest that is to be.

Only One

Hundreds of stars in the mid-night sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over!

—George Cooper.

Corn Beef And Cabbage

We are a chain gang,
A chain gang brave and bold,
We run and jump, climb and crawl
Any old place, we never fall.
If you trust your life to us standing on
a scaffold,
You're as safe as you'd be Sunday, in
your church or chapel.

We're dirty and we're greasy
But we don't give a D----
The soap we get in our envelope
Will pay the Gas and Butcher-man.

So get back on the Tancarville
We work soap to-day,
If you're caught loafing on the job
Out the gate you go next day.

The whistle blows, it's four o'clock
Lordie, what a scramble,
Your chum says, "What you got for tea,
"I'm hungry as a savage."
But you look wise, for Wifies' got
Some Corn Beef and Cabbage.
—One of the Chain Gang, Mc.

Going Down

Don't do any work when the boss isn't
there,
And loaf when he is, if he'll let you;
His business will suffer, but why should
you care?
His troubles ought never to fret you.
Don't save any money—just blow all your
pay,
For if you go broke you can borrow,
And though you may land in the poorhouse
some day,
Forget about that 'till tomorrow.

Sneak out of all tasks that you possibly
can,
Or hunt for an easy way through them;
Leave all the hard jobs to some dull-witted
man,
Who will always be willing to do them.
Be sure to break out with a harrowing
wail,
If duties are rough or unpleasant.
And though you are likely to wind up in
jail,
Don't think about that—for the present.

Don't stand for rude talk, if the boss calls
you down;
There are plenty of men who will hire
you;
Look right in his eye and observe, with a
frown,
If he don't like your work, he can fire
you.
Perhaps you'll get by if this course you
pursue,
Though the chances are very much
greater
That before very long you will starve if
you do
But that you can think about later.

This wisdom we never have gathered from
books,
Philosophers never supplied it;
We got it from loafers and grafters and
crooks,
And all of these worthies have tried it.
They've followed these rules very closely,
they say,
And if you will look where it got 'em,
Forthwith you'll agree it's the speediest
way
To get from the top to the bottom!

Excuses are the patches with which we
seek to repair the garment of failure.

Furlong's Follies

Sez Karpenter Karlie Kellerman, "Wot makes the sea so blue?"

Sez I to Karlie Kellerman, "I dunno, duyout?"

Sez I to Karlie Kellerman, "Wot causes the wind to blow?"

Sez Karpenter Karlie Kellerman, "Listen dampfino!"

We've seen a suffragette, in a pantalette, read a novelette, on the parapet, of a minaret, but we never smoke a cigarette, until we get, our dinner—ett.

They're forever painting smokestacks, those two painters in the air,

They climb so high, they touch the sky; Coz it's piece work they don't care.

They can't do no hiding, Brown looks everywhere.

Margarutch and Conway, painters in the air.

McGuirk was in the storeroom, telling stories funny,

Mr. Mead was in the office, counting out some money,

Plunkett was on the sidewalk, brushing off his clothes,

Coz when he went to crank his car, he found the radiator froze.

A riveter wuz rivetin rivets, on board of the *Edward Pratt*.

A driller was drillin' and drillin', and takin' off lots of fat.

And the driller worked with the riveter, and they raised a helluva ruction,

It brought smiles to McEwen and Crawford, coz it was *their* bunch working "*production*."

Oh, Robbie MacQueen of the Outside Machinists

Has a smile for everybody he meets.

Who in 1920 earns good and plenty

Last year got 30 a month and his eats.

There was a little "soap hound" and he had an air gun,

And it felt as heavy as lead, lead, lead.

When it whistled four o'clock, he got sent up the dock.

And the shock it knocked him dead, dead, dead.

Peter, Peter, rivet heater, had a wife and couldn't keep her,

He got soapin' it up, and now he can keep her very well.

'Twas twa bonnie Scots talking, Sandy Wallace and Robbie Bruce.

"Do ye ken the days afore they tuk awa' the stuff, Sandy," said Robbie, "when we kud chat wi' our cronies owre a glass or twa and then go haim to the bairn an' chiels happy and gay?" "Aye," said Sandy, "them wur the guid days, but didna ya hear Jymes MacFarlane have a stull in his haim?" And Jimmy had company that night.

A sailing ship is the only thing we know of that really requires wind for progress.

If that dope that "a man's heart was reached thru his stummick" wuz true, we'd have a helluva lot more old maids in the world than we've got.

When Joe Martin was on his vacation he asked a farmer where was a good place to bathe. "In the spring," said the

farmer. "I didn't ask you when, ya nut, I asked ya where," said Joe.

Hey, diddle, diddle, hear Clancy's fiddle, They tell me it's all outa tune:

He got it that way, at least so they say. Playin' Scotch tunes for Billy McKeon.

The Editor's Mail Bag

WE are printing here a letter from the good wife of one of our employees. The letter explains itself. Read it and then read our answer below:

"Dear Editor—Just a little suggestion, hoping you will find a corner in your next month's Dial. I think Mr. Morse should try to build houses somewhere near his works and rent them only to his workers, especially to those who have to travel an hour or more to get there. I know he would profit by it as well as his workers. Before I was married my people lived in Glasgow in a house that belonged to the steel works where my father worked.

"They took the rent out of the salary every week also the coal. I thought many a time what a wonderful relief it would be to a workingman to get a house near his work. A lot of less time he would lose from his work. Would that my dream would come true.—Yours,

"A Mother of Three Children Paying \$38 and Expecting A Raise."

The suggestion contained in this letter is one that has been carried out by many industrial concerns with benefit to the Company and to the employees, but generally by those concerns that are ordinarily confronted with the housing problems. In normal times the housing conditions in Brooklyn are not such as to warrant any industrial company here to venture into such an enterprise.

To build houses for the purpose of renting them to employees is generally not a good business proposition. Most companies which do anything of this kind, build houses for the purpose of selling them to their employees. For the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co. to undertake such a plan is not practical. Land is not available at a price which would make the venture a safe one, and the cost of labor, material and everything else is too high to warrant the investment. Unless it was an investment it would be poor policy for the Company to undertake such a project, because present economical conditions do not warrant the expenditure of such a large amount as would be involved unless sufficient and immediate returns were sure to follow.

We can readily appreciate the spirit which prompted our correspondent's letter. Hardly anyone but has suffered from the deplorable housing conditions prevailing to-day. These conditions will only be overcome however when America goes back to work and that means when everybody realizes the need of increased production.

That Mr. Morse has a sympathetic knowledge of the housing situation as it concerns his employees, is evidenced by the fact that he recently placed at the disposal of the employees, the services of Attorney Stuart H. Benton of the Company's Legal Department, with the understanding that Mr. Benton would give free legal advice concerning the new rent laws passed in September by the State Legislature. Mr. Benton was thus able to be of material assistance to many Morse employees who were in need of legal advice.

Carelessness is Fire's main reliance.

The Heater Boy

By Tom Furlong

(With apologies to Whittier)

Blessings on thee, little man,
Heater Boy, with cheeks of tan,
With thy forge and well worn tongs,
Whistling all the latest songs.
Heating rivets for your crew,
All your gang relies on you;
Every job fills you with hope
That your bunch gets lottsa soap,
From my heart I give you joy—
I was once a Heater Boy!

Passer, holder, driver too,
Helpless are lest helped by you;
Ships that on the oceans ride
With plates so set to rouse one's pride,
Bring your handwork far and nigh,
Please the master workman's eye—
Your old forge is not a toy,
Blessings on thee, Heater Boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Work and laugh as boyhood can!
Though you work on some old shell,
And the work be hard as—well
Every day shall bring to you,
Happiness that comes to few;
Every rivet that you heat
Aids our country's growing fleet,
You've a record never marred,
You're a credit to our yard,
Oh, that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, Heater Boy!

Paul Troy was going out the Main Gate. The government man held him up. Paul didn't say that he worked here, and had to stand for a search. The argument ended in Mr. Benton's office. Now Paul says he's going to sue the government.

Danny Johnson of the Pipefitters claims the bunch should get traveling time on the *Powhatan* while she lays at the end of Pier 1.

Jerry Hines of the Painters got five o'clock soap one night and the shock laid him up for three days.

Matty Wright claims he saw a couple of riveters full of unbonded joy recently. No, not unbonded, Printer, he said *unbonded*.

Geo. Gardner took some pictures with his new camera recently and showed them to us. "This one is of me; it's a bit light-struck, I was facing the sun and it got blurred,—it's a double exposure, and out of focus a little, but it's a peach otherwise, ain't it?" Boy, page Bailey, The Dial photographer.

The Pipe Shop bunch were sorry to see Joe Lowe leave them but glad of his promotion. One who will miss him most is Slim Carr, who worked under Joe's guidance for several years and recently became a journeyman. Slim declares Joe deserves every good thing that comes his way. We say so too.

Harry Lyle saw Jimmie McFarlane putting a new tire on his car. "Wassamatter," said Harry, "punctuated a tire?" "Oh, what grammar," said Mac. "Well," said Harry, "ya came to a full stop, didntcha?"

A painters' apprentice asked Gene Brown for a chance to get up in the world and Brownie gave him a job painting a mast.

Furlong's Follies

Some guys are so romantic they can even see poetry in tripe.

Give every guy a hand but be sure first that it ain't closed.

Ya gotta hand it to Clancy and his band. They liven up feet that have become jazzless and put pep in the system of an octogenarian.

On the ladder of success you've gotta prove up or ya can't move up.

Howarya on punctuation, Kid? Kin ya make this and cop a prize?

That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is.

Your choice of beautiful celluloid rivet tongs, a genuine cut glass buttonset or the "Life of Jimmie McFarlane" printed in Hebrew, will be presented to the one who sends us the sentence properly punctuated. Donnelly has nothing on us. Answer printed in this column next month.

Gimmie the pleasta meetcha guy whose mitt throws a current of sincerity into ya, and I'll stack him against the gink who gives ya his paw as if you'd dirty it for him.

Shipyard Definitions

A Dictionary of Misinformation

Anchor—A ship's watch-guard.

Aft—Where they keep the ship's bustle.

Athwartships—The direction a guy slides in when the ship rolls.

Ballast—Weights to keep a ship from doing a Wilbur Wright.

Beam—Which cracks you on the dome while walking in a dark hold.

Bilge—Where sailors hide their limburger.

Chain Locker—(Deleted). Ask any painter.

Gangway—Where they go down quicker than they go up.

Head—Where the Camel Kids hang out.

Midship—The solar plexus of the ship.

Rivets—Buttons for a ship's B.V.D.'s.

Stem—The sharp end of a ship; used to pick the teeth of a gale.

Household Hints

When you run short of shaving soap a charlotte russe rubbed on the face produces a good lather.

A small piece of oakum used as a sponge in the bath will be found refreshing, but be sure not to use steel wool by mistake.

Canned tomatoes should not be opened with the teeth or with the old man's razor.

Creosote or vitriol applied freely with a paint brush will remove all superfluous hair.

Save all catsup and vinegar bottles. They may come in handy when the man up stairs makes some home brew.

A young chicken makes a nice salad for six—but we know chickens who refuse to make a salad for more than one.

Close, stuffy rooms in your apartment may be made more airy by removing the side of the house.

If you wish to grow hops in your garden, obtain two or three frogs from your delicatessen store. Each frog has 31,416 hops in his system. That should be enough for a good stew.



OUR customers, lad, are of various kinds; various classes, with various minds. But let me tell you one thing, they all of them together appreciate the same service, good workmanship. Believe me, a reputation for good workmanship, lad, is the best advertisement a Shop can have; for good advertising, you know, is the way to create good sales. And sales in our business mean a continuation of big work. I don't mean another *Huron* or a *DeKalb*; but all the alterations, renewals, and repairs on the majority of the ships in Port each day. That's what we've got to hold. The newspapers—you read 'em, don't you?—say everything is coming down now; things are gettin' back to normal. And some of the boys seem to think that means the times are gettin' bum. But I tell you that means simply that we've all got to ask ourselves how are we goin' to fortify our Yard against the other shops startin' deliberately to underbid—so we can keep our preferred customers when business becomes mighty selective. You hear the fellows in the other Yards a-yellin' "Come to So-and-So for your turbine work," and "Try So-and-So for This and That." Which means nothin' to us. You know our answer. It's just *Morse's* for anything. They don't come too big or too small for us, lad. We proved that to the Army, Navy, and to the Shipping Board. But all the boats are back in the hands of the Steamship Companies now; and let me tell you there's a lot of new ones. And the point is, we've got to begin now, lad, and prove it to them, too. *How?* Why just good workmanship. That's some advertisement. And as I told you good advertising means good business all over for you and the bunch.

Want-Ad Column

(This department is maintained for the benefit of Morse employees who have anything to sell, rent or barter. Advertisements are run without charge but they must contain the name and home address of the advertiser.)

For Sale—Gas fixtures of a two family house; price very reasonable. See R. E. Marion, 458 Sixty-third Street, Brooklyn.

Found:—Gold part of watch fob containing initials G.F.C. Apply at Dial office.

Toadstools are often mistaken for mushrooms, and brazen audacity is often mistaken for genius.

You Don't Say!

A political discussion ensued in the Machine Shop. Jim Kenefick was asked who was going to be our next governor. He said he was 26 years old and never voted for anybody but Joe McGuirk.

Eddie Leonard of the Machine Shop said that Charlie Small's china set reminded him of a beautiful set he received for a wedding gift, only his is broken up. Whaddayu mean, Eddie, broken up?

Otto Shomberg misses his walk since Jack Byers takes it. How come, Otto?

Just to revive the old-time stuff George McKay and Roy Carter of the Carpenter Shop have taken the front row in the Star Theatre again.

William Burgenson, Pipe Shop "deacon" appreciates his Monday morning congregation.

John Baxley, electric welder, says that where he lives there is no milkman bothering them in the morning. Everybody owns their own goats. Eh, John, how about Menzies's Glasgow (Glass Cow.)

Fowler says—"Whoops, my dear!"

Flemming says—"Hootch, my dear!"

We hear Joseph Santor of the Burners and Welders is about to be married. You "drawed" a prize, Alice.

"Big Jack's" league of nations comprises Kid Za-Za, the Italian heavyweight; Young Faulhabe, the terrible blonde; Bill Holden, the ex-jockey, and Con Maloney, the foreign count.

Frank Malley is trying to convert Billy Wiencke.

Gene Sheridan of the Brooklyn Nationals infield is one of our former Pipe Coverers and Gene did all he could to get the Morse gang a few tickets for the world's series—(serious as Joe McGuirk would say.)

Be a miser in the matter of unsolicited advice, unfriendly criticism, unripe opinions, grouchiness and profanity: be lavish with smiles, encouragement, commendation, well-thought ideas and cheery greetings.

Willard Parker of the Chippers and Caulkers has had a varied experience. He has soldiered all over the U. S. and in all the U. S. possessions. He's a graduate nurse, and former finger-print expert at Fort Slocum, N. Y. The rest of his life will come in the next installment.

Joe Bugs and "Big Jim" Nickerman of the Pipe Coverers had their wrestling match during lunch hour recently and "Big Jim" was thrown in one minute and five seconds, catch-as-catch-can style. Tough luck, Nick. Joe now says that he will throw heavyweight William Carl in one minute.

Joe Luft of the Electrical Department is recovering in the Norwegian Hospital after a severe accident on one of the boats. Joe is a kid who is well liked by everybody and the boys will be glad to welcome him back.

Harry Lyle, Shipfitter Snapper, and his famous sayings: "Today, Boys! There'll be h--- to pay about this."



Little Problems of Home Life

Compensation

THE Business Girl was spending Sunday with her old chum, now the Mother of Three. After dinner, the Daddy of the Three took them for a walk, and the Business Girl and her hostess went at the dishes.

"You'll be sorry you insisted on washing instead of wiping," declared the Mother of Three. "Dish washing is simply awful on the hands. You'd never know, to look at them now, that I ever had pretty hands, with nice nails. We give up all that when we marry and take up housework."

"Yes, but see what you gain," replied her friend.

"I'm not so sure we gain much," returned the married woman with a touch of bitterness. "Look at me—nothing but a drudge. I used to have plenty of time to sew and shampoo and manicure, and I had all my salary to buy nice things for myself. Now, I hardly ever have anything really good to wear, and I never have an afternoon to myself unless I can get Mother or Sis to stay with the children. I've given up all my leisure and good clothes and good times. Of course I'm not complaining about my husband. He's a dear, and works as hard as I do, and saves every cent to put into our home. But I often wish we hadn't married, but just stayed sweethearts."

"My Boss was talking to me the other day about Compensation," said the Business Girl thoughtfully. "He had just been made general manager of our new up-town branch, with an increase of a thousand dollars a year. 'But they aren't giving me that increase just as a love token,' he said. 'I'll have to earn at least fifty-thousand dollars more a year for the firm, and work longer hours and do harder thinking, or I'll soon be back in my old job. We have to pay for what we get. I'll have to pay in more earnest effort for this raise. That's right, too.'"

"Now as I figure it, everybody has to pay for the good things of life as well as for the mistakes. You say you envy me my good clothes and my leisure. Well, I envy you your husband and home and children. I admit that I have more leisure and more clothes than you have—but I pay for them with loneliness. You have the home and the man who loves you and the adorable kiddies—and you have to pay with work. Don't you see, old dear, how it is all evened up? That's the law of compensation."

"It is certainly true at the office. The other day a little filing clerk said to me enviously, 'Gee, I wish I could make fifty a week instead of fifteen, the way you do.' But she didn't stop to think that we don't do equal work. She has no responsibility, no real burden, while I have dozens and dozens of very important details on my mind constantly. Sometimes I'm so tired and worried that I'd give most any-

thing to be just a typist with nothing to do but copy, copy, copy, things that other people have had to think out. The typists lead a care-free life, so far as office responsibility is concerned, but they pay for it by getting less money. I get more money, but I pay for it by having harder and more responsible work to do. There again is the law of compensation."

"As I think it over, it seems to me that everybody has something nice in life, but has to pay for it with something not so nice. Anyhow, it doesn't pay any of us to be discontented."

It's love that makes the postman go around with a lot of silly letters.

Goops

And How To Be Them

By Gelett Burgess

Let me introduce a race
Void of beauty and of grace;
Extraordinary Creatures
With a Paucity of features.
Though their forms are fashioned ill
They have Manners stranger still;
For in Rudeness they're Precocious,
They're Atrocious, they're Ferocious!
Yet you'll learn—if you are Bright
Politeness from the *Im-polite*.
Ask yourself, upon the spot
Are you a Goop, or are you NOT?
For, although it's fun to see them
It is TERRIBLE to Be them!

Goop Table Manners

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their
knives!
They spill their broth on the table-
cloth—
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!

The Goops they talk while eating
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop—ARE YOU?

Tidiness

Little scraps of paper,
Little crumbs of food,
Make a room untidy,
Everywhere they're strewed.

Do you sharpen pencils,
Ever, on the floor?
What becomes of orange-peels
And your apple-core?

Can you blame your mother
If she looks severe,
When she says, "It looks to me
As if the Goops were here?"

Is Johnny Going to Pass?

IS Johnny going to "pass"? Is your child going to be promoted when promotion time comes next February?

"Goodness, gracious!" you exclaim in surprise. "It's too soon to know. How can we tell?"

But it isn't too soon. Indeed, you ought to have made up your mind the day that Johnny started back to school in September that he *would* be promoted. And seeing that he is doing well in his studies is your job as much as it is his teacher's. She does all she can to make your Johnny and every other little Tom, Dick, and Harry pass, you may be pretty certain, for *her* success, *her* good record, depends on being able to teach so that children can safely be sent on into higher classes.

But she has a good many pupils, and she has a good deal of work to do outside of school hours, papers to correct, lessons to prepare, teachers' meetings to attend, detailed reports to fill out—don't imagine for one single instant that teacher's life is all one grand sweet song!—and sometimes she doesn't get real well acquainted with Johnny, particularly if he is rather shy sometimes she doesn't realize that he is not understanding the arithmetic as well as he should, or the grammar, or the history. And when he doesn't come up to the scratch in the final examinations and she realizes that she can't promote him, don't imagine that she jumps up and down with glee and utters a wild whoop of mirth about it. She is as sorry as can be that Johnny can't pass—almost as sorry as poor little disappointed Johnny himself. But it's pretty late *then* to do anything about it.

The time to begin thinking about Johnny's passing is *now*. You parents know your own particular kind of a little Johnny. If he is a shy little lad, too timid to speak up in class when he doesn't understand, then it's up to you to help him at home till he *does* understand, or else go to the school some afternoon and have a good talk with his teacher, tell her all about Johnny's terrible shyness and his bewilderment, and ask her if she can't help him over the hard places till he finds smoother going.

And if your Johnny is lazy and inattentive, it is still your job to help teacher get those lessons pounded into his heedless little head.

"Johnny, what did you get in arithmetic to-day? *What!* Only 40? You know that is way below passing. Now bring your paper and let's see what was the matter with your examples. Why, look here! You've called 8 and 5 fourteen. Now wasn't that a silly mistake? You take a clean sheet and sit down and do that example correctly, sir, this minute."

That's what Johnny needs—to know that the home folks are interested in his school work, watching it, checking up on it *now*.

Most of Johnny's bad work, most of his mistakes will be due to just one thing in all the world, and that is childhood's chief fault—carelessness. Johnny is no fool. He is not stupid. Watch him skylarking around the neighborhood after school.

He is alert enough, smart enough, quick enough. But, how careless he is, calling 9 and 7 fifteen, writing his o's exactly like his a's, mixing up his rivers and mountain ranges in a way that must shock the Creator, and jumbling up his history till the centuries are all topsy-turvy! Poor teacher, with fifty-seven varieties of carelessness besides Johnny's to struggle with, can't possibly cure them all, in one term. But if each set of parents, in each home, each night, would spend about half an hour, or maybe only ten minutes, straightening Johnny out on the mistakes caused that day in school, mostly by his own carelessness, every Johnny would be promoted when passing time comes. So find out now just how Johnny is getting along in his class, just what help he needs, and there will be no disappointment in February.

Watch Your Buttons and Beads

THE good old adage "A stitch in time saves nine" is never more appropriate than when considering the dozens of buttons and millions of beads with which woman's clothes are so largely trimmed these days. Many a woman has been compelled to get an entirely new set of buttons for a suit or coat just because she had lost one button and could not match those that remained. And buttons, the handsome ones that are used to-day, are not cheaply replaced, either. As for beads which seem to be used more and more lavishly each season, the loss of just a few may mean that a beautiful beaded design is quite ruined.

When you get a new suit or dress, sew all the buttons on tightly. This is one detail in which women's clothes are never so well finished as men's. Probably the tailors sew the buttons so tightly on the men's clothes because they know the poor helpless dears could never do it for themselves. But the makers of women's apparel evidently trust us to attend to our buttons ourselves, for even very expensive suits and dresses usually have the buttons caught with just a few slipshod stitches. See that they are all fastened on securely before you wear the garment even once. This rule should also apply to buttons on blouses and underwear.

As for the beaded blouse or dress, eternal vigilance is the price of keeping the design perfect. Even a new beaded garment frequently has a loose thread that needs immediate attention, for unfortunately most of the beaded work is put on by machine chain stitching which pulls out very easily, once it gets started. Look over a beaded garment after every wearing and see that no end of thread has begun to pull loose.

Attending to the many details of woman's dress is indeed a task, if the woman wishes to keep her clothes looking well for a long time, but it is worth the effort, and no woman who owns a handsome beaded garment ought to neglect it.

Some married women still keep up tennis, but about all the sport some wives ever get is swatting flies.

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.



Mrs. Thomas Hayes and daughter Gladys.
Two reasons why one member of the Copper Shop Force hurries home every night.

Don't Over-Excite Children

HOW would you like, any of you adults, at the end of your day, when you were a little tired anyhow, to have some good-natured giant suddenly swoop down upon you, grab you off your feet, toss you to the ceiling a couple of times, stand you on your head, and finally set you free? Even if the good-natured giant grinned all the time he was doing it, and even if he took from his pocket a box of candy and gave it to you as further proof of his good will towards you, you'd still be rather breathless and upset, don't you think? And if he let you eat seven pieces of the candy before your dinner, while you were still excited; and then if he leaned over towards you every few minutes all during the meal and tickled you till you nearly had hysterics, or pinched your legs gently, just because they were so plump and dimpled, you wouldn't enjoy your meal very well, or digest it very well, would you?

Yet childish nerves and childish digestive organs are not nearly so strong as adult nerves and adult digestions.

We grown-ups are often careless and even cruel in the way we show our interest and affection for little people. The picture sketched is something actually observed by the writer recently while away on a vacation. The father in the case is a travelling man, and while his little son admires and adores him, the father's boisterous manner of teasing, tickling and tossing the high-strung little fellow around, as well as his prodigal gifts of candy and peanuts, always result in a nervous reaction which has made the mother almost dread her husband's homecoming. He loves his child, but he overstimulates him, keeps him in a continuous whirl of "rough-house" and excitement, until presently the child is in tears from sheer nervousness and fatigue. Then comes the inevitable stomach spell, from over-eating sweets, and the father wants to know if his son is a "mollycoddle!"

Just because a child squeals and shrieks with laughter when adults tickle and tease him is no sign he enjoys the performance, or that such so-called "fun" is good for him. He laughs from pure nerves, just as an adult will do when tickled. But do adults like tickling?

Many well-meaning adults think that the best way to quiet a fretful baby is to make a noise to amuse it, and to jiggle

it around to divert it. This is all wrong. Fretful babies are usually either sick babies, tired babies, or plain cross babies, and neither sickness, weariness or crossness is ever helped by having somebody wave rattles, ring bells, bang tin-ware, clap hands, make a noise and jump around.

Take the baby away to another room, away from everybody except mother or the nurse. Indeed, some babies will calm down sooner if laid comfortably in their little beds and left quite alone in the room, after a little soothing. A young baby is too busy growing and developing to want to be bothered by having grown-ups make silly noises to try to amuse it. Baby doesn't require any amusement unless you get it in the habit of demanding it.

Put yourself in baby's place, would you like to be constantly lifted and handled, jounced and jiggled, if you were small and weak and needed a lot of sleep? Certainly you would not. Then do unto babies and children as you would be done by. Respect their delicate nerves as you would an adult's, as you like to have other people respect yours.

Something For Hungry Folks

CORN chowder is a hearty dish that nearly everybody likes, and it really has enough nourishment in it to make a whole meal, with bread and butter, tea or coffee, and jelly, apple sauce, or something sweet "to top off" with. For hungry school children this makes an excellent dish either for their noon or evening meal. Here is the recipe:—

(1 can corn; 1 cup chopped onion; ½ pound salt pork or bacon; 3 cups chopped potatoes; 1 cup milk; 3 crackers; salt and pepper.)

Directions for making: Cut pork or bacon into small bits and cook in frying pan till brown. Then add the chopped onion and cook for about five minutes. Have ready three cups raw potato, chopped into small pieces, parboil the potatoes in clear water for five minutes, drain, and add to the potato in deep saucepan the can of corn, the pork and onion from the frying pan, salt and pepper the mixture, rinse out the frying pan with about a cupful of boiling water and add this to the mixture in the saucepan. Let simmer gently over slow fire about an hour, or until the potato is quite tender. Then add the milk, and broken bits of the crisp soda cracker. Serve very hot. If you like a thinner soup, more milk may be added. This amount serves four to six persons.

Cream of Bean Soup

(1 cup cooked lima beans; 2 cups milk; ¼ cup cream or 1 table spoon butter; salt and pepper.)

Soak the beans over night to soften them. Cook until tender. Squeeze the beans through a sieve or vegetable press, add the milk and seasoning, and just before serving, add the cream or butter. Cream soups made with any vegetable, such as peas, asparagus, spinach, or potato, are most nutritious and easily digested, so that stomach specialists especially recommend cream soups for children. A cream soup is fine for the child's supper, if it has had its heavy meal in the middle of the day.

It takes some folks two weeks to enjoy a vacation and two months to get rested up afterward.



1—Ruth Sather, daughter of A. A. Sather.

2—Saul Kruger, son of Oscar Kruger, sign painter.

3—Wm. Robert & Dorothy Harriet, children of Wm. Stuart, wood caulker.

4—Margaret Coopey, daughter of John Coopey, driller.

5—Loretta Jeanette Plunkett, daughter of Tom Plunkett, Employment Office.

6—Wm. Reinhardt, Jr., son of William Reinhardt, Paymaster.

7—Margaret Myrtle Boyd, daughter of Hugh Boyd, shipfitter.

8—Chas. Winkler, Jr., son of Chas. Winkler Pipe Shop.

9—Richard Jr., & Fred, sons of Richard Umland, Hull Department.

10—Fayette Kruger, daughter of Oscar Kruger, sign painter.

11—Hughie McQuillan, Jr., and Nancy, children of Hughie McQuillan, Inside Machinists.

12—Gladys Virginia Stuart, daughter of Wm. Stuart.

13—Utha Evelyn Hayden & Wondel Hayden, grand-children of John W. Cossaboon, wood caulker.

The OFFICE CAT

SCRATCHES and PURRS

The next best thing to owning a car is having an obliging office boy with one, eh Mrs. Russell?

Mr. McCauly of the Cost Department has made another conquest. I sh—uster be lonesome, says Mac, but I'm not anymore.

The "Sweater Club" has been changed into a "Necktie Club." Sort of a tie that binds affair. Get in line boys for your Christmas presents.

Emily Casey (Dahlmer) wishes to thank the office force for the floor lamp which they gave her as a wedding present. She says she's de-lighted.

Florence Fenk of the Stenographic Department, was given a shower Saturday, September 18th, by several of her friends. She received many beautiful presents.

Any one who can show where Andy Gump's mouth is, please tell same to Esther Olsen. She has spent many hours trying to figure it out but to no avail. No reward.

His expenses to be defrayed by Captain Dave Roche, Captain Bill Kirby planned to go to Ireland, to open up a chain of delicatessen stores.

Charlie Richardson, examiner of applicants in the Employment Office, speaking of some guys looking for jobs, said: "I lead 'em and weep."

James F. Goerke, a former organizer of a number of American Legion posts, and vice-commander for the Department of New York, has joined the staff of Charles Mallock, assistant superintendent.

Mr. Hanbury is of the opinion that auto thieves are getting mighty particular. They broke into his garage and, after giving his car the once-over, smashed a lever, and departed without the car. It isn't known whether they tried to work the lever, or just kicked it out of pure russedness. Willis says they were disappointed in the car. He assumes to know because he's had experience with the entry.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Small wish to thank their friends for the many beautiful wedding gifts received from their co-workers here. They have returned from their honeymoon trip and are now settled in their home at 482 East Second Street, Flatbush. Mrs. Small was formerly Mrs. Eleanor E. Shears, one of our popular telephone operators. Mr. Small is superintendent of our Blacksmith Shop. They were married

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Small September 25th.

Lou Fischer, timekeeper, is known as "The Singing Waiter."

George Bruder, secretary to Mr. Benner, says that he'd like to go to sea, but he can't swim.

Billy O'Donnell, of Room 115, is a very quiet young man, and the only knocks (Knox) one hears from him are his new hat.

Miss Margaret Treckmann, formerly of the Stenographic Department, has been transferred to the Advertising Department.

Wesley T. Jones, formerly of the Cost Department, is now chief clerk in the Inside Machinists' Department.

According to Miss McCarthy, Cost Department, the first ten years of marketing are the hardest. She has confided in Miss Brett that she now knows the difference between chopped beef and beef chops.

Donald Montgomery, a student in the Bureau of Personnel Administration, which embraces employment and welfare work, is receiving practical experience in the Service Department, under Mr. Benner and Mr. Plunkett.

Lieutenant W. S. Mygrant, our band master, spent his vacation during the first two weeks of October on his farm at Saugerties, N. Y., and helped harvest a big crop of fine apples.

Joseph B. Lowe, expert pipe bender of the Pipe Shop, is now interviewer in the Service Department, under Mr. Benner. Charles Richardson resigned and Joe is now chief examiner of applicants for employment.

If ever Mary Travers invites you out for a machine ride, be sure to take along a guide to Brooklyn's streets, and you'll be sure of getting home.

Saucy office boy to Jack Byers of the Receiving Room—"You're so stupid, you think that Rex Beach is a summer resort." Exit office boy.

Lieut. Mygrant is a diplomat. Following the political speeches, he directed the band in a number called "All My Friends are Sunny Day Friends."

Jack Ryan and Bobby Ford were connecting pipe on the *Montrolite* when Bobby remarked, "There's quite a nip in the air these days," "Yes," said Jack, "and that's the only place ya kin get one these days."

After Judge Dike and Judge Jaycox finished their campaign speeches at a yard meeting recently, Geo. Gardner suggested that the band strike up "Till We Meet Again!"

The great lesson of life is experience.

Office Celebrities



Frank Rose

WE hardly know what title to bestow on Frank Rose of the company's executive staff. In fact, we do not know that he possesses a title. We do know, though, that he is an extremely busy person and that he has an engaging personality which helps to maintain the pleasant relations between the company and its ship-owning patrons. He might be called the "missionary worker" or the "utility man," for his duties as an executive are varied.

His headquarters are located in our large main office building, but his activity is of the sort that takes him to many places. If we accounted only for his trips between our plant and the New York office, we would consider him exceptionally busy. But these trips are significant. He is an important link in our organization. He has a "weather eye" on business and at the same time serves as a confidential secretary to Mr. Morse.

To the athletic fraternity of the yard and offices, Mr. Rose is known as a bowler of no mean ability. He also displayed class in our recent baseball game.

Tabulators Move

THE following order issued under the signature of A. V. Miller, auditor, became effective October 1st: "The Tabulating Department is consolidated with the Cost Department, located in Room 114, main office building, and is to be known as the Cost Department, under the supervision of Mr. Rees."

Formerly the Tabulating Department had been located on the third floor of the North Building, and was under the supervision of Mr. Rees.

Misses Muriel Nutt, of the Payroll Department, Louise Roehrs of the Tabulating Department, Dorothea Gatje of the Auditing Department, and Marjorie H. Davis of the Advertising Department, comprising the committee in charge of the recent theatre party given to the young ladies by the Employees' Association, wish to thank the Association in behalf of their sister members. The party attended "Tickle Me" at the Selwyn Theatre and were highly pleased with the presentation. The young women are now strong boosters for the Association.

Mike Singer of the Hull Department is one whose name will go down in yard history as an important factor in renovating the *De Kalb*.

Who Owns It?

I stole a kiss the other night;
My conscience hurts, alack—
And so I guess I'll go tonight
And give the darn thing back.
—Whitin Spindle



Introducing the full name of the custodian of the stock room in the Pipe Shop—Bartholemew Washington Robert Kane.

Some of the Machinists after seeing Otto Rochelle run against "Pop" Terris say that he has more speed than his automobile.

Wanted:—A Scotch welder's scalp. Notify Paddy Feeney.

Charlie Menzie, welder, and his helper, Al Banks, are spending their week-ends (that's all) at Ulmer Park.

Al Banks hired an evening suit for the picnic. He lost the vest. How did you make out, Al?

Gus Furst (3141) had an awful accident lately. While taking his baby for a ride in the go-cart, a wheel came off and he called for coppersmith J. Rosnell, (3104) to repair the same. Rosnell refused saying there wasn't any soap in it.

Jack Nevada (29290) to Tom Hayes (3126): "Order me a 2 inch Globe valve with steam pressure on both ends." He was thinking of the hootch with pressure on both ends of a bottle, bottom cut out and contents emptied and refilled.

Charlie Henson of the Welders bought a Swedish talking parrot and is teaching him to speak English. He's going to have the bird's tongue cut so that he can speak Swedish and English at once.

Lew Ritchie, brother of Willie Ritchie, the pugilist, has been transferred from the Chippers and Caulkers to the Chauffeurs' Department, and is driving a truck for the Pattern Shop.

David Lyle and John Dresch were elected conference board members from the Hull Department, succeeding Dan Ditter and John Whalen. A special election was held Friday afternoon, September 24th.

The McCarthy brothers of the Pipe Shop have their ups and downs. One of 'em waited outside the North Building while the other went up to tell the elevator man to come down. They thought the bell was used for fires.

William Bush, pipecoverer, has been elected to the conference board, representing the Copper Shop, Plumbers and Pipe Coverers, and filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Nelson Jacobs.

Mr. Schaefer of the Machine Shop says that everybody coming in for material wants it "right away." And yet, he hasn't lost his temper once.

Jack Nevada (29290) went to S. Kramer (3114) and told him to go aboard the S. S. *Tancarville* and get to work on the auxiliary feed line. Kramer said to his helper, "Come quick! Jack wants us to make a haul on the jewelry line. Oy Yoi!—such a sickness."

Charlie Fitzimmons, Joe Lowe's old reliable, is out with the tools. How's the "Turkey," Charlie?

Lost—One quart of grape juice. Finder return to John Kelly of the Pipe Shop and be rewarded.

Jack Anderson of the Drillers wants to send in a picture of one of his kids, but he doesn't know which one. Toss up a nickel.

George Fricke and "Big Matt" Gregorson, Pipefitters, make a good team. Matt is George's "yes" man and George returns the favor when Matt is in a jam.

Charlie Winckler of the Pipe Shop caught a mess of lobsters at Ulmer Park.

Walter McKirchar is back with the painters. As a snapper, Walter is a born leader.

Oscar Kruger, the Sign King, one day whistled on his way to work, at his work, and leaving his work. The cause: "Oscar's wife made a mistake and put birdseed in his soup."

"Fat" O'Connor parlez vous Italian with his bunch of laborers. Okie is the tractor chauffeur with the mob, and his Italian has a harp accent.

Willy Keenan of the Pipe Shop can't understand why they put sand in a pipe before bending it. "Why not fill it with 2.75 and put a stopper in both ends?" Willie asks.

Young Georgie Casey used to watch the Shamrocks play ball. Georgie's carriage was parked near the baseball field. It was a baby carriage and George stayed in it.

Morris Lifland of the Drafting room is thinking of getting married. He says that it's cheaper than eating around here.

Glen Goodin of the Chippers and Caulkers is saving money on cigarettes since Charlie Kelley of the Drafting Office goes home to dinner.

Tommy Tighe of the Drillers is a comer. Tom has been here eight years, and altho still a kid can hold his own with the best of them.

Eddie Freudig, burner on the *Powhatan*, is the busiest man aboard. Somebody's always looking for Eddie. He's a dandy little fixer.

Jerry Murphy, joiner snapper, was wearing an eye shield when Tom Nesbit got back from his vacation. "Did you hurt your eye lookin' for the *Powhatan* job to finish?" Tom asked him.

Charley Labon, burner on the *DeKalb*, takes a sniff of Blau gas every morning and sells the ship in the afternoon.

Nothing will come of nothing.

Bob McBride of the Pipefitters says: "Tell your helper all you know, he won't understand anyway."

Otto Rochelle of the Machine Shop is advised to pay his garage bill or take the chance of eviction.

The boys in the Copper Shop had a little outing a short time ago at Gravesend and J. Pelletier (3107) was the winner of the pig race.

Bill Dorrien of the Shipfitters and the late Davie Lyle, father of Harry and Dave, Jr., were old pals, and Bill says it makes him feel good to see how these two kids are delivering the goods.

Johnny Toney, welder, bought a 35-foot launch and christened it "Brother-in-Law." Toney says that the engine is like a lot of brothers-in-law that he knows. It refuses to work.

Charles Potter, millwright, has left the company. While employed here, Mr. Potter conceived and perfected in his spare time a marine wrench and he is making preparations to manufacture and market the same.

Eddie Leonard of the Machine Shop was going to arrange for a lobster party all summer. The boys think now that Eddie was waiting to catch the lobster.

J. Power, Inside Machinists' helper, says: "The summer season is wonderful. I wish that it might last a year." We wonder how he feels now since being deprived of the moving pictures at Bath Beach.

Foreman Jacobson and his fleet of autos got a dispossession from in front of the Copper Shop. Jacobson happened to be the landlord, and, Oh!—what they didn't call the landlord.

Andrew Madden, formerly of the Carpenter Shop, died at Slydell, La., on Tuesday, September 21st. Death was due to blood poisoning.

A special election was held in the Sheet Metal Department Friday noon, September 24th, at which J. O'Brien (3377) was elected from the conference board to a place in the directorate of the Employees' Association and Frankie Mack (5202) was elected to succeed Mr. O'Brien on the board.

The noon hour plate shop quartette is rehearsing "Oh, Where Is The Soap of Long Ago?" The quartette comprises Bill Schroder, tenor; George Ribbe, falsetto; Ed. McGibney, baritone; Louie Leiser, basso; assisted on the "Jews'-Harp" by Jack Reynolds and "Little Sunshine."

Captain George Bunnell of the Eileen Morse was towed to the marriage license bureau and then to a clergyman and he is now safely docked in the Matrimonial Yard. September 2nd was the date.



Picture by
Morse
Photographer

Walking but not Watching

Here a strip of canvas covers a deep, dark, yawning hatch, a fall into which would mean many broken bones, internal injuries, and, more likely, death. A terrible thing to contemplate, but it is the truth. And so, let us talk in a plain, straightforward manner.

Usually this hatchway is boarded and safeguarded in some manner, but somewhere, under some part of the canvas, there is liable to be an opening large enough for you to fall through. So be careful!

As you would look before you leap, look also before you step. Do not take things for granted. It's easy to say after you are hurt, "I thought——". Do your thinking first. But think of your work and your own safety. If you do not, you are apt to be awakened after it is too late.



FOURTH
RED CROSS
ROLL CALL

STILL *the* GREATEST
MOTHER *in the* WORLD

MOD

The
**MORSE
DIAL**

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December 1920



From the N. Y. American, Page 7, first column, Nov. 5, 1920

Morse Drydock Profit Exaggerated

**N. Y. American Inquiry Proves Manson's
\$23,000,000 Charge Inaccurate and
Raid a Myth.**

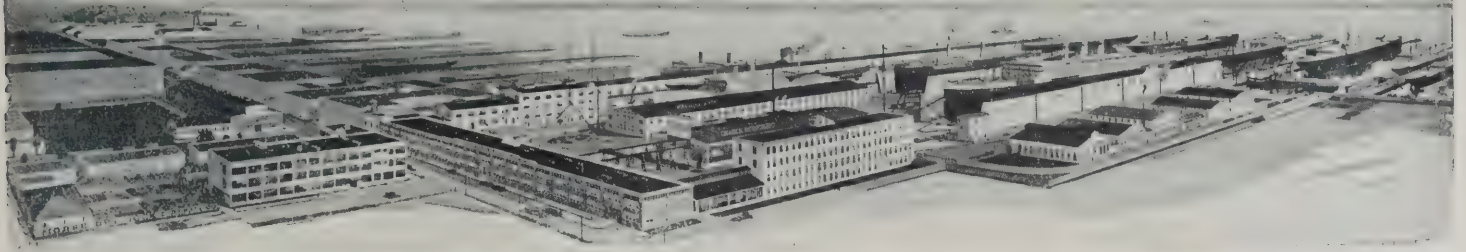
The New York American, in opposing the proposed sale by the United States Shipping Board to British interests of the shipping seized during the war and which formerly belonged to the North German Lloyd and to the Hamburg-American Line, published in its issues of February 7, 1920, and February 12, 1920, extracts from the testimony of Philip Manson, who appeared as a witness at the hearing before the Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate on February 2, 1920.

At that hearing Mr. Manson in substance testified that if the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co. had made a profit of \$23,000,000 in two years in the repair of Government shipping that profit could not have been honestly made, and that the Morse yard had been raided by the Naval Intelligence Bureau and its books and records seized.

The American thereafter conducted an independent investigation to determine the accuracy of Mr. Manson's testimony in these respects, with the result that it was found that there was no truth in the assertion that the Morse Company had made \$23,000,000 in two years, and furthermore the American's investigation proved that the Morse yard had never been raided by any Government agency.

The American publishes the results of its investigation as an act of justice to the Morse Company.

MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL



Vol. 3

December, 1920

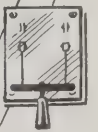
No. 12

First Motor Driven Passenger Ship

I NTERESTING to the world at large, as well as to the marine mechanic and the naval engineer and architect, was our recent completion of the first all-electric express and passenger ship of the world. It is true that the electric-drive on naval ships has been attended by success. It is also true that an electric cargo ship has been given to the world. But, in the *S.S. Cuba*, electricity has been harnessed not only to drive the ship, but to furnish practically all power even to operating her winches. On this ultra-modern vessel passengers are to ride and express freight is to be carried. The story of the *Cuba* abounds in interest. She has not always been known by the name she now bears. As she is in every sense of the word a new ship, a new name was given to her. As the *Powhatan* she can be remembered only as a battered hulk, rescued from the bottom of Chesapeake Bay where she had been sent, following a collision with an English freighter about four years ago. Given up by her owners and underwriters as a total loss, she was raised when war created a demand for tonnage. Upon being salvaged, the vessel was for a short time berthed in Norfolk while plans for her rehabilitation were discussed. These completed, she was towed to Brooklyn and to our yards by Morse tugs and our expert workers attacked every part of her shell, ripping and tearing out plates which were damaged and corroded. All of her fittings, boilers, machinery, pipes, decks and even vital steel supports were cut and removed. She was scarcely a whole shell when the work of rebuilding started. Designers must plan and repairers tear and build alternately, to provide for the equipment, a 3,000 horse-power motor, a turbo-generator of 3150 horse-power, a main condenser weighing 31,000 pounds, exciting sets, etc. Only



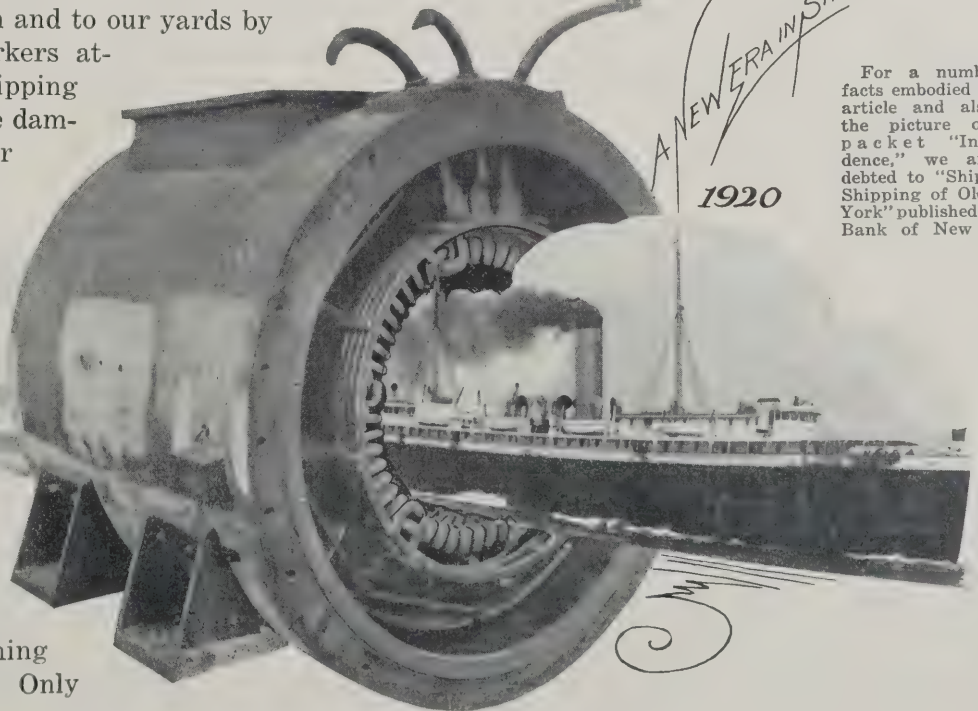
1830



A NEW ERA IN SHIPPING

1920

For a number of facts embodied in this article and also for the picture of the packet "Independence," we are indebted to "Ships and Shipping of Old New York" published by the Bank of New York.



her auxiliary pumps for fresh water, fire protection, etc., remain the same as those in the present day type of boat.

No ship repair yard has ever turned out a job as complete as that of the *Cuba* and the employees of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company should feel that they can justly claim credit with the owners of this novel vessel.

The work approached shipbuilding rather than ship repairing, for the renovation of the underbody was only the beginning of an important work which would make the *Cuba* pulse with electricity instead of feeling the throb of steam power.

To-day, as if created anew, the *Cuba* stands as the pioneer express freight and passenger ship, heralding the age of the electric drive.

The interest of the shipping world is fully awakened. "Who," it asks, "stakes so much for the advancement of American Shipping?"

By the right of heritage, Charles L. Dimon was destined to send such a ship upon the seas. Grandson of a man who,

with his partner, built, in 1844, America's first real clipper ships, Charles L. Dimon inherited a love for the sea and a pride in American shipping.

Also, he had been eminently successful in other shipping adventures. Further, he had received the moral support and was backed by the great prestige of the General Electric Company, which concern he had empowered to furnish the electrical equipment.

In fitting out the *Cuba*, Charles L. Dimon has proved no more daring than John Dimon of the firm of Smith & Dimon, who, with his partner, Stephen Smith, sent forth America's true clipper ships, the *Rainbow* and *Sea Witch*, craft of a new type at which wise and conservative men of that day shook their heads dubiously.

This episode is one of the most interesting facts of American maritime history and it was the two clippers just named, and the hundreds that followed them that placed the American flag on all the seven seas,—one of the brightest periods in early American maritime affairs.

As the elder Dimon helped gain for America her one time supremacy of the seas, it is fitting that Charles L. Dimon has established the practicable economy of fuel consumption and greater speed of the electric ship.

The Miami Steamship Company will operate the *Cuba* between Jacksonville, Florida and Havana, Cuba. The vessel has been beautifully furnished for tropical service by the American Purchasing Corporation, of which D. M. Johnson is president.

The photographic reproductions of the luxurious appointments of the *Cuba*, which appear in another section of this issue, will convey a better idea of the comfort and beauty of this vessel, than could volumes that might be written about her.

The *Cuba* is 300 feet long and provides accommodation for 260 first class passengers. In fittings and appointment she compares favorably with the newest ships sailing under the American flag and her service will command the attention of the world's shipping.

Technical Description of The Cuba

By James A. Kelley

Naval Architect of Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.

THE steamship *Cuba*, now running between Jacksonville, Fla., and Havana, Cuba, and operated by the Miami Steamship Company, of New York, is the latest product of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, Brooklyn, New York.

To the *Cuba* belongs the distinction of being the first passenger ship in the world to be driven electrically, and to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company belongs the distinction of installing the machinery, which was furnished by the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, New York.

The principal dimensions of the *Cuba* are as follows:

Length over all.....	320 ft. 0 in.
Length B. P.....	300 ft. 0 in.
Beam Molded.....	40 ft. 0 in.
Depth to Superstructure Deck.....	34 ft. 11 in.
Draft-mean.....	17 ft. 0 in.
Displacement at 17 ft.....	3580 tons
Block coef.....	.61

The vessel has a fine underwater body. The block coefficient on the 17-foot waterline is 0.61, giving a displacement of 3,580 tons in salt water.

A sea speed of 17.28 knots was obtained on recent trials with the machinery installation delivering its full power of 3000 indicated horse-power.

In the design of the vessel and its accommodations considerable attention has been given to the run in which the vessel will be placed. Everything for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers has been accomplished and the vessel could well be called a luxurious yacht rather than a passenger steamship. All furnishings were selected for use in tropical waters, wicker furniture and cretonne coverings and hangings predominating in the lounging rooms and main saloons.

It is not contemplated to carry any cargo with the exception of a few automobiles on the main deck forward and a small amount of refrigerated cargo such as tropical fruits, etc., in the refrigerator compartments below decks. To facilitate the loading and discharging of the automobile cargo carried forward, a large auto port has been provided in the side of the vessel. This port is of sufficient size to

allow the largest limousine built to be driven aboard instead of being hoisted in the usual way.

Quarters for the deck officers and the wireless officers are located on the boat deck, as is also the wireless room. A card room, which is decorated in white panel work with mahogany wainscoting and fitted with typical card tables, is placed aft of these quarters.

Farther aft on the boat deck is a smoking room with a large bar attached thereto and aft of this a veranda cafe. The bar is completely fitted with a mahogany bar and a large ice box which is cooled from the ship's refrigerating plant. The smoking room is done in old English oak with a large skylight trunk extending the full length of the room. All furniture in this room is of wicker in a shade that matches the old English finish of this space.

The veranda cafe has been designed to represent as nearly as possible, on board the ship, a typical veranda with running vines on trellis work. The windows are exceptionally large, and when open the enclosed space will derive the full benefit of the ocean breeze. The furniture in this space is quite attractive, being in ivory and green.

On the superstructure forward will be found the special staterooms which are fitted with double berths and private baths. The forward entrance hall on this deck is fitted in Circassian walnut panel work and the after entrance hall with crotch mahogany panels. All the staterooms are fitted with mahogany berths and furniture.

The dining saloon is designed for individual table service, each table being arranged for four or six persons. The chairs fitted are not of the ordinary ship revolving type, but are large comfortable tapestry upholstered chairs. A specially designed indirect lighting system is provided for the dining saloon, which adds considerably to its attractiveness.

The galley and pantry are situated below the dining room and are equipped in the most up-to-date manner, including

glass pantry, silver pantry, scullery, cold pantry and a bake shop with an electric oven as well as an electric roll warmer.

The boiler plant consists of four Scotch boilers 13 feet inside diameter and 10 feet 6 inches long, each with three furnaces of the Morrison type. The length of grate is 5 feet 6 inches and the grate area for each boiler is 53.7 square feet. The boiler tubes are 2½ inches outside diameter and the total heating surface for each boiler is 1,900 square feet. The boilers operate at a pressure of 190 pounds and are fitted with the White Fuel Oil Company's system of oil burners and with superheaters furnished by the Locomotive Superheater Company, which deliver steam at a superheat of 200 degrees.

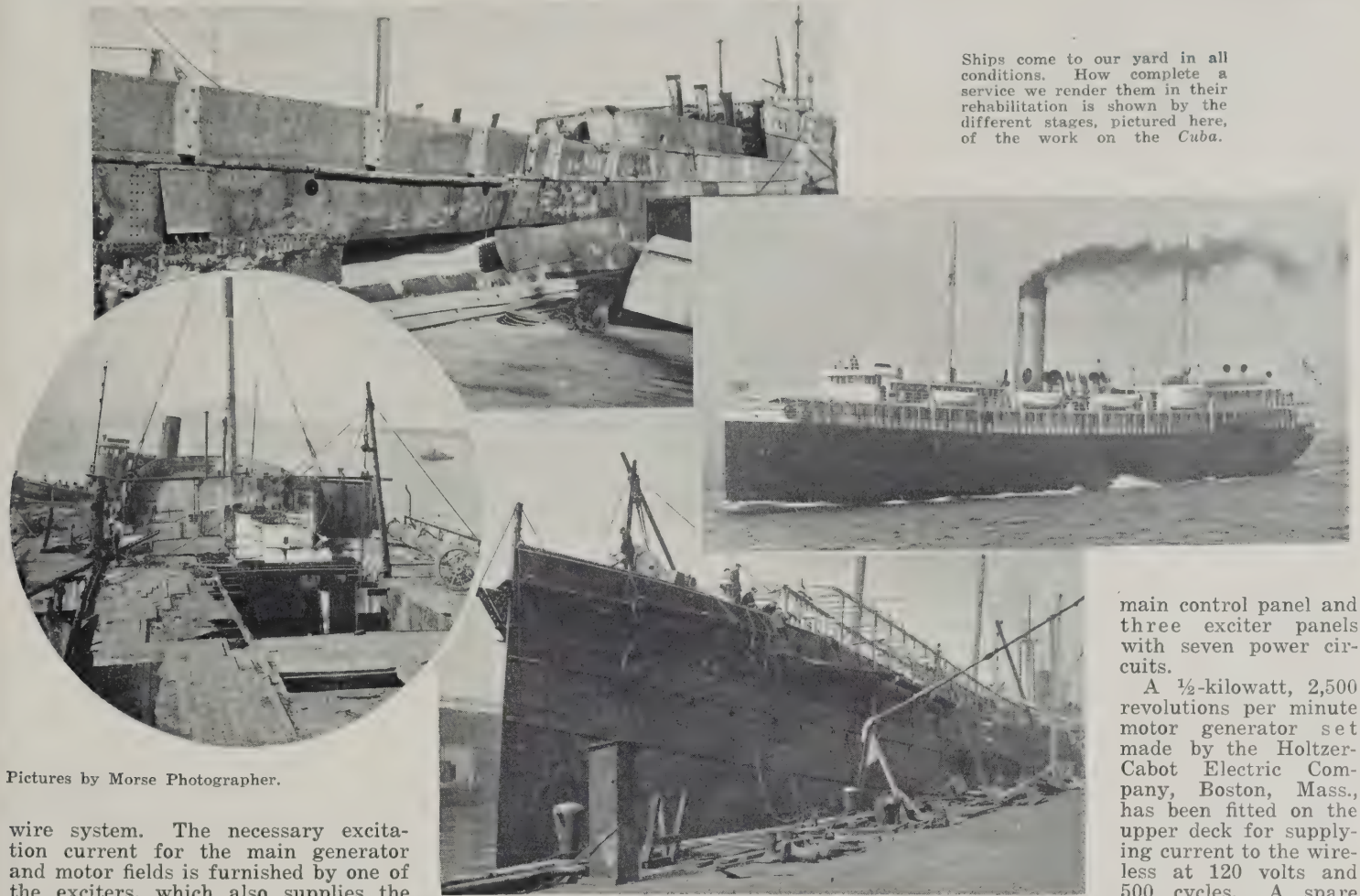
A fuel oil capacity of 1,772 barrels is provided for the vessel. This oil is carried in tanks built separate from the hull and located forward of the boiler room.

A scheme for ventilating the turbo generator and motor and supplying the preheated air to the boiler has been developed on this vessel and during the trials it proved very efficient. By a series of dampers in the various ducts the hot air is taken from the motor and from the turbo generator and delivered through a 25,000 cubic feet per minute American Sirocco fan to the boilers at a mean pressure head of three inches.

An auxiliary American Sirocco fan supplied by the American Blower Company, Detroit, Mich., has been placed in the after end of the engine casing to provide means for cooling the motor in case of breakdown of the large fan. This fan will discharge the air directly overboard, and in case of insufficient ventilation in the engine room it is used as an exhaust fan.

The main propelling machinery consists primarily of a turbo generator, main propulsion motor, two exciters, control equipment and a lighting set. A general description of the operation of the electric propulsion machinery of the *Cuba* follows:

The turbine drives the alternating current generator which supplies current to the synchronous motor through a three



Ships come to our yard in all conditions. How complete a service we render them in their rehabilitation is shown by the different stages, pictured here, of the work on the *Cuba*.

Pictures by Morse Photographer.

wire system. The necessary excitation current for the main generator and motor fields is furnished by one of the exciters, which also supplies the light for the boat and power for the auxiliaries.

The control equipment enables the engineer to maneuver by simply operating two levers, one for reversing and one for varying the speed. The motor is started, stopped and reversed by means of the high and low voltage contactors of the control group. In starting from rest, the motor operates without its direct current field as an induction motor. When the motor is nearly up to speed field is applied and operation continues as a synchronous motor.

In reversing, the motor is automatically connected to function as a generator returning power to the turbo generator, which meanwhile operates without its direct current field, thus electrically braking the propeller approximately to rest. It then operates as an induction motor to start the propeller in the reverse direction, and finally as a synchronous motor.

The principal characteristics of the main propelling machinery are as follows:

A Worthington Pump & Machinery Company, New York, surface type condenser having a cooling surface of 7,000 square feet is installed, with a length over the covers of 14 feet 10 inches and a shell diameter of 6 feet 1½ inches.

The main condenser circulating pump motor, supplied by the General Electric Company, drives a Worthington centrifugal type pump. The motor rating is 230 volts, 95/187 amperes, 25/50 horsepower, 800/1,000 revolutions per minute, while the pump rating is 7,000 gallons per minute against a 16-foot head. The diameter of the suction is 20 inches and the diameter of the delivery pipe to the condenser is 16 inches.

A gravity, direct pressure, combined lubricating system of the Worthington-Blake-Knowles type is used. A single cylinder pump having a steam cylinder diameter of 6 inches, an oil cylinder diameter of 6 inches, and a stroke of 12 inches actuates this system.

Two multi-whirl type oil coolers were supplied by the Griscom-Russell Company of New York.

A DeLaval oil purifier, having a rating of 100 to 120 gallons per hour, is also installed.

The turbo generator set of the horizontal, high pressure, 8-stage, impulse, condensing type built by the General Electric Company has a rated horsepower of 3,350 and a speed of 3,000 revolutions per minute. Current is generated by the unit at 1,100 volts and 1,234 amperes. The generator rating is 2,350 kilowatts.

The main propelling motor is of the General Electric synchronous type with a rated horsepower of 3,000, running on alternating current of 50 cycles, 1,180 amperes, 1,150 volts and having a forced system of ventilation.

Two General Electric turbo generator sets of 150 kilowatts each are installed for excitation and lighting. Each unit consists of a 300 horse-power turbine running at 3,600 revolutions per minute, driving a 150-kilowatt generator through reduction gears made by the Poole Engineering and Machine Company, Baltimore, Md., at 1,200 revolutions per minute. The generators are rated at 600 amperes and 250 volts.

The main switchboard, supplied by the General Electric Company, contains one

main control panel and three exciter panels with seven power circuits.

A ½-kilowatt, 2,500 revolutions per minute motor generator set made by the Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company, Boston, Mass., has been fitted on the upper deck for supplying current to the wireless at 120 volts and 500 cycles. A spare steam driven lighting

set is installed in the main engine room. This set consists of a 50-kilowatt, 3,600 revolutions per minute, 2-stage General Electric condensing turbine, driving a 4-pole, compound wound inter-pole machine at 3,600 revolutions per minute, which generates current at 400 amperes and 125 volts.

An emergency lighting set driven by a four cylinder gasoline engine built by the Universal Motor Company, Oshkosh, Wis., is located on the upper deck. The generator for this set is a 2-wire, 8-pole, compound wound machine, manufactured by Kurtz & Root, Appleton, Wis. The speed of the unit is 1,150 revolutions per minute. It generates current at 110 volts and 37 amperes.

Forced draft ventilation for the main motor is obtained by means of a squirrel cage type American "Sirocco" fan made by the American Blower Company, Troy, N. Y. The impeller of this fan is 12 inches and the outer diameter of the impeller 1 foot 8 inches. The fan is driven by a General Electric 12½ horse-power motor, running at a speed of 800 revolutions per minute with a voltage of 125 and an amperage of 875.

The capstan, supplied by the American Engineering Company, Philadelphia, Pa., is driven by a General Electric 20-horse-power, compound wound reversing motor, rated at 160 amperes, 115 volts, running at a speed of 1,150 revolutions per minute. An electric type deck winch is installed with spur gear drive. This winch was made by the American Engineering Company. This company also supplied a spur gear type anchor windlass provided with

two gypsy heads for warping. This windlass is of sufficient capacity to handle the two 5,110-pound anchors and chains with which the ship is equipped.

An American Engineering Company steam and hand control steering gear is installed. The steam engine for the steering gear has two cylinders, each 7 inches in diameter and 7 inches stroke. A "Sirocco" centrifugal American Blower Company fan having a diameter of 7 inches and a width of 2 feet 2 inches, with a steam cylinder 7 inches in diameter and 7 inches stroke is installed in the assisted draft system.

The auxiliary equipment includes:

A main condensate Worthington 2-stage hot well pump, driven by a 10-horsepower General Electric motor, running at 1,150 revolutions per minute.

Two 9 cubic feet capacity Worthington air ejectors with inter-cooler and after-cooler installed.

An auxiliary condenser of the Worthington type, having a cooling surface of 800 square feet, a length over covers of 13 feet 3 inches and a shell diameter of 30 inches.

An auxiliary circulating pump of the Worthington simplex horizontal type, having a steam cylinder diameter of 10 inches, a water cylinder diameter of 12 inches, and 12 inches stroke.

An auxiliary air pump of the Worthington simplex horizontal type, having a steam cylinder of 10 inches, an air cylinder of 12 inches diameter, and a stroke of 12 inches; diameter of air duct is 5 inches at intake and at discharge 4 inches.

A main boiler feed pump of the Blakes-Knowles simplex vertical type, having cylinders 10 inches by 7 inches and a stroke of 24 inches, with a 4-inch suction and 3½ inch diameter discharge.

An auxiliary feed pump, also of the Blake-Knowles simplex vertical type, steam and water cylinders of 10 inches and 7 inches diameter and a stroke of 24 inches, a 4-inch suction and a 3½-inch discharge.

A bilge pump of the duplex horizontal type, made by the Epping-Carpenter Pump Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., having steam and water cylinders of 12 inches and 8½ inches diameter, and a stroke of 12 inches.

A sanitary pump of the Worthington duplex horizontal type having steam and water cylinders 7½ inches by 7½ inches and a stroke of 6 inches.

A fresh water pump of the Blake-Knowles simplex horizontal type with steam and water cylinders 5½ inches by 5½ inches by 7 inches stroke.

An auxiliary bilge pump of the Worthington duplex horizontal type, having steam and water cylinders 6 inches by 5½ inches and a stroke of 6 inches.

A fire pump of the Epping-Carpenter duplex horizontal type 12 inches by 8¾ inches by 12 inches.

A feed water heater of the closed multi-whirl type made by the Griscom-Russell Company, of New York.

The vessel is supplied with a built-up type propeller with a cast iron hub and four manganese bronze blades. The characteristics of the wheel are as follows.

Diameter, 15 feet; pitch, 18 feet 9 inches; projected area, 52.32 square feet; developed area, 70.06 square feet; disk area, 176.71 square feet; projected area divided by disk area, 0.296; developed area divided by disk area, 0.396.

The propeller was supplied by the Columbian Bronze Corporation and was balanced to within two pounds. The blades are arranged for a variable pitch of 6 inches.

The lifeboats are of the American Balsa standard type and comprise two 20-foot metallic lifeboats, six 24-foot standard metallic lifeboats and two 24-foot Lundin boats.

The deck machinery has been supplied by the American Engineering Company, of Philadelphia, and comprises an electrical capstan, driven by an enclosed motor of the General Electric make. The steering gear is the well-known American Engineering steam and hand control, with a steam drive through a worm gear. The steering engine has two cylinders of 7 inches diameter and 7 inches stroke.

The anchor windlass is of the spur gear type capable of lifting the power anchors of 5,110 pounds each. There is a deck winch fitted for taking care of the refrigerated cargo. This winch is electrically driven.

Two 8-ton Brunswick refrigerating machines are installed on the deck forward.

Cuba's Official Trial Trip

THE highest expectations of the owners, builders and designers of the *S.S. Cuba*, were fulfilled Saturday, November 13, when the official trial trip of the vessel took place.

The ship sailed out beyond Sandy Hook and the duration of the trip stretched over a period of four hours.

Charles L. Dimon, of the Miami S.S. Company, owners of the boat, Edward P. Morse, Sr., head of our company, and our chief draughtsman and naval architect, James A. Kelley and other technical men aboard, were greatly pleased with the performance of the *Cuba*. Jules S. Bache and Sol. Wesler, with whom Mr. Dimon is associated, were special guests on the trip and also enthusiastic about the performance of the vessel.

Mr. Kelley is authority for the statement that the ship's machinery was reversed from full speed ahead to a dead stop in two and one half seconds, and to full speed astern in seven and one half seconds. The vessel itself was brought from full speed ahead to a dead stop in 140 seconds.

This feat is regarded as remarkable in view of the fact that from four to ten minutes is consumed in stopping the ordinary reciprocating engine type of ship. Mr. Kelley further stated that the *Cuba's* cruise was marked by the absence of vibration. The average time for the trip was 17.28 knots per hour, the motor making 97 revolutions per minute.

Mr. Dimon and Mr. Morse were greatly interested in the initial tryout and expressed the belief that once the crew becomes more thoroughly acquainted with the vessel, and when her machinery functions more smoothly, which will be the case after it is used, the *Cuba* will perform even greater feats of speed and power.

Other prominent representatives of shipping interests in the port of New York were in attendance on the trip. Representatives of the press and a number of moving picture men were aboard; also a slight sprinkling of feminine beauty, clad in furs, with their eyes asparkle and their cheeks glowing from the bracing salt air.

Commander C. A. Jones of the U. S. Navy and chief engineering officer of the electrically-driven battleship *Tennessee*, a ship that is fourteen times greater in

power than the *Cuba*, was one of the guests particularly interested in the performance of the *Cuba*. He was greatly impressed with the results of the trip and spoke highly of the installation used.

Other naval officials and experts who were passengers on the trial trip were: Lieut. Commander Gillette, U. S. N., attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Commander Charlton, U. S. N., and Frank Lewis of the electrical department of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Elmer A. Sperry of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, inventor of the stabilizer for ships, Captain Humphrey Jones of the Steamboat Inspection Service, Mr. Hervick and Mr. Beylegaard, consulting engineers, Mr. Howes and Mr. Fernandez, superintendent engineers of the U.S. Mail S.S. Co. John Garney, consulting engineer for the United American Lines, R. G. Plumer, assistant manager of the United Fruit Co., Mr. Wannacott, assistant to president of the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies S.S. Lines, F. W. Charski, comptroller of the Union Pacific R.R. Co., Henry Philips of Montreal, secretary of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. Co., Capt. Seeley of the Steamboat Inspectors' office; Harry W. Dixon, superintendent engineer of the Coast Steamship Company, J.A. Barnes of the Locomotive Super-Heater Company, James A. McGee of the American Engineering Company, G. E. Francis, marine superintendent of the General Electric Company, and many others were aboard.

A delightful lunch was served in the *Cuba's* beautiful dining saloon. Our urbane and gracious representative, Mr. Hanbury, assisted, in behalf of the Morse Company, Mr. Frank E. Sibley, of the Coast Steamship Company, in receiving the guests.

The ship's officers tendered every courtesy to the guests, and all made a splendid appearance.

The personnel of the vessel's officers included: Captain, Franklin W. Burton; First Officer, W. J. Myers; Second Officer, A. E. Mundy; Third Officer, A. E. Clark; Chief Engineer, James Latimer; First Assistant Engineer, F. B. Post; Second Assistant Engineer, E. T. Porter; Third Assistant Engineer, J. E. Johnson; Steward, W. W. Hallett; Purser, Herbert S. Ross.

The *Cuba* left our yard at 6.30 P.M. following her return from the trial trip, for the South. Upon her departure her motor was making 52 revolutions per minute. At 7.30 she hooked up and passed Scotland lightship at 8.17 P.M., with everything in splendid condition. At 11 P. M. the *Cuba* was reported in a smooth sea, with her motor making 90 revolutions per minute.

On the following day her log shows that she passed Winter quarter light at 7.23 A. M., making 95 revolutions per minute.

On the 15th at 8.30 P. M. there was a heavy rain and the boat went into half speed.

On November 16th the pilot picked up the *Cuba* at 7.30 A. M. and at 10 o'clock the ship reached her destination, with the harbor craft in Jacksonville giving the stranger a hearty welcome.

The *Cuba* entered regular service between Jacksonville and Cuba immediately.

When plans miscarry, when philosophy seems ill adapted to the minutiae of life, when you feel most cause to be downcast and despondent, throw back your shoulders, hold up your head and make room for the "star of the unconquered will" to rise within you; serene, self-possessed, resolute.

Encountered Rough Weather

AFTER an eventful voyage from Brest, France, during which rough weather was encountered, causing the vessel to be 24 days enroute to New York, the *S. S. Consort* put into this yard during the early part of November. During her stay here she underwent a complete overhauling.

Many mishaps were experienced by the *Consort* in the gale she weathered. This gale was as severe as any that could be recalled by members of the crew. The decks of the ship were washed for a period of several hours. Three of the propeller blades were lost and the vessel was otherwise damaged when she went aground. Twice during her voyage she was towed by passing craft. The *Consort* is of the United States Shipping Board, and is operated by the Cosmopolitan Line.

N. Y. Yacht Club Sends Thanks

THE racing committee of the New York Yacht Club, in its report of November 1, covering the statistics of the season's racing, which included the *Shamrock IV-Resolute* yacht contest, extends its thanks to the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company for the charter of the tug *Eileen Morse*, official marking boat in the international cup races. The members of the committee are: H. de B. Parsons, Joseph M. MacDonough and Frederic O. Spedden.

A bulletin issued November 8th, under signature of Mr. Morse was as follows: "On and after this date, the Rivet Store-room as well as the Rivet and Bolt Reclaiming Department, will be placed in charge of J. Schillings, who will be directly responsible to the general storekeeper, H.C. Thompson."

Nothing comes from wishes.

Shamrock IV. At City Island

YESTERDAY the cynosure of all eyes and one of the most important single objects on the face of the earth; today stripped and deserted, almost forgotten, such is the sad fate of *Shamrock IV.*, Sir Thomas Lipton's famous racing yacht.

The story of the *Shamrock* since it was brought here from England in 1914 is too well known to be retold. Last June it shared with the *Resolute*, the Yankee defender of the *America's Cup* in the international yacht races, the attention of half the world and the interest of yachtsmen everywhere. It almost won the greatest maritime racing trophy, and might have won it with better handling.

The long green sloop was a brilliant object with its enormous spread of sail and a bevy of small craft constantly circling it, while critical eyes examined every feature of its remarkable lines.

To-day the green and white hull—it is green only down to the water line—stands propped up high and dry in a shipyard at City Island, exposed to the elements. Only the deck is sheltered. The mast has been removed, as has all the equipment. A wooden roofing has been placed, tent fashion, over the deck.

There are hundreds of sailing craft hauled out on the shores of the little island above Hell Gate and all are as well taken care of as the *Shamrock*. Last summer the English boat would have received more particular attention than any two of the others; but now she is but one tree in a forest, only one more ward for the caretakers of the shipyard, though she is bigger, propped higher and looks more stately than any of the myriad craft that surround her.

A man who gets into the habit of never making mistakes is entirely too perfect for this world.

Pastores Reconditioned Here

THE *S. S. Pastores* of the United Fruit Company was reconverted from a troop transport to one of the most luxurious vessels in the United Fruit trade. The contract, one of the most extensive in the way of reconditioning, was carried out in this yard. During the early part of November this steamship made the fastest passage from Cuba ever achieved by a vessel of the United Fruit fleet, her time from Morro Light to Sandy Hook being 69 hours and 13 minutes. The ship brought on this trip a large quantity of gold from the American Foreign Banking Corporation at Cristobal to the same company here.

President-elect Warren G. Harding chose the *Pastores* for his return voyage from the Panama Canal Zone, a stop having been arranged at Norfolk so Mr. Harding could go by the shortest route to Bedford, Va., where he was scheduled to deliver an address before a meeting of the Elks, of which he is a member.

The E. P. Morse To The Rescue

ON the occasion of the grounding of the steamer *Pinemore*, off Vineyard Haven on or about October 28, "Morse Service" was requested, after a revenue cutter and another boat were about to abandon the task of floating the *Pinemore*. The *E. P. Morse*—that sturdy tugboat which hauled the *S. S. Minnesota* in from sea—was dispatched to the aid of the *Pinemore*. It proceeded to Whitestone, L. I., where it picked up a passenger, and then hurried on to Vineyard Haven. With the revenue cutter, the *E. P. Morse* made speedy work of hauling off the stranded steamer, leaving her at Vineyard Haven, and hurrying back home to await another emergency call.

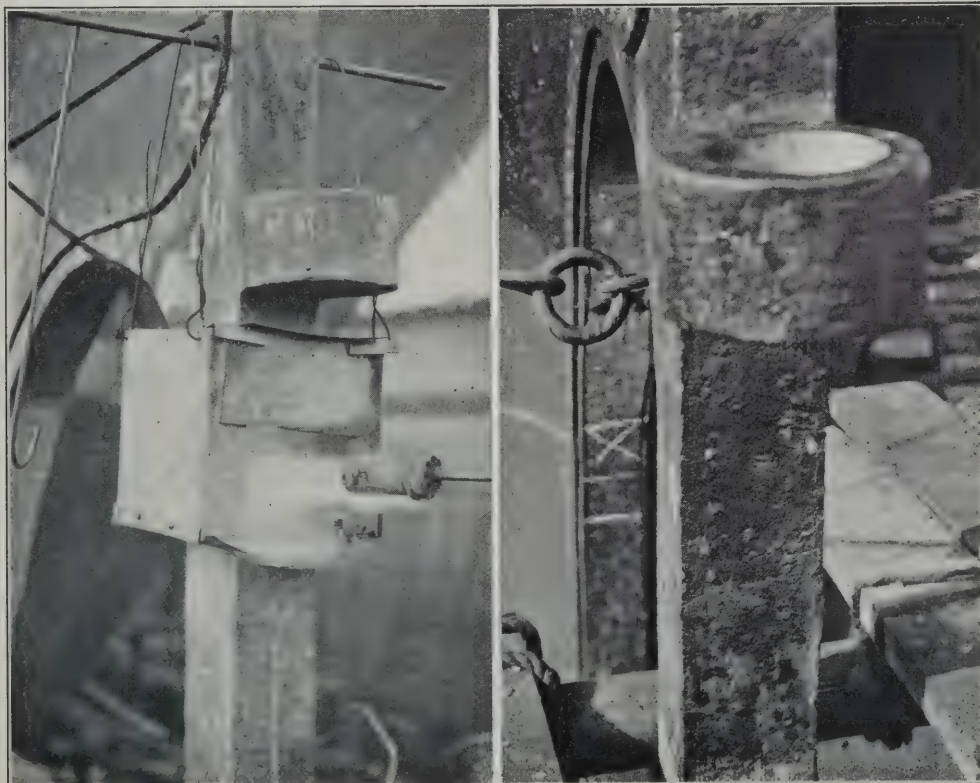
Saved A Shipowner \$50,000

A STARTLING example of ship repair ingenuity and one which saved the ship owners a snug fortune, probably \$50,000 in time and money, was conceived and carried to completion in this organization recently when the steamship *S. B. Hunt* came here with its stern frame casting buckled and curled. Her rudder pintle bushings were worn out, and the *Hunt* could not go to sea in such condition.

Upon our largest floating drydock, the underbody of the *S. B. Hunt* was examined and the matter of fairing her stern frame was discussed. To take out a few plates, disconnect the stern frame, and then have the frame straightened, machined and replaced would have been logical, but involved considerable time and labor. It was decided that the attempt to straighten the frame be made as the ship stood with the frame attached.

Heating boxes were built. Kerosene blowers, coke filling, differential pulleys, hydraulic jacks and other means and accessories were used in the work which was carried through one whole night. That following morning, however, the stern was straight and true, and could function properly.

The consent of the insurance underwriters covering the ship had to be obtained before the unusual methods were put under way. This done, there was no further parley. It has been estimated that at least \$50,000 was saved on the actual work.



Straightening the stern frame on the *S. B. Hunt* without removing it from the vessel, thus saving the ship owner \$50,000. An example of what Morse service means.

An Outsider's Impressions

By Thomas Wrigley
International News Service

WHEN I was assigned to "cover" the trial trip of the *S.S. Cuba*. I thought I was going on a boat ride and not on a visit with a big "happy family." But that's what the afternoon turned out to be—a visit with as fine an organization of men as it has ever been my privilege to mingle with.

Not that a trip to a big industrial plant was anything new to me. I have visited many. In fact, I started "*Transmission*," the plant publication of the Willys-Morrow company in Elmira, N. Y., of which my wife is the editor—and she'll kill me if she ever reads this in the *Dial* and finds I neglected to also add that she is a blamed good one. They have a wonderful bunch of workers there, real boosters, and a fine spirit of co-operation.

But I had always sort of imagined that a ship yard was something different. To tell the truth I had never been any nearer to a ship yard than a boat house where a fellow made row boats. I thought it consisted of nine parts of roaring racket and one part politeness, where everybody bawled at everybody else and tried to bawl first and where there was about as much chance for promoting a "happy family" idea as there would be in a Bolshevik mass meeting.

Right now I'll say I'm cured. I got my first jolt when I breezed up to the watchman on the gate and asked to get in. I hadn't told him my mission, but he didn't act as though he were guardian of the sub-treasury and I was a yegg. He politely asked me if I had a pass. I showed him my credentials and he directed me on my way down the dock to the ship.

Naturally, being a newspaperman, I was late in arriving, and the gangplank, or whatever you call the flight of steps hinged on the side of the ship had been hoisted up. I stood looking up at the thing, figuring out that it would be some jump, when a chap comes right up and braces me with, "Want to get on board?"

"Sure, but I guess it's too late," I replied.

"Never too late," he said with a smile, and he called a couple of men and they hoisted up a ladder and started me up the side in a jiffy.

On board I was made to feel at home. James A. Kelley, naval architect, soon had me in tow and the way he took me in and out and around that ship was a caution. With every one I met, I was impressed with the same big "happy family" spirit and it was splendid.

The best instance of it all, however, came after the ship had docked and through the dusk I was piloted toward an exit. We passed groups of workmen and they all stopped with a hearty greeting and asked how the trial trip came out. Every one had a good word to say, every one seemed pleased at the success of the trip.

As we neared the end of the dock, a voice came from the fast gathering darkness from a man leaning out of an aperture high up in the hull of some big liner in dry dock.

"How was the trip?" came the call.

"Fine, it was all right," was the reply of my pilot.

"Any accidents?" came the voice from the liner again.

"None, every thing was perfect," was the reply.

"That's good," came back, and as I peered upward I saw the man disappear to go back to his task.

And when the gateman as I passed out bid me a cheery "good night," I needed no further evidence to convince me that the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company has a splendid organization to which every employe should feel proud to belong.

More power to the bunch; they have the right idea.

Thirty days has September, April, June and November,
But some soap hounds last month had fifty-one,
As near as I can remember.

A feeble old man visited Henry Crist of the Pipe Shop. When Henry had to go out, the old fellow said that he and Crist had played ball together 40 years ago. And Henry was saying that he was only 28 years old.

Wallace Livermore of the Wood Caulkers and Mrs. Livermore recently celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary at their home in Seaford, L. I. Mr. Livermore is a loyal Morse man and a well known employe. Mrs. Livermore is a frequent contributor to *The Dial's* columns.



From left to right, Joseph Lowe, Miss Jensen, Mrs. E. P. Morse, honorary chairman of the committee, who is taking an active part in arranging for the festivities, Mrs. Waterman, chairman of the committee, Mrs. H. L. Anderson (Miss Florence Fenk) and Charles Jennings.

Christmas Tree Committee

ONE of the interesting though arduous tasks of this committee is to select gifts for distribution among the children of Morse employees at the party to be held in the armory, at 52nd Street and First Avenue, Brooklyn, on the afternoon of December 29. This committee has held several conferences with Santa Claus and his representatives lately to make sure that every kiddie receives a gift.

The committee has already placed orders with Santa Claus for most of the gifts, and arrangements are progressing nicely. See page 24 for more information about the Christmas tree party.

Former Rigger's New Role

OTIS ELIOT BARENE, employed by this company since 1916, is the recipient of congratulations of his many warm friends numbered among the employees in our plant, for the reward he has reaped in his recent appointment as a representative of the Federal Board Auto Mechanics' Association of the West Side Y. M. C. A., which embraces the Federal Board District No. 2 for Vocational Education.

Working here as a rigger, Mr. Barene by close application to duty, a sense of loyalty, and by constant efforts to improve himself, became a rigger snapper, and at one time was foreman of the riggers employed at "The Farm."

His admirable traits of character helped immeasurably to gain for him his newer appointment, but no little credit is due to Mrs. Barene. At her suggestion and with her constant help, Mr. Barene studied hard during his spare moments to overcome certain deficiencies in his schooling. That he has been qualified to teach others is a tribute to his ambition and perseverance, and it also reflects no small amount of credit upon his devoted wife.

Mr. Barene entered the employ of the Morse Company in 1916 as a rigger. Shortly after he left the yard to go in business with his father. In 1917, he was one of the first to enlist in the U. S. Navy, beginning his service as Machinists' Mate. Six months after he was honorably discharged because of fallen arches.

He then renewed his work with this company, and in two months was made a rigger snapper. Later he was assigned to the position of rigger foreman at "The Farm," where much important work was done, including the building of the large sections of our great dry dock.

Some time ago, Mr. Barene received word from the Federal Board for Vocational Training that he was entitled to the privileges of the board. He was quick to take advantage of this offer and in June became a student in the gasoline engine class.

Two months later he was offered and accepted a position as instructor to the students. His capabilities in such a capacity were immediately recognized and last October, when the Federal Board for Vocational Training, the Y. M. C. A., and the Auto Mechanics' Association desired a man to represent them in procuring positions for ex-service men, they did not hesitate to consider Mr. Barene. Of a large number of candidates, he was given the position.

During the years that Mr. Barene was employed here, he made many friends. He is grateful to them for the kindly treatment and helpful encouragement he has received from them.

Charlie Burke wakes up singing, "I've Got a Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isle." It's the song hit of the Pipe Shop, so Charlie says.

"Billy" Goldsmith, formerly of the Joiner Shop and office, paid us a visit recently. He is now employed as a traveling salesman for a New York house handling paper and typewriter supplies.

Pipefitters Make Record On Niobe

A RECORD job was completed by Morse pipefitters last month on the *Niobe*, a Standard Oil boat which was built in Germany and over which international complications recently seemed imminent.

This ship contained twenty cargo tanks, four deep tanks, two cross bunkers and twelve summer tanks, all of which were piped by Morse pipefitters. An extensive heating system was required, each tank having its own individual heating system connecting with the main supply.

Approximately 12,000 feet of 1½ inch pipe were used, including 35 coils of three bends each, averaging 25 feet of pipe to each coil, and 64 forty-foot risers connecting with the main supply. This main supply consisted of 1000 feet of 3 inch pipe on the main deck. About 2000

hangers were used with the system, which meant 4000 half inch holes to be drilled and tapped, which was done by Pipe Shop drillers.

The pipe was cut, threaded and bent in the Pipe Shop, under the supervision of Hughie Pace, and all connections and installation of the work on the boat was under the direction of Foreman Joe Martin and Assistant Foreman Charlie Burke. A picked crew of pipefitters under the leadership of Billy Hunter, pipefitters' snapper, were assigned to the job, and under Hunter's guidance, the work was completed in 21 working days.

The co-operation given Hunter by his subordinates was due to his earnest efforts to bring out all the Pipe Shop spirit that was in the men, which resulted in the job being finished in schedule time and standing a severe test without necessitating a

single re-installation. Co-operation is a large factor in success.

The Pipe Shop has come across lately with several big jobs, among which were the *Montrolite*, *Sarcoie* and *Clan Murray*.

There were several 100 per cent. departments in the office Red Cross Drive and the men up in Room 209 answered the call as enthusiastically as any Morse employee.

Jitney Murphy never shook a wicked pen;

Jitney Murphy always wore a smile!

Jitney Murphy was a Man among our Men,

And so we'll miss our Jitney for awhile!

So good luck, Joe, where'er you go,

May your move bring gains—not losses;

Good luck! Success! The wish, I guess,

Of all the Boys from Morse's.

Scenes incidental to the raising upon our 30,000-ton floating drydock of the *S.S. Canopic* of the White Star Line, one of the large ocean-going passenger vessels. Lifting the *S.S. Minnesota*, world's largest cargo ship in 25 minutes actual pumping time, the big Morse dock performed the same service for the *Canopic* in the same record-breaking time.

Pictures by
Morse Photographer



Discuss New Marine Laws

UNITED STATES Senator William M. Calder and Hon. John MacCrate, candidates for State Supreme Court Justice, were the speakers at a noon-day political rally in our yard Friday, October 28. The Morse band furnished a concert, preceding the speaking, after which Hon. Harry A. Hanbury introduced Senator Calder.

The senator said that he was a resident of Brooklyn, and, of course, interested in Brooklyn. He told of his personal activity in the way of bettering the standing of the shipbuilders and repairers by voting in favor of constructive shipping laws in favor of the American Merchant Marine.

He helped frame some of the shipping laws including that which exempted American shippers from taxation providing they used their profits in building new ships. "This was the first real, practical piece of legislation in my 16 years' experience—that is, for you men, and it was done for you and the American Marine."

He scored the war-time policy of building wooden ships. He said, "I protested in Washington against the building of those ships. Think of the hundreds of them that are rotting. They have since tried to sell them. They got bids for only six, four of them brought bids of \$24,000 each and two for \$26,000—one twentieth of what they cost and no bidders."

"When they talked of building those ships, I talked with Mr. Morse and got his opinions. Mr. Morse said that the ships would never get to Europe. Well, two of them got there, but only one got back."

"Put the great American business fleet on a business basis," the Senator urged.

Senator Calder scored the Wilson administration for the profiteering in sugar,

the shortage of coal and the inadequate housing.

Justice MacCrate stated that his father was once employed in the Morse yard. He declared that he was a resident of the vicinity and felt personally acquainted with the Morse employees. He asked the voters to reject the League of Nations.

"If a reasonable doubt as to the League exists in your minds," he said, "and you feel that the League would involve us in war, be against our interests, or cause us speculation and uncertainty, reject it—give America and Americans the benefit of the doubt."

Oscar Re-Signs

OSCAR KRUGER, sign painter and letterer for the Morse Company for the past 11 years, five years of which were devoted exclusively to the company, tendered his resignation Thursday, November 18th, to enter business as half-owner of the Modern Sign Co., at 114-116 Osborn Street, Brooklyn.

While working here, Oscar was known as "The Sign King." He plied his trade in various ways, being called upon to do all kinds of work from painting placards to making wood letters several feet high. Much of his work was performed aboard the ships which came here for repairs. Doors to staterooms, exits, machine parts, lifeboats and other ship's fittings were artistically labelled by him.

While those who know Oscar regret that they are to be denied association with him, they are pleased to learn that he is to enter business for himself. He left with the best wishes and heartiest congratulations of scores of friends here, all of whom feel that his ability will reap a generous reward in the world of business.

Annual Ball January 22

JANUARY 22, 1921, has been appointed as the date upon which the annual ball of the Employees' Association of the Morse Company is to be held. The place will be the same as in former years—Prospect Hall, Sixteenth Street and Sixth Avenue.

Instead of the professional vaudeville entertainment in connection with this important yearly event, a minstrel show is to be staged in which employees of the company will participate.

Harry E. Gold, a professional theatrical director, has been engaged to stage the minstrel entertainment. He started rehearsals about the latter part of this month.

Any employee interested in taking part in the minstrel show is invited to hand in his name to Mr. Benner in the Employment Office. The director will give every one an opportunity to show whatever talent he has and will select from those who attend and take part in the rehearsals the end men and those who are to carry the leads.

In conjunction with the minstrel presentation, Lieut. Mygrant, band leader, will make his first appearance at the head of a Morse orchestra, recruited from musicians in the yard, a number of whom are members of the Morse band. Home talent has proved itself a close rival to any outside musicians and is always highly praised, not only by Morse employees but visitors.

Lieut. Mygrant expects to have a sixteen piece orchestra well trained in orchestral harmony about the time the minstrels make their public appearance.

In the past vaudeville stars and professional entertainers have furnished the program at the annual ball. The minstrel show this year is expected to prove a welcome innovation.

Treasurer M. W. Mead, who has always been the most active member of the annual ball committee, has plans for the affair well underway. With other members of the committee, he and Charles Pearson, of the Carpenter Shop, the committee chairman, have held several meetings to further the arrangements.

The other committee members are: Joseph Frank of the Laborers' Department, Patrick O'Mahoney of the Carpenters, George Keenan of the Office, Carlisle Stecher of the Timekeepers and David Lyle of the Hull Department.



Pictures by Morse Photographer.

In forefront of group picture are left to right, Judge Jaycox, Judge Dike and E. P. Morse, Sr.

Assistant Editor Resigns

IN the departure of Joseph L. Murphy, who for nearly a year has been assistant editor of the Dial, we lose a co-worker whose talents have done much to make our magazine interesting, helpful and entertaining. Blessed with an ability to write a story in a human interest way and keenly alert as a news gatherer, Mr. Murphy's efforts added a sparkle to the Dial, which has helped to carry its fame broadcast. Apart from his writing ability Mr. Murphy has the happy faculty of making and keeping friends and we know that those who had come to know him are going to share our disappointment in his departure. During the time he was connected with the Dial Mr. Murphy also served as publicity agent for the Employees' Association.

The little "Jit Nee" or "Nickel-a-Week" pamphlets, the "Key to Our City," and many other pieces of literature were created for the Association by him. Among his other duties was the important task of preparing publicity matter for the marine publications and the daily papers, and that he was very successful in this is shown by the fact that the Morse Company has received more trade paper and magazine publicity in the last year than in any previous year of its history.

Mr. Murphy also assisted materially in the creation of much of the advertising literature turned out by our Advertising Department.

Aside from his value as a writer and a co-worker the Dial editor personally is going to miss, by reason of Mr. Murphy's departure, a loyal and warm friendship, a friendship that is spelled in capital letters.

Red Hot Stuff

THE boys of the Pipe Shop held a Hallows'en "racket" in Acme Hall, Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, Saturday night, October 30. "Red Hot" (Carlisle Stecher) provided the feature entertainment of the evening with a discourse on "Woman and the Vote."

"We must give way to modern thought and trend," said "Red Hot," as he launched into his discourse. "The woman has won the right to vote and she is to exercise that right in our city, state and national elections. Soon we may expect to see a large number of women running for office with strong appeals on the billboards, placards and circulars, such as:

"Vote for Sarah Jones. She stands for shorter hours and longer skirts."

"A vote for Kate Brown is a vote for Home Rule. The coroner pronounced Mr. Brown's death as accidental."

"Mary Smith will stop profiteering. She is a stenographer and will take everything down."

"Susie Skinner will enforce prohibition. She works in a dry goods store."

Charles Davis, Robert Kane, John Murphy, Joe Martin, Henry Crist, Charles Fitzimmons and Thomas Furlong were among the celebrities present. Charlie Davis and Jack O'Hara presented the same act which they are to give in the Morse Minstrel Entertainment. The act was first rehearsed for the Phil Sheridan, K.C., show.

A True Fish Story

"PHIL" VAN GELDEREN, foreman of the company's Salvage Department, has a hobby. It's not a common one. You'd never guess it. Golfing? No. Motoring? No. Collecting foreign stamps? No, no,—it's collecting tropical fish.

Yes, sir, "Phil" breeds and collects these denizens of the tropical seas every time he gets a spare moment, and his aquatic collection, which may be found in his home, 1655 Benson Avenue, Bensonhurst, Bath Beach, is said to rival any private exhibit hereabouts.

It is not uncommon for "Van" to pay \$15 or more for a pair of finny beauties if they are of a species that he does not possess. He takes them home to his aquarium, coaxes them to spawn, watches that the temperature of the water is just right, and does one hundred and one things that go with the game.

When the average person thinks of fish, a picture of a peaceful little glass globe, containing two or three goldfish, a tadpole, a bunch of weed and a little stone castle, is what usually floats before the mind.

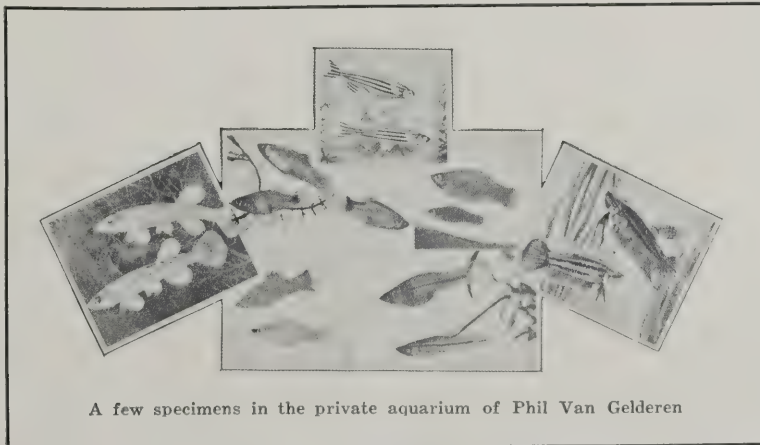
But "Van" knows that life beneath the waters of the world presents one of the great undeveloped fields of study.

Up to within a comparatively few years ago there was very little knowledge of the habits, foods, life, traits and breeding of fish, with the exception of a few varieties that had been cultivated, such as the Japanese carp and goldfish. In recent years, however, the study of fish has come to be recognized as important, not only the study of fresh water, but of the deep sea varieties of the fish family.

Van Gelderen's collection includes specimens of the fighting fish of Siam, and the mouth-breeding fish of Egypt. Of these latter species, much is to be said about their habits. For instance; their eggs are hatched in the mouth, 72 hours after they are picked up from the tank and placed in the mouth to incubate.

And when the fish are young, they "scramble" back into the mouth of the parent fish. We have "Van's" word for it, that there is much fun when the young fish increase in size, and then try, when frightened, to get back in Mama's mouth, all at the same time.

The men and women of the Morse organization who may be interested in Mr. Van Gelderen's collection of tropical fish are invited to pay him a visit. He extends this invitation through the Dial. All that he requests is that he be notified of your coming so that he may be at home.



A few specimens in the private aquarium of Phil Van Gelderen

Billy Kane Leaves

WILLIAM KANE, who for the past 14 years had been employed here as a foreman shipfitter, severed his connection with the company during the week ending October 30. Upon his departure, Mr. Kane was remembered by Walter Crawford and the boys of the Hull Department, with a presentation of a fine smoking set, including a pipe, case, and genuine amber cigar holder.

He left to assume charge of the hull department of a neighboring ship repair organization. We are glad to say that his long and faithful service with this company gave him the experience and qualifications for greater responsibilities.

During his 14 years' service here, "Billy" Kane earned the respect and esteem of both employer and employee. Most of these years he put in as snapper or foreman, but he had previously worked in the ranks. He never shirked work or asked a task he would not himself do. He received and held the confidence of his men, and was considered by them not only a good boss, but a good friend.

He knows what it is to work without the modern facilities of today. Fourteen years ago, he tells, there were only two fitters in the yard. The equipment wasn't so complete; nor of such labor-saving nature. Much of the work was done by hand, even to lifting, and a horse and wagon was the means of transportation.

"Billy" was, many a time, stuck down around Atlantic Avenue with the horse and cart while a snow-storm raged. Such incidents, of course, set the work back and Mr. Morse would pitch in and work throughout the night with the men.

"I remember," said Mr. Kane, "the time we turned out a job on the S. S. Pacific. We were given 60 days to do the work, but we finished it in 45 days. Mr. Morse worked with us from morning 'til night on that job. It wasn't unusual for him to stay with us many times until midnight."

In taking leave of the boys in the yard, after he had been made the recipient of the fine smoking set, Mr. Kane said that he never worked with a finer lot of men, and that he was appreciative of the experience he had received under Mr. Crawford, whom he declared was an expert in his line.

Tonry's Victory Medal

A COMMUNICATION from the Hull Department, printed in the November issue of the Dial, voiced the opinion that Eddie Tonry of that department, an A. E. F. veteran of six important engagements, should be awarded one of the company's victory medals. He was employed in the yard at the outbreak of the war, and at the time of America's entry into the war.

Through Thomas Plunkett, assistant employment manager, Tonry's medal was delivered to his brother, John Tonry, as Eddie had left the employ of the Morse Company during the month of October.

Lieut. Mygrant has several more medals. Morse service men who worked here before entering the army or navy are entitled to them, if they have not received one.

THE MORSE DRY DOCK DIAL

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Activities of the Employees' Association of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, and to the interests of the Company

BERT EDWARD BARNES, Editor
Willard B. Prince, Art Editor
C.W. Bailey, Photographer
E. Donnelly, Cartoonist

Mrs. Wallace Livermore, Joan C. Sharp,
Marjorie H. Davis, Thomas J. Furlong,
Thomas J. Plunkett, L. H. Wilson,
Margaret McCarthy, and
Charles S. Davis,
Associate Editors

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This Publication is created and printed from cover to cover in the plant of the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co., at the foot of 56th Street, Brooklyn, under the direct supervision of Bert E. Barnes, Advertising and Publicity manager, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Vol. 3 DECEMBER, 1920 No. 12

"It pictures the vision of a people whose eyes were turned toward the rising dawn. It represents the hope of a father for his posterity. It was never flaunted for the glory of royalty, but to be born under it is to be a child of a king, and to establish a home under it is to be the founder of a royal house."—Calvin Coolidge's tribute to the American flag.

Old H. C. L. On The Slide

FOR the first time in five years, according to the *Barometer Letter*, prepared and copyrighted by Babson's Statistical Organization, the cost of living is on the downward course. The dollar is worth more money, and, it is predicted, the cost of living will have been reduced 15 per cent with the passing of winter.

In many places throughout the country, employees have consented to wage reductions. Others have refused advances. Twelve thousand building trades workers in one large city refused an advance. These level-headed men, by such a refusal, did themselves and their country a service.

Workers are beginning to see that lower production costs at fair wages will keep away the wolf of unemployment.

The garment workers who have been getting \$100 and \$125 per week are being dismissed from the shops.

People couldn't stand the ex-

tremely high cost of clothes. The retailers couldn't sell them, and it was needless for the manufacturers to make them. The illustration is a simple one.

Let us heed the lesson we have been taught. We can beat the high cost of living, and all foreign competition if we get together—produce a lot, sell a little cheaper, and live, not cheaper, but as good, and at less cost.

And now that the dollar is becoming more valuable, and bigger to us, let's save a few of them.

—o—

Strikes in England

ONLY last month the Dial's editorial columns dealt with the agitator, he who poses as a benefactor to the workingman, but who is, in reality, a professional, paid exploiter of the worker, and seeks only to obtain his own selfish ends.

We declared that the unfair demands made by the agitator upon the employer would increase the cost of ship repairs, and, as a result, ships would be diverted from the Port of New York, to ports where men had not heeded the soothing, but empty, words of a hired "delegate."

The agitator has wrought in England what he can do here. We call your attention to the *Journal of Commerce*, date of October 7, and published in Liverpool. It says in part as follows:

"The almost complete paralysis of the Mersey ship repairing industry, owing to the strike of shipwrights, continues. Ships due for repairs are going to continental yards in increasing numbers. This diversion of repairs to the Continent can only be stopped by the shipyard workers realizing that wages depend on work done. In this, as in every other industry, the heart and core of the problem is—output.

"This particular strike is only another sign that the men in the yards have not yet realized that the war days, when they were able to demand almost anything they liked, are definitely over. It must be remembered that the great rush of work necessitated by reconditioning hundreds of ships after the armistice has come to an end.

"The strike on the Mersey," this English paper goes on to say, "is providing Holland and Belgium with a fine opportunity. Competition was very keen before the war. During the war the Dutch greatly improved their facilities for ship-

building and repairing. Now their shipyard hands are showing their readiness to work hard; the two-shift system is general. Naturally, therefore, the cheaper, quicker repairs being done at Antwerp and Rotterdam attract a business that once was ours."

And now, after reading and studying such a situation as this English paper sets forth, can we of the Port of New York afford to listen to the agitator who would drive our business elsewhere and leave us scanning the ocean for some derelict that can make no other port?

We can digest this common-sense statement which is made at the close of the article in the English shipping paper: "The workers must return to sanity, forget the ease with which they obtained war wages, and realize that they can only be paid for work they turn out."

—o—

Scum of The Earth

"WORKERS! What Is Coming?" This title stood out boldly on a circular which the writer picked up in the 86th Street subway, Bay Ridge. The circular carried a sub-title which read "Proclamation by the United Communist Party."

Read the following paragraph contained in this circular—"You must direct your strikes against the government and must overthrow the capitalistic government. When the final struggle to overthrow the government comes you must have guns in your hands and be prepared for an armed insurrection to wipe out the government of the capitalists and establish your government—the government of the workers' council."

Such is the rot that comes from a vodka-soaked mind that has been crazed by the bloodshed of Russia. Or else it comes from one of these bobbed-haired parasites who toil not, nor spin, but are content with a crust of bread thrown to them by a woman of the streets, who is vicious only in her poor, weak way.

But these ingrates, these dogs who snap a bone and a crust where they can, would talk insurrection in a land where people are well-fed, well-clothed, prosperous, and, in the main, independent.

These unkempt, ill-fed, poisonous reptiles would preach insurrection when they haven't the strength of numbers, nor the physical and moral courage to even lick the Podunk police department.

It's Up To You Too

THE attention of Morse Men is directed to a news item elsewhere in this issue of the Dial, in which we are informed that additional fire equipment has been purchased by the company for use in the yard and immediate vicinity. To such an announcement we can attach considerable significance. It is plain that the company officials are doing all that is possible in the matter of fire protection.

As the company is expending money towards the protection of its property, and incidentally, protecting the jobs and lives of its workers, it is not unreasonable to expect that every man of the company will meet it half-way, and do his part toward fire prevention. It would be a profitable venture if we never have to use the new fire truck.

Fire and accident prevention provide most creditable lines of endeavor. The individual or company undertaking fire and accident prevention is not always inspired to do so for self-preservation alone. In many instances, this is a very humane undertaking, one which is expected to remove a menace to not only livelihood, but life itself.

Some industrial organizations are content to permit insurance companies to assume their risks and responsibilities. The Morse Company is determined to reduce fire hazards to a minimum. It hopes to do so only with the aid of the men and women of its organization.

Carefulness and obedience to the company's rules are all that is required of the employee. He need do nothing else to help the company in its fire and accident prevention. Surely, that is little enough to expect, and we ought all be able to do that.

Get Going

NO. The train won't wait. If you are going to catch the special that will carry you to comfort, safety, well-being and affluence, you have got to start now. The conductor won't hold that train for anybody, and you haven't any too much time.

We are all living under suspended sentence of death. For some that sentence is suspended longer than for others, but the active life of the average person is about 30 years. Only 9,000 eight hour days; 72,000 hours. If you are going to do something in life worth while, there is not a minute to lose. You cannot use the time that has past, nor can

you borrow a single second from the future.

But the present is full of possibilities and opportunities, provided you get going.

No more simple or successful method has been devised to aid success in life and insure provision for the future than steady consistent investment in Government Securities, Liberty Bonds and W. S. S.

Your first duty to yourself and to those you love and who are dependent on you is to "set your house in order."

Put a certain sum into those safe and trustworthy securities now, and you can meet your suspended sentence without fear when your time comes.

—O—

Christmas Greetings

THERE'S no time like Christmas for saying the friendly things we feel, and the good things we wish, for our friends. The members of the Dial staff extend the warmest holiday greetings to the Dial readers. They hope that the next year will bring them the same pleasant associations with their fellow employees, and that the year 1921 will be one of prosperity for every citizen of the little city which is known as The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Yard.

This marks the close of the third year of the Dial's existence. It is the wish of all those connected with it that it may make many new friends, and lose none of its old ones, in the years to come.

Calendar and Tide Table		DECEMBER						High Water Governors Is.	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
			1 0 07	2 1 14	3 2 16	4 3 19			
5 4 11	6 5 05	7 5 51	8 6 35	9 7 15	10 7 54	11 8 31			
12 9 22	13 8 35	14 7 44	15 6 57	16 6 07	17 5 16	18 4 25			
19 3 32	20 2 54	21 2 11	22 1 27	23 0 42	24 0 32	25 0 25			
26 6 20	27 6 13	28 6 07	29 6 02	30 5 58	31 5 50				

TIME OF TIDE IS A. M. UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. HIGH WATER AT SANDY HOOK DEDUCT 30 MIN.

Association Calendar

Collection Committee meets every Tuesday at 4 p. m.
Finance Committee meets last Tuesday of every month.
Directors meet last Wednesday of every month.
Association entertainment and business meeting last Wednesday of every month, unless otherwise announced.
Entertainment Committee meets 2nd Monday of every month.
Fire Prevention Committee meets 3rd Monday of every month.
Relief Committee meets last Monday of every month.
Christmas Tree Party, Wednesday, December 29th, 1920.
Minstrel Show and Reception, Saturday evening, January 22, 1921.



Employees' Association Directory

OFFICERS

President—JOSEPH McGUIRK
Hull Department

Vice President—JOSEPH QUINN
Burning Department

Secretary—EDWARD HANNAVIN
Brass Storeroom

Treasurer—MORTIMER W. MEAD
Office

Directors and Conference Board Members
(d) for Director; (c) for Conference Board

CARPENTERS, JOINERS, PAINTERS
AND WOOD CAULKERS—Peter Bresnan
(d) Harry Anderson (c) Patrick O'Mahoney (c).

OUTSIDE MACHINISTS—Charles Pearson
(d) Al. Cumming (c) William Mills (c).

INSIDE MACHINISTS—John Sweeney (d)
Hugh McQuillan (c) Frank Ulsmer (c).

PIPEFITTERS—Michael O'Day (d) Charles Davis (c).

BLACKSMITHS—James Tester (d) Edward Meybert (c) Robert McQueen (c).

RIGGERS AND DRY DOCK HANDS—Edward Kelley (d) Eugene Callahan (c) Harry Carlson (c).

COPPERSMITHS, PLUMBERS, PIPE COVERERS—Thomas Hayes (d) Joseph Herzog (c) Wm. A. Bush (c).

BOILERMAKERS—William Jackson (d) Harry Beattie (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed

Arthur Sylvester, who has left the Company.

OFFICE, ESTIMATORS AND SOLICITORS—Frank Falconer (d) Miss Marjorie H. Davis (c) George F. Keenan (c).

DRAUGHTSMEN, PATTERN MAKERS, INSPECTORS—James M. Donovan (d) Leonard Wallace (c) Thomas C. Rathbone (c).

SHEET METAL WORKERS—J. O'Brien (d) Frankie Mack (c) Joseph Bovine (c).

PLATE SHOP—Edward McGibney (d) George Drew (c) Louis Leiser (c).

ELECTRICIANS—Harry Jost (d) Thos. White (c) Al Chisholm (c).

HULL DEPARTMENT—Al. Simendinger (d) David Lyle (c) John Dresch (c).

BURNERS AND WELDERS—James MacFarlane (d) John Beverley (c) William Dralle (c).

MISCELLANEOUS—Including Chauffeurs, Storeroom Hands, Garage Mechanics, Crews of Launches, Timekeepers and Watchmen—Carlisle R. Stecker (d). William A. Jarrell (c). New member of Conference Board to be elected to succeed John Finneran.

COMMITTEES

RELIEF COMMITTEE—Morris Levy (Riggers) Archie Campbell (Carpenters) Otto Rochelle (Inside Machinists).

ACCIDENT PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Frank Falconer (Hospital) Joseph Quinn (Burners) David Lyle (Hull Dept.) Samuel Olsen (Chain Gang) Harry Beck (Carpenters) Ernest Hahne (Outside Machinists) J. C. Ballis (Laborers).

SANITATION COMMITTEE—Joe Toomey (Hull Dept.) W. Carr (Pipe Shop) Dan Smith (Plumbers).

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE—Geo. Drew (Office) William Burke (Carpenters) Peter Lorenz (Pipe Shop).

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Charles Menzies (Welders) Harry Anderson (Carpenters) Michael O'Flaherty (Air Plant).

WELFARE COMMITTEE (Embracing Yard Collections)—Frank Falconer (Hospital) William Jackson (Boiler Shop) John Sweeney (Machinists).

BOWLING COMMITTEE—Henry Rochelle (chairman) Harry Anderson, Jack Gannon, John Kelly, Adam Lester.

FIRE PREVENTION COMMITTEE—Louis Leiser (Plate Shop) Harry Gardner (Burners).

CHRISTMAS TREE PARTY COMMITTEE—Hon. Chairman, Mrs. E. P. Morse, chairman, Mrs. Margaret Waterman, Miss Kirsten Jensen, Mr. Chas. Jennings, Mr. John Beverley.

MINSTREL SHOW AND RECEPTION COMMITTEE—Chairman, Chas. Pierson, Geo. Keenan, David Lyle, Joseph Frank, M. W. Mead, P. O'Mahoney, John Beverley.

Good Luck, Matty

WHEN "Matty" Wright, Chipper and Caulker foreman, took his leave from this company and his many friends here after 14 years of continuous service, a farewell was given him that any man might envy.

This farewell assembly took place at noon, Wednesday, October 27, in the Plate Shop office and was attended by as many as could crowd into the place. Many outside, unable to crowd their way to the scene, were present in spirit and waited to give "Matty" a handclasp or to bid him goodbye.

It was not easy for "Matty" to leave Morse's after a long period of service during which he earned the esteem and respect of all with whom he came in contact. The men of "Matty's" gang were slow to reconcile themselves to the fact that their chief was leaving. He was fair and square, a good boss, a good friend, and a man.

But "Matty" had a duty to perform. It was a manly one, as was everything that "Matty" did. He told the boys that he had to move away because Mrs. Wright's health wasn't any too good, and the doctor had advised a change of climate. Matty didn't know where that climate was, but he was going in quest of it. This decision came after 14 years with the boys. It is plain that the farewell was a touching one, full of sentiment, and with more than one pair of eyes dimmed.

"Jimmie" MacFarlane, long-time friend of "Matty's," made the presentation speech, which accompanied the gift by the men of the Hull Department and "Matty's" friends of the yard and offices. This gift was a handsome and costly solid gold watch and chain, the chain holding a Masonic emblem. It was monogrammed "M. W."—a simple piece of lettering; better than a lengthy inscription.

The following letter was handed to "Matty" with the gift:

"Dear Matty — With the tokens of our friendship, accept also our sincere regret, as we feel it, on this occasion of your departure from us, after a long and pleasant association.

"We believe that you are as reluctant to leave as we are unwilling to have you. But we realize the worth and unselfishness of your action and know the manly spirit that prompts it.

"More than 14 years of employment with you and for you recalls many incidents in which your generous and kindly nature asserted itself, just as it now prompts you to leave in search of that you would give to another.

"We can only hope that in your new field of endeavor you may find that which we would give, if it were in our power.

"Your abilities, we know, will claim their proper reward in the new field of your choice. We know, too, that the community and industry to receive you will gain what we consider our loss—a good citizen, a good husband and a good friend.

"We wish you and yours all the luck in the world and we will be ever ready to hear that you are coming back 'home.'

"From the Men of the Hull Department,

and Your Friends in the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company."

In his presentation speech, "Jimmie" MacFarlane said: "Memory is a wonderful thing. I can go back 14 years ago when at the head of the Plate Shop was the Main Office and a little garden and an old horse, standing around, half blind. There wasn't so much doing those days, but we were well on our way to the bigness we have now. And 'Matty' Wright was a chipper and caulker and I worked with him. And then a burning question came up—would we get a burning machine in the yard? Well, we did, and 'Matty' Wright and myself were the first men to bring the burning machines in."

Turning to "Matty," the speaker said, as he held the gift and letter: "This occasion is a delightful and sorrowful one. It's delightful because we are remembering an old friend, but sorrowful because he

The Boss Is Keeping Tabs

By Walt Mason

THE boss is keeping tab, my son, he marks your every curve; and if you do not earn your mon you'll get what you deserve; if you are only sprightly when your weekly wage you grab, you'll shortly join the jobless men—the boss is keeping tab.

Perhaps you fool around at night, and paint the village red, when you'd be wiser sleeping tight in your nice truckle bed; then you are dead upon your feet when you to duty go; you make a snail look pretty fleet, your movements are so slow; your eyes look like a total loss, you have a taste that's drab; you cannot put such things across—the boss is keeping tab.

Perhaps your thoughts have roamed afar from work you ought to do; you're thinking of some movie star who made a hit with you; or of a joy ride you will take when this sad day is done; or of a shady way to make a little bunch of mon; or of a large planked tenderloin that you at night will stab; 'twere better far to earn your coin—the boss is keeping tab.

And then, perhaps, on t'other hand, you're working like a jo; you're hustling round to beat the band, to make the business grow. And there is vigor in your walk, your movements are not dead; you do not pause to watch the clock and count the hours ahead. Success for you is looming plain; some big prize you will nab; the worker does not work in vain—the boss is keeping tab.

is to leave us. On behalf of his many friends, I present him with this watch and chain and hope that every link in the chain will be a link to strengthen his memories of the boys in the Morse yard."

"Matty" thanked those present and all who had worked with him and for him to make his 14 years' service one to be happily remembered. He said that his heart would always be with Morse's and that he would never forget the kindly and helpful spirit of the men he had worked with.

Rescue Squad Planned

FOLLOWING the purchase by the company of three gas masks for use in fighting fires in ship's holds, etc., a rescue squad is to be organized under the direction of Chief Myers, new head of the yard Fire Department.

The squad will receive instructions in the adjustment and use of the masks and will be further drilled in first aid and resuscitation. On Tuesday, November 9, Chief Myers made a tour of inspection of the yard accompanied by members of the company fire department.

A City Within a City

THE DIAL has frequently likened our great plant to a small city. This idea has also been carried out more definitely in the little booklet entitled "The City Within Our Gates," which is given to every new employee, and which every old employee should have and can have if they will call for it at the Employment Office.

The comparison is quite impressive especially when the noon hour or four o'clock whistle blows and the workers begin to pour out of the vessels. Along our nicely paved streets they wend their way in vast numbers so that the various piers and thoroughfares resemble some of the busier streets of Manhattan.

These cemented thoroughfares lead from the main gates of the yard, bordering on Second Avenue, down to the piers which dot our waterfront. Three important streets hold the traffic of our city, but there are some cross-town avenues which help to relieve congestion and conflict in the vehicular maneuvers through the principal channels.

From the 55th Street entrance to these yards, a street, partly paved with cobble stones and partly cemented, leads directly to Pier 2, and to the cross-town lane which leads to Pier 1. This thoroughfare has been unofficially designated as North Street.

Broadway, as some are pleased to call it, leads directly from our Main Office building, between 55th and 57th Streets, down past our big Plate Shop and Machine Shop, directly to Pier 3, and is crossed by that avenue which leads past all of the piers, and past both our large drydocks.

The thoroughfare which handles the bulk of our traffic coming and going, is that which leads from our Main Gate at 56th Street, directly to Pier 4. This has been called South Street.

Therefore, with North and South Streets and Broadway, we have three clean, spacious streets. Traffic moves swiftly and easily and there is no congestion save at noon when our shops pour forth their hundreds of employees.

Indeed our yard does resemble in every way the modern small city, with its fire department, its band, its police force, its play centers and various other features.

Dial Restores Lost Article

GEORGE F. COME of 5701 Third Avenue, a Shipping Board inspector, called at the Dial office and claimed the watch fob charm advertised as found in our last issue. The charm had become detached from a fob Mr. Come valued highly and the owner was very glad to get it back. Teddy Siller, of the Photographic Department, found it and promptly turned the charm over to the Dial, which is trying to be of service to the men in the yard by running free advertisements of lost and found articles and also advertising anything for sale, to rent or exchange. Report anything you lose or find in the yard at the Dial office. We'll gladly print the advertisement for nothing.



Oil-electric propulsion eliminates the discomfort of soot and cinders.



A Picture Story *of the* **CUBA**

First "All Electric"
Passenger-Merchant Ship

Designed and Reconstructed
by the

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Spacious awning decks for pleasure seekers in Southern climes.

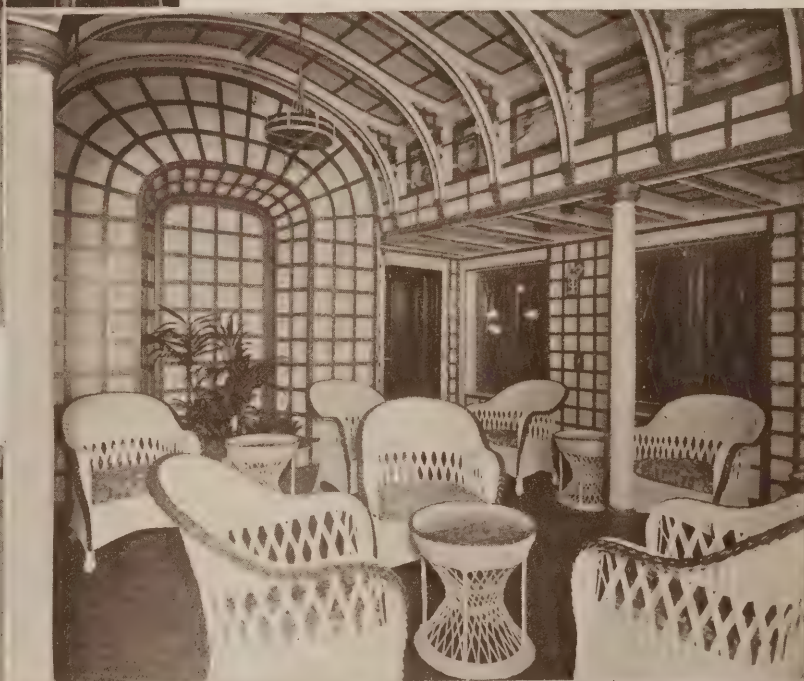
All pictures by Morse Photographer.

Cuba's Interior Is Resplendent In Decorations and Furnishings

Our naval architects give
veritable floating palace
marking a new era in



The rich decorations suggest the exclusiveness of an ultra fashionable hotel. At the right, the palm room, artistic and cozy. Here one may find protection from summer suns and harsh winds.



Above, one of the state rooms with bright cretonne hangings.—At the left, one of the many cozy corners amid luxurious surroundings.—At the right, an architectural gem. Beautifully finished woods combine with mural decorations of rare charm and distinction.



Comfort and Artistry Combined In Fine Work of Morse Designers

to the shipping world a
pelled by electricity and
an comfort and safety.



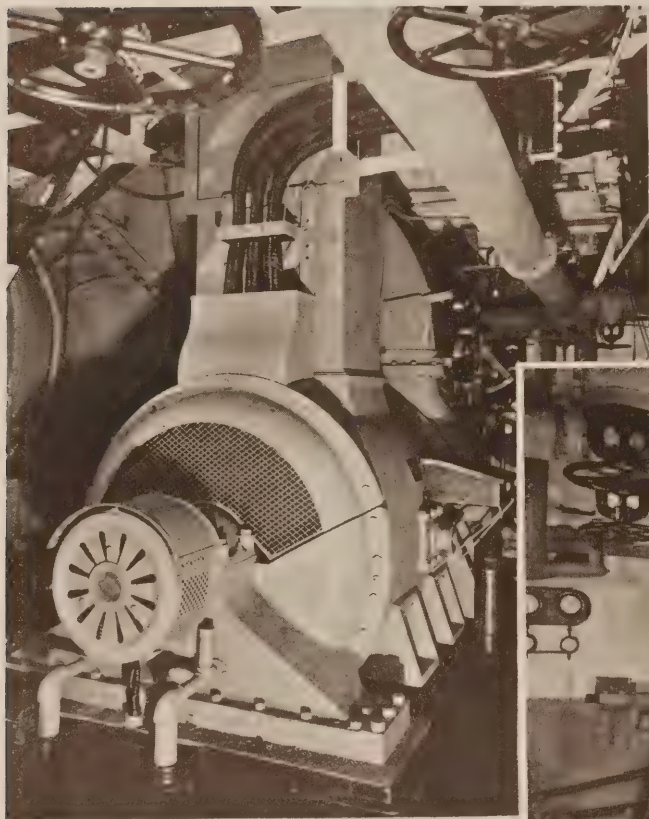
A graceful descent into the beautiful dining saloon is shown in the pictures above and below. Note the attractive, silent flooring. The smoking room is shown at the left. Here one may find rest and seclusion.



Salt water and fresh water bathing are both available in the beautifully tiled baths. Every known comfort is assured the passenger.—At the right the picture shows a corner of the *Cuba's* spotless kitchen where an excellent cuisine is prepared.



The Electric Units of the Cuba



Top left photo is turbo-generator prominent in the *Cuba's* electrical equipment. By a series of dampers in the various ducts the hot air is taken from the generator and delivered to the boilers, a unique arrangement which has proved an excellent ventilating method.

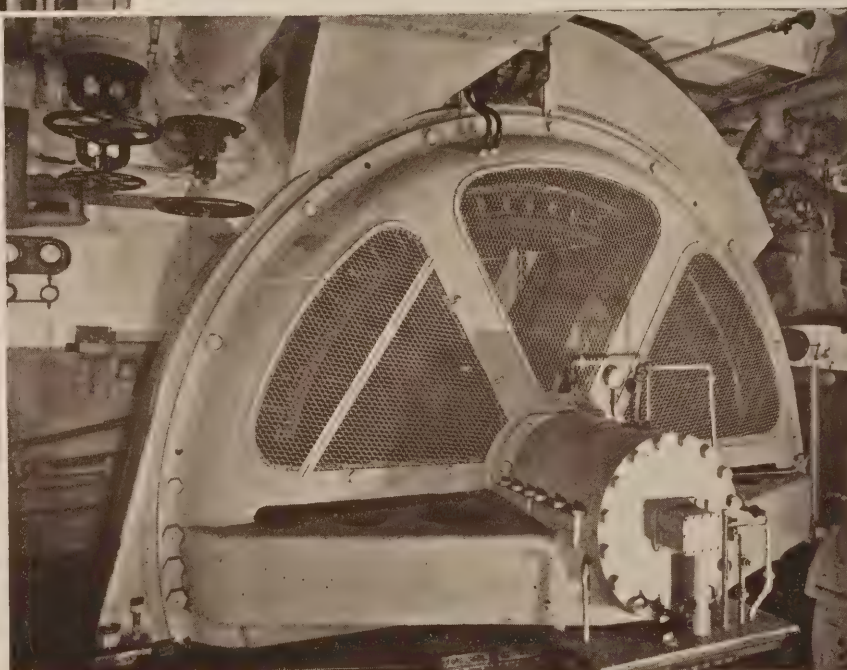
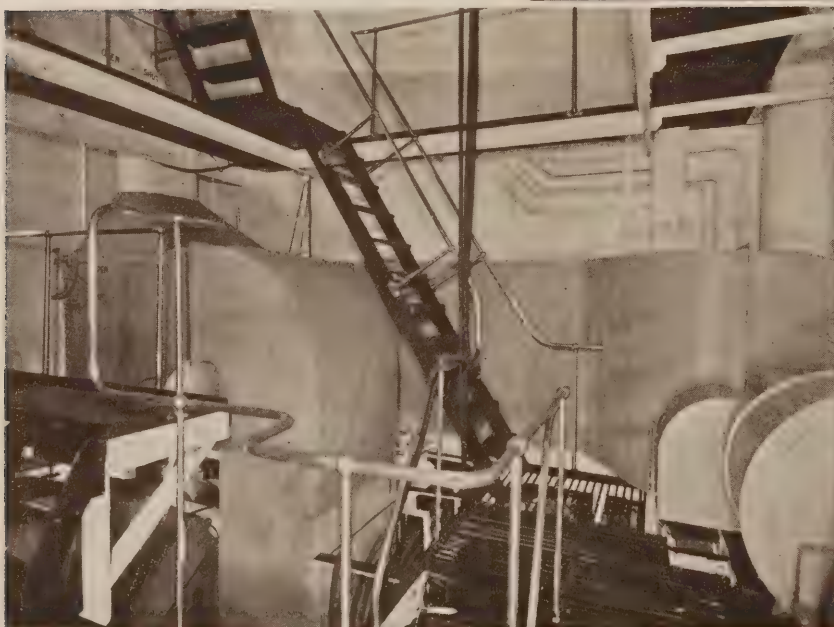
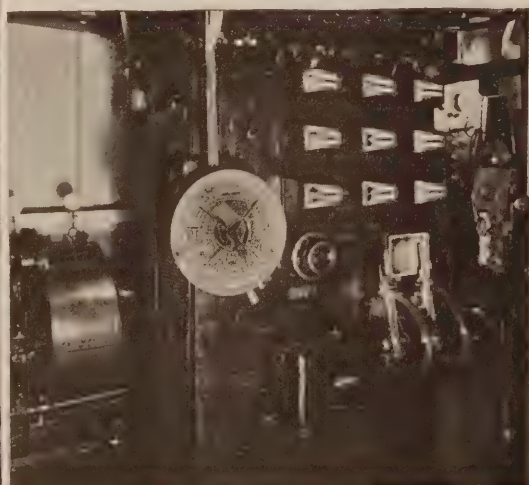


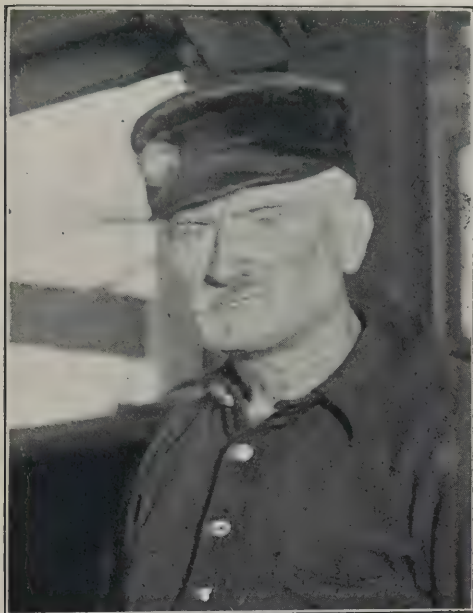
Photo to the right is that of the *Cuba's* main motor of 8000 horse-power.



Lower left picture is interior showing cooling system for motor and generator. Photo below—control board with main motor, generator and auxiliary controls.



Pictures by Morse Photographer.



Patrick Feeney, Plate Shop Furnaceman

Apprentices Have New Schoolroom

A NEW institution has been established by the Morse Company, which is ever ready to embrace new features to facilitate its ship repair work and improve upon the personnel of its organization.

The latest acquisition is a regular schoolroom for the 50 or more young men comprising the apprenticeship class. The new school has been equipped on the third floor of the North Building, in the rooms formerly occupied by the Tabulating Department.

The apprenticeship class previously used the Assembly Hall of the Employees' Association, in the Carpenter Shop Building on First Avenue. Sessions were held every Saturday morning under the direction of Thomas Rathbone of Mr. Kelly's Draughting Room staff.

In the new quarters, the Saturday study and lecture periods are continued under more favorable conditions. There are desks, blackboards and other accessories so necessary in the proper conduct of a good school, such as the company desires to operate for the youth of its yard and offices.

Association's Finances

A GRAND balance of \$3,308.53 to the account of the Employees' Association was shown in connection with the report of the treasurer, M.W.Mead, made at the October meeting by Charles Menzies of the Welding Department, chairman of the finance committee. The report follows: Insurance, \$853.60; due, \$693.40; yard collection, \$331.75; outing tickets, \$8.50; world's series baseball tickets, \$430.

Disbursements — music for September meeting, \$35; baseball tickets, \$660; ice, \$7; revenue collector, \$10.18; bowling alleys (October) \$70; bowling score cards, \$4; Dr. Wynne, September meeting, \$5; salaries, \$160; insurance, \$886.95; relief, \$285; balance, October 1, \$2,293.91; deposited October, \$2,308.75; disbursements, \$4,602.66; \$2,118.13; balance in bank, \$2,484.53; deposited with insurance company, \$824; grand balance, \$3,308.53.

A straight line is the shortest in morals, as in mathematics.

Some of Our Old Timers

And Here's Another Veteran!

PATRICK FEENEY—"Paddy," we call him here—is the boss furnaceman in the Plate Shop, one of our largest and busiest departments.

He is an old-timer in the service of this company, having been employed here at intervals for about 20 years.

Furthermore, Paddy is one of those furnacemen with the full measure of ability. His knowledge of heats and metals is founded on all-round experience in iron and steel work as it applies to shipbuilding and repairing.

The skill and knowledge that Patrick has been acquiring for years stood him in good stead recently when the buckled stern frame casting of the *S. S. S. B. Hunt* was ironed out without being detached from the ship, and in record time, saving the ship-owners a snug fortune.

On this job, "Paddy" and his boys fixed up the heating boxes and applied the heats. This work was of no little importance as Walter Willis, Joe Hagen or any of the bosses on the job will testify.

Somehow, Patrick's keen eye fell on the industrial magazine which is distributed to the employees of a competitive ship repair organization.

The furnacemen of the company were lauded to the skies. "That's all very well,"

said "Paddy," "but my boys won't take any back water from any of them."

Paddy's boys, as he calls them, are Peter Baker, Dan McGee and Daniel Finnigan, and when they say that "Paddy" Feeney is the best furnaceman in the port of New York, 'tis wise to let them have their way and their say.

Patrick and his gang are engaged in doing the furnace work such as frame bending, shell plate making and straightening parts, and they have made some good records.

Speaking of the Morse plant in earlier days, "Pat" said: "As I look around and see the wonderful change and growth that has come to the yard, I recall the old-time days when myself and other fellows—we were much younger then—used to row boats over to this very spot on which the yard stands.

"Then it was kind of a farming country, and a big beach. I'll bet we said then that this place would never amount to anything, but here it holds the best ship repair yard in America."

Mr. Feeney has, during his career as a furnace man, worked all over the port of New York. He was born in Red Hook, in the old 12th Ward. At present he resides at 233 52nd Street, Brooklyn. He has several children, one of whom, William Feeney, is employed in the Plate Shop of this company.

Fire Department Changes

FOLLOWING his tour of inspection of the yard and offices of the company, Chief Myers, successor to Chief Devlin of the fire department, has recommended a number of changes to be made in our fire protection work. Important among the changes suggested are the painting of the boxes a bright vermilion and the numbers in white enamel, and that the whistle blasts be blown according to the box numbers.

The suggestions were adopted, and the employees of the company are advised to acquaint themselves with the location of the boxes. A book distributed by the Employment Office contains the numbers and location of boxes, as well as other very useful information, and these books can be had on request at the Employment Office.

The boxes run from 21 to 55. The blasts, under the new system of alarms, would be for box 21—two blasts, a pause, and then one blast. For box 55, five blasts, a pause, and then five more. The numbers would be blown three times.

The new system of sounding alarms became effective November 10. In the future, after 4 P. M., and on Sundays and holidays, the whistle will sound the box numbers rather than blowing the number of pier as formerly. Consult your books for the box numbers.

Another change which has been made upon the recommendation of Chief Myers is the placing of automatic covers on the waste cans in the paint shop.

The tool room of the Sheet Metal Department, under Foreman John McCulloch, was enlarged recently upon the order of Assistant General Manager A.W.Murray.

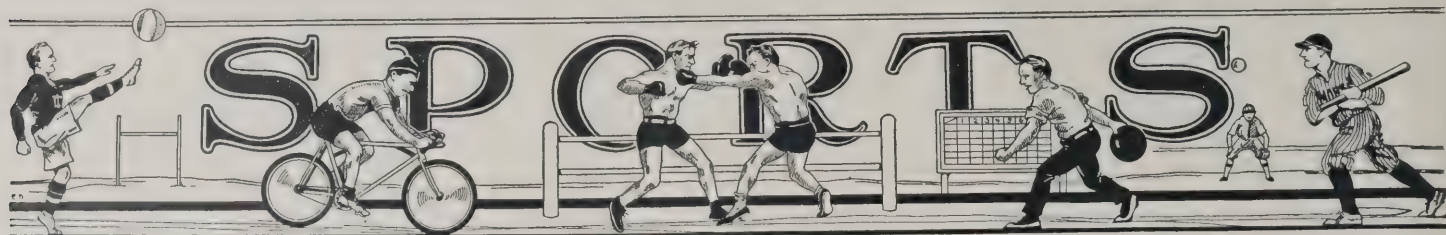
The Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company's uniformed band participated in the big Republican parade in New York, Thursday, October 28. The band also participated in a drive at Borough Hall, November 22, for St. John's College.

Friends Remember 'Em

A BEAUTIFUL set of dishes was presented to Charles Small, superintendent of the Blacksmith Shop on the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Eleanor Shears in September. A Dial photographer happened along just about the time the gift was presented. Charles G. Hall of the executive staff made the presentation in behalf of the boys of the Inside Machine Shop and the Blacksmith Shop who showed their friendship for Mr. Small by getting up the presentation. In the picture from left to right are Charles G. Hall, E. Franzen, Charles Small, William Ritchie and Irving Ash.



Gift to Charles Small



A Knockout Show

FOUR whirlwind bouts were staged at the October show in the Assembly Hall of the Employees' Association, the feature bout of the quartet being that between Mike Horan of the Main Storeroom and Battling Cochrane of the Pipe Shop. This mill ended suddenly in the second frame when Horan put the K. O. over on his opponent, who failed to regain consciousness for several minutes.

Frank Brennan of the Main Storeroom is the man who brought out the now famous Horan. Frankie was himself a fast bantam in his day, and met the best in his class. Therefore, it is not surprising that he should see the possibilities in Young Horan.

The show opened with a set-to between Kid Koehler and Young Happy, and—sweet papa! it was a slashing bout. Both boys put out their best wares right from the start of the initial gong, and before the fracas had gone through the second box, Happy had drawn the claret from Koehler's eye and was getting in some wicked jabs.

But this Koehler baby is fast and clever, and he swapped with Happy one for one, making Happy extend himself to earn the little shade he did for the four rounds.

Al. Fields and Joe Daly went through four tame sessions in which they showed some clever footwork, feinting, etc., but no real action. The spectators sat through this exhibition without getting a thrill, although they were satisfied with the entertainment as a whole.

Matty Herbert and Frankie Fay, two fast, clever and well known bantams, challengers of Pete Herman, Joe Lynch and other top notchers, put on an exhibition which was an even thing from the first curtain to the final gong.

Mike O'Dowd was the referee and kept the shifty little battlers going at a good clip, and in clean fashion. The bout held the interest of the ringsiders and rail birds and proved a strong card.

Walter Nelson and Young Kramer, who had appeared at other Association shows, went four rounds to a draw, and furnished an interesting final to a lively fistic show.

Joe Kiernan (9106) of the Riggers is after any and all yard "pugs" between 128 and 130 pounds. He is willing to show at the monthly meetings with any of the boys who do not exceed the weights mentioned. In a letter to the Dial, Joe writes: "I have noted an item in the current issue of the Dial in which it is stated that Billy Burke is looking for suitable opponents for the yard 'pugs,' bouts to be staged at the monthly meetings. I am a 128-130 pounder and willing to accept a match with any boy of the same weight. Yours truly, Joe Kiernan (9106) Rigger."

Oscar, the Sign Kink, is complaining because he hasn't seen his name in the Dial for a month.

Fitzimmons Game To The Last

IN one of the most sensational and largely attended fights ever held in Madison Square Garden, Eddie Fitzimmons, son of Charlie Fitzimmons of the Morse Pipe Shop, lost to Willie Jackson, Friday evening, October 29.

Jackson put the K. O. on Fitz in the tenth round, and Dan Morgan, Fitz's manager, with the seconds, threw up the sponge and carried Fitz to a corner.

When the tide of battle was going against Fitz, he demonstrated his game-ness. He took the count several times before the final K. O. In the earlier rounds he forced the fighting and made Jackson extend himself.

By vanquishing Fitzimmons, Willie Jackson has earned the right to meet Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champ.

This honor Eddie Fitzimmons has been striving for, and the boys of our Pipe Shop were especially sorry to see "The Turkey," as they call Eddie, lose out.

An Explanation

BOWLING fans in the Hull Department are entitled to an explanation as to the mention in the November Dial of the protested game between the Inside Machinists and the Hull Department. It was not the intention of the Dial to make any claim that the Hull Department had used bowlers other than those employed within the department. It simply meant to convey the meaning that such a complaint had been brought to the attention of the committee. However, we now understand that the protest was made on the grounds that the scores were not complete, and that that was the reason for the claim that the game was not official.

Morse Soccerites In Fall River

FRANK FALCONER of the Yard Hospital, soccer fan and former manager of the Morse Soccer aggregation, is in receipt of a copy of the Fall River (Mass.) *Daily Globe* which contains a picture of the Rover Soccer Eleven. Six former Morse players are in the group. They are Connie Lynch, "Chick" Burns, Frank Booth, Stone, Morgan and Freddie Parker. Falconer says that Parker sends his regards to all the boys of the yard.

The Rovers are well up in the American Soccer cup race. They defeated the St. Michaels recently by a score of 3 to 0, eliminating that team from further competition in the American cup tie series.

The Bethlehem soccer team which failed last year in the annual cup competition of the United States Football Association was eliminated from the struggle for the National Challenge Trophy by the eleven representing the Erie Athletic Association of Newark by a score of 4 goals to 3, at Harrison, N. J., Sunday, November 7.

To "have" a temper isn't so bad, if you can manage to "hold" it.

With The Pin Boys

SINCE the opening of the Employees' Association bowling tournament, Monday night, October 4, at the American Alleys, 51st Street and Third Avenue, there has been some spirited rolling and some closely contested games between department teams.

Chairman Henry Rochelle and members of the bowling committee are highly appreciative of the spirit shown by the bowling enthusiasts and up-to-date, the tournament has been marked by few forfeited games.

The month of November opened without a forfeiture, and up to November 15, only one forfeited game had marred the scores for the month. The Pipe Shop forfeited to the Timekeepers and the Inside Machinists.

On Monday evening, November 1, the Timekeepers won over the Inside Machinists by a slight margin. Sharkey and Gannon were the Timers' premier pin punchers, getting respective scores of 191 and 169. Lock and Frank starred for the Inside Machinists. The other rollers were: Timekeepers, Fisher, Day and Martinez; Inside Machinists, Leyden, Hargrave and Cassell.

The session on Monday night, November 8, opened with the Plumbers pitted against the Dock Hands, and the former quintet won by nine pins. This was a battle for blood and the result of the game was in doubt up to the last few boxes. Schrieber and Salmon excelled for the winners, and the other Plumber rollers were: Mass, Troy and Clark. Lansing and Knight copped the honors for the Dock Hands. They were accompanied in the match by Callahan, Lutz and Hohorst.

Against the Coppersmiths, the Plumbers continued their winning streak, but, as in their game against the Dock Hands, the Plumbers' victory was by a slight margin—13 pins. Schrieber and Salmon were the headliners for the Plumbers again, although they did not improve to any extent upon their former scores. It was by the improved bowling of their team-mates that victory was snatched from the fire. Riecke and Loeffler were the feature performers for the Copper workers, pulling down the respective tallies of 164 and 130. Hays, Semmick and Farrell were the Copper Shop's supporting members of the cast.

A second defeat in one night was sustained by the Dock Hands when they clashed with the Coppersmiths. The score was 673 to 597. Semmick and Loeffler were tied for first honors on the winning team, each getting 156. Hays trailed right on their heels with a score of 155. Lansing, Callahan, Hohorst, Lutz and Knipe composed the D. H. lineup.

With incomplete lineups on both sides—three men apiece—the Hull Department won over the Riggers by a slight margin. A. Carlson, O. Carlson and Smith rolled for the Riggers, while Charlie Lohman, Shanahan and Searing performed for the Hull.

The Main Office team took the Riggers into camp by a small lead on the total pinfall. Cy MacLaurin and Frank Rose were the Main Office headliners. Others in the Office lineup were Mead, Moore and Taylor. Carlson, Waller, Ames, Hollins and Smith represented the Riggers, with Smith and Ames leading the way.

A feature of the session on Monday night, November 8, was the contest between the unbeatable Carpenters and the Main Office, keen rivals for pennant honors. In this game, Cy MacLaurin was pitted against his father, George, with Cy winning by 16 pins, although his side put it over the opposing team by seven pins in the total pinfall. Moore, Taylor, Cy MacLaurin, Rose and Rochelle were the Office mainstays, while Tom Smith, Sr., Cullen, George MacLaurin and Harry Anderson composed the Carpenters.

The Carpenters vanquished the Riggers with a margin of 102 pins. F. Carlson, Waller, Ames, Hollins and Smith were the Rigger rollers, with Smith and Waller as the headline pin assassins.

The Main Office won over both the Plumbers and the Pipe Shop in the bowling session Monday, November 15. The Office rollers defeated the Plumbers by a margin of 155 pins, and the Pipe Shop by 91 pins. Rochelle, Mead, Moore, Taylor and Rose comprised the Office lineup in the first game, while Cy MacLaurin went in as a pinch hitter for Mead in the second game. Rochelle, Cy MacLaurin and Rose were the star performers. Troy, Salmon, Mass, Clark and Schrieber were the Plumber rollers, while Searing, Kelley, Ordemann, Lohsen and Taylor represented the Pipe Shop.

By the small margin of 27 pins, the Pipe Shop polished off the Plumbers. Lohsen and Searing, with scores of 171 and 147, respectively, excelled for the Pipers. Clark and Salmon were the big league pin toppers for the Plumbers.

The Dock Hands vanquished the Riggers in a closely contested match on the same night. The victory was snatched out of the fire by 38 pins. Lutz, Knight, Kelley, Fox and Lansing went to the bat for the Dockers, while Carlson, Waller, Ames, Hollin and W. H. Smith performed for the Riggers.

On the same evening, the Dock Hands lost to the Inside Machinists by a score of 709 to 692. The former quintet was composed of Lutz, Knight, Fox, Kelley and Lansing, while the I.M.'s featured Frank, Leck, Froberg, Ulsmer and Cassell. The I.M.'s, with the same lineup, then got angry and defeated the Riggers by 111 pins. The Riggers sent in O. Carlson, S. Waller, Ames, Hollin and Smith.

Chairman Henry Rochelle gave out the following individual high averages in the Morse bowling tournament up to Saturday, November 20: A. Amundsen, 182; Rochelle, 175; and Harry Anderson, 165. The leading teams were the Carpenters with eight games won and none lost; the Office with seven games won; the Inside Machinists with five victories; the Pipe Shop and the Inside Machinists were tied for fourth place with four games apiece in the "won" column. The Carpenters have high team score with 899.

Wallace Livermore and his crew of wood caulkers are delivering the goods on the *De Kalb's* decks. As corking caulkers they can't be beaten. We're jealous of that front porch Wallace has.

It looked good to see the old *Powhatan* sail away in her glad rags. Those who remember what she looked like when she came here a year ago were able to throw out their chests. We saw Bill Conlin, Harry Anderson, Jack Colsen, Charlie Kellerman and George Fricke throwing sly kisses after her. Good luck, *Cuba*.

Frank Monahan recently added a new joy and comfort to his board and lodging by linking the future hope and aspirations of one of Brooklyn's most useful young ladies to the fame and destiny of his own ambition. He has taken this action with the full approval of the dock hands who see in it a display of wisdom that should temper some of the cold blasts of winter and allow him to repose in comfort.

Yard Bowling Tournament Schedule

Dec. 6th—Hull vs Outside Machinists. Hull vs Carpenters.

Dec. 13th — Riggers vs Timekeepers; Plumbers. Copper Shop vs Pipe Shop; Carpenters.

Dec. 20th—Dock Hands vs Office; Outside Machinists. Plumbers vs Hull; Inside Machinists.

Dec. 27th—Timekeepers vs Dock Hands; Carpenters. Riggers vs Pipe Shop; Outside Machinists.

Jan. 3rd—Copper Shop vs Office; Inside Machinists; Carpenters.

Jan. 10th — Riggers vs Copper Shop; Hull. Timekeepers vs Pipe Shop; Inside Machinists.

Jan. 17th—Riggers vs Office; Carpenters. Copper Shop vs Dock Hands; Plumbers.

Jan. 24th — Riggers vs Shop Hands; Inside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Office; Plumbers.

Jan. 31st—Timekeepers vs Office; Hull. Outside Machinists vs Inside Machinists. Inside Machinists vs Carpenters.

Feb. 7th—Timekeepers vs Copper Shop; Outside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Dock Hands; Hull.

Feb. 14th — Hull vs Outside Machinists. Carpenters vs Hull.

Feb. 21st—Riggers vs Timekeepers; Plumbers. Copper Shop vs Pipe Shop; Carpenters.

Feb. 28th—Dock Hands vs Office; Outside Machinists. Plumbers vs Hull; Inside Machinists.

March 7th—Timekeepers vs Dock Hands; Carpenters. Riggers vs Pipe Shop; Outside Machinists.

March 14th — Copper Shop vs Office; Inside Machinists. Plumbers vs Outside Machinists; Carpenters.

March 21st — Riggers vs Copper Shop; Hull. Timekeepers vs Pipe Shop; Inside Machinists.

March 28th — Riggers vs Office; Carpenters. Copper Shop vs Dock Hands; Plumbers.

April 4th—Riggers vs Dockhands; Inside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Office; Plumbers.

April 11th—Timekeepers vs Office; Hull. Outside Machinists vs Inside Machinists. Carpenters vs Inside Machinists.

April 18th—Timekeepers vs Copper Shop; Outside Machinists. Pipe Shop vs Dock Hands; Hull.

April 25th — Hull vs Outside Machinists. Carpenters vs Hull.

With The Fight Fans

MIKE O'DOWD, middleweight champion of the world until he lost his crown to the cheese champion, Johnny Wilson, favored the Morse Employees' Association by appearing in person at the monthly stag in the Assembly Hall in October. Mike was present with his manager, Paddy Mullin, who also handles the formidable colored battler, Harry Wills.

During the Frankie Fay-Matty Herbert go, O'Dowd was the third man in the ring. He addressed very few words to the bantams, but he got action and clean scrapping. Somebody tried to kid Mike by yelling, "How about Johnny Wilson?", but the middleweight gladiator never gave them a tumble, and that ended the kidding bee.

O'Dowd, who has many friends in the Morse Company, won the decision over Jeff Smith in a fifteen round mill in Madison Square Garden, Wednesday evening, November 10. Mike won very handily over Smith who is a top-notcher in the middleweight division, and now Mike is going to make Johnny Wilson give him a return bout for that in which Mike lost the championship on a questionable decision.

Andy Cortez, a Brooklyn lightweight boxer of considerable prominence, is now an electricians' helper in our organization, and the fight fans are looking forward to seeing Andy work out at one of our monthly boxing shows. He is in the pink of condition as the result of working out with Nero Chink, the famous middleweight contender for the throne of Johnny Wilson and the scalp of Mike O'Dowd. Andy has issued challenges to Dundee and other boys of his class, but has been unsuccessful in getting accommodated.

Phil Bernstein, manager of Charlie Beecher and other well known boxers, is handling the affairs of Frankie Fay, who is now working in our Hull Department.

Phil Bloom, formerly of the yard, and a prominent Brooklyn scrapper, was awarded the referee's decision over Tim Droney at the end of a ten round bout in Lynn, Mass., Tuesday evening, November 9.

Phil engaged in another fracas Wednesday evening, November 10, in Scranton, Pa., where he knocked out Johnny Gill of New York in the eighth round of a scheduled ten round go.

Eddie Fitzsimmons has started work again after his defeat at the hands of Willie Jackson. Fitz clashed with Eddie Wagon, the veteran fighter of Philadelphia, for ten rounds at Reading, Pa., November 15.

George Drew, of the Plate Shop, announced the acts of the first indoor show of the season in the Assembly Hall at the October meeting. Pete Lorenz of the Carpenter Shop introduced the "pugs."

Billy Burke and Jimmie Weldon are live promoters and did much to get Mike O'Dowd, former middleweight champ, to attend our last show.

Gunboat Smith, middleweight pugilist, formerly of this yard, fought Harry Greb in Indiana lately, according to Frankie Mack, the Sheet, Metal Shop mitt wielder. Frankie said that the Gunner's eye was seriously injured during the melee, but that it has greatly improved and will not impair the Gunner's sight.

Myers, Our New Fire Chief

WILLIAM L. MYERS, a retired firefighter, has succeeded James Devlin as chief of the Morse Fire Department, having assumed duties Wednesday, November 3. Chief Myers was stationed on a fireboat in the North River at the time of his retirement, which came after 20 years' service in the Brooklyn department, in which he was an engineer.

He can recount many disastrous and thrilling fires in his two decades of firefighting. With other old-time members of the Brooklyn department, he had experienced many hardships and narrow escapes from injuries. He resides at 51st Street and Fifth Avenue.

With Mr. Benner of the Service Department, Chief Myers made a tour of the Morse yard and inspected our fire protection equipment. He expressed the opinion that our system was equal, if not superior, to that in any other industrial concern of a similar size.

Watch Us Grow

WHAT the boys of our truck garage call a "kiddie kar" has been added to our extensive automobile equipment. This "kiddie kar" is so called because of its size. It is a low, squatty vehicle, but what it lacks in physical proportions it has in power to pull and tug. A 20-ton load can be hauled with this "kiddie kar."

A truck-tractor is the salesman's name for this sturdy little machine. It generates 25 horse-power and when it pulls a 15 or 20-ton load, one marvels at it as he might if he were to see two small dogs drawing a load of furniture including the piano and a couple of stoves. It looks that small in comparison to its burden.

We expect to admire this baby tractor on many occasions this coming winter. Around our yard and upon our piers, it can draw heavy burdens from steel to snow plows. Various sized trailers are to be used in conjunction with the tractor, and it will be required to do almost anything in the pulling line, except dentistry. They say that it can turn around on a ten cent piece.

Relief Committee Spends \$502.30

A REPORT on the finances in connection with relief work was read at the October meeting of the Employees' Association, and it was shown that \$502.30 was deducted from the pay envelopes between the weeks of August 18th and October 5th, and that \$500 was expended in sums of \$40 and \$50 in assisting the sick, injured and needy of the yard. The deductions and the expenditures are made in accordance with the vote taken at a meeting of the Employees' Association a few months ago, as a means of providing relief funds for needy members of the Association.

Association Sells Clothing

MORSE employees were given the privilege of inspecting and buying English suits and overcoats during the week of November 1, when these English made garments were placed on display in the Association Assembly Hall. The price asked for the suits was \$21, and for the overcoats \$35. Lieut. Mygrant, bandmaster, was in charge of the sale, and he declared that a number of men took advantage of the bargains.

Give 'Em The Gate

By Tom Furlong

SIX workmen were working in the foc'sle of the *Siletz* when one of them, a pipefitters' driller, left to couple up some air hose. He left his tools behind him. He trusted his buddies. He was gone five minutes and when he returned a hammer of his was gone. No one had seen it disappear. The guy had a check out on it and it will cost him just \$2.80. He's married and has several kids.

We wonder if the gink who copped the hammer will eat his Thanksgiving dinner with satisfaction when he remembers that that \$2.80 would have bought two or three suits of warm underwear for the kids of the guy who lost the hammer.

One of the bunch suggested that the guy look sharp and cop some one else's. Isn't that swell dope? Thank God, there's not much spirit like that in Morse's.

We have more respect for a thug who'll go up and plug a guy in the kisser and take his tools away than we have for the sneak who will steal his fellow workman's tools behind his back.

His honest co-workers may not snitch on him but deep down in their hearts they have little respect for him.

And then again, some poor fish think that when they steal from their employers they're getting away with it. Come again, Ebenezer! Every lost tool is charged to expense, and when the employer's honest profit suffers, the profits of every worker, honest or dishonest, suffers.

We've heard of several cases like this one, but we are glad to state that they are exceptional. Guys like this should get the gate, and it is the duty of every workman who prides himself on being on the level, to give bums like this the "razz."

Back From Italy

JOHN SENECA, apprentice, has returned from Naples, Italy, where he went in quest of his mother with the expectation of bringing her to this country. After a stay of about four months, John returned alone, but with the assurance that his mother would come here in the near future. He has returned to work here and is completing his apprenticeship course in the draughting room.

As to conditions in Naples, he declared that things were comparatively high and business was slightly dull. He expressed his delight at being back in this country and with his friends in the yard. He is, however, anxiously awaiting the news that his mother has started upon her voyage to this country.

Fire Equipment Improved

THE Morse Fire Department, an efficient organization of fire fighters who co-operate with the city departments in preventing disastrous fires in our immediate vicinity, has added to its equipment two Foamite tanks with a total capacity of 12,000 gallons of fire extinguishing fluid. These tanks are to be placed at the head of the Plate Shop so that the contents can be pumped down a double pipe line on Piers 2 and 3. Hose reels are to be used in conjunction with the new equipment and provisions have been made whereby other piers and places in and about our yard are amply protected.

The secret of making one's self tiresome, is not to know when to stop.

Where Hannavin Gets His Jokes

FOUR vaudeville specialties constituted the first half of the program at the October meeting of the Association. The first skit was a juggling novelty entitled "Fun in a China Shop." This act broke all records and all plates in creating laughter. It was one of the best skits of its kind, and a good opener for the show.

Helen Brennan followed with a fund of vocal jazz which stirred the boys to a pitch of enthusiasm which was accompanied by shaking shoulders and tapping feet. Helen had the personality, the songs, the voice 'neverything, and she just jazzed her way right into the hearts of the audience.

Dan Lennox told Scotch stories and crooned Scotch folksongs in a very pleasing and true dialect. Jim Ward recited Irish stories with a pure rich brogue and caused all kinds of mirth. Eddie Hannavin is still telling that one about "the cat had him downstairs twice this morning."

Consider The Needy First

PRESIDENT Joseph McGuirk called the attention of the members of the Employees' Association, at the October meeting, to the suggestion that the organization donate floral gifts to the family of any Morse man or woman in the event of the death of any member of the family.

Quoting some ancient sage, President McGuirk said that "a rose to the living was worth sumptuous wreaths to the dead," and, after this bit of wisdom and eloquence, the proposition was tabled, the Association preferring to go on helping the injured, sick and needy as best they could in a financial way.

President McGuirk presented the matter because some of the fellows in the yard had suggested that something of the kind should be done. At present the Association sends flowers only in the case of the death of an employee.

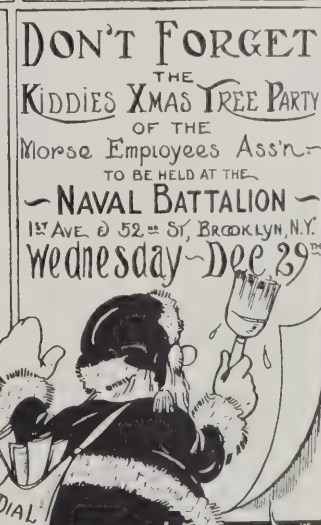
Seeking Regular Use of Armory

THOMAS HAYES of the Copper Shop, Peter Bresnan of the Carpenters and J. Sweeney of the Inside Machinists have been appointed a committee to see if the Employees' Association can arrange to get the use of the armory of the Second Battalion Naval Militia, at the foot of 52d Street, for the use of Morse employees for one or two nights each week. The armory, which is near-by, is an ideal place for recreation, possessing bowling alleys, a swimming pool, basketball cages and other athletic equipment.

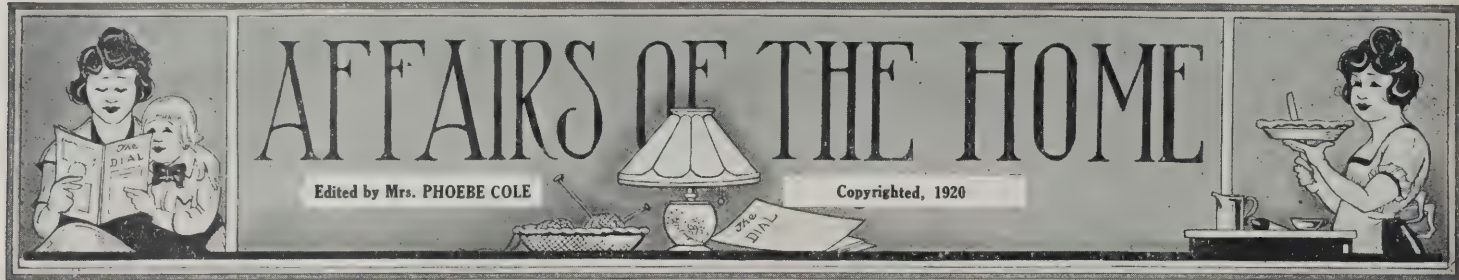
The proposition of obtaining the armory was first presented at a meeting of the Board of Directors, and was in turn taken up by the Association at the October meeting in the Assembly Hall, where the idea met with the unanimous approval of the members.

Congratulations, Ellis

LAWRENCE (BLACKIE) ELLIS has been made Chipper and Caulker snapper in the Hull Department, succeeding Matty Wright who resigned. "Blackie" has been with the Morse Company for the past five years, coming here as a riveter. He had formerly been employed in Newport News and other yards. During his employment here "Blackie" has won a host of friends through his genial personality and helpful spirit. He is married, has three children, and resides at 260 Rochester Avenue, Brooklyn.



~ E. DONNELLY ~



Little Problems of Home Life

Making Sundays And Holidays Easy Days

"O H dear," sighed The Bride, "I've got myself into it now. I've invited Ed's folks and mine for Christmas dinner, and now I'm so worried about it that I can't sleep nights. There'll be nine at the table — just imagine. And I've never had more than three or four guests at one time since I started housekeeping."

"Why, I'll be glad to lend you any silver or dishes, if you're short of anything," volunteered The Experienced Matron cheerfully, remembering the many sets of six doilies, dessert dishes, spoons and custard cups that most brides receive.

"Oh, I've got plenty of silver and dishes," replied the Bride gloomily. "What drives me nearly distracted is thinking about the work of the thing. I'll be dead by the time it's over!"

"No, you won't, if you'll try my way," replied her older friend briskly. "I've lived through sixteen years of housekeeping, and if you'll figure it out you'll see that I've survived at least a hundred holidays, counting Thanksgivings, Christmases, New Years, and birthdays, to say nothing of Fourths of July, when it's usually hot as pepper and everybody expects ice cream at least three times between noon and midnight. But I'll admit that until I learned the secret of getting the work out of the way in advance of the holiday, I used to look upon such occasions not as a pleasure but as merely extra drudgery for me. Now I enjoy the holiday as much as anybody, though I have most of the work of preparing the big 'company' dinner to do by myself.

"As soon as I have decided upon the number of guests I make out my menu, and look over the table linen and silver deciding what I will use and seeing that all linen needed is clean and ready. It is so easy to put away your favorite centerpiece with a spot on it, and forget that it is not perfectly clean till you get it out to use the next time you want it.

"If children are to make part of the company, I try to keep the menu simple enough so that they can safely partake of the goodies the older people are enjoying and still escape a sick spell next day. I think most holiday dinners are likely to be too rich and include too many kinds of food, so that even big folks with strong stomachs have a spell of indigestion all the rest of the week. I think three or four courses are enough for any dinner.

"If you have soup, don't have a rich and filling one like oyster soup or even a thick vegetable one, but a clear broth. Personally, I like a nice fruit cup better than a soup to start off a heavy meal. Then turkey, with its accompaniments of stuffing, gravy, mashed potato, one or two vegetables, a crisp green salad with a snappy dressing, and then dessert, of pie

The Dial wants more baby pictures for the next issue. We have printed quite a number but we want more. We have four on hand now which we can't use until we get enough more to make a full page. Send them in early for the January issue, which will be our third anniversary issue.—The Editor.

or pudding, nuts, raisins, fruits and coffee.

"Don't make the mistake of having too many little extras for dessert. After a hearty dinner the human stomach has no business even trying to digest a load of figs, dates, candies, nuts (the most nutritious sort of food) and fruit-cake.

"A great deal of the cooking may be gotten out of the way the day before, some of it even several days before Thanksgiving. For instance, the cranberry jelly that my folks all think is one of the most important items of our holiday dinners, I usually make a week before. I make enough while I am at it to last for Christmas and New Years, too. I cover it with paraffin and it keeps beautifully in a cool place.

"Of course apples may be polished in advance, nuts cracked, dates stuffed, candies arranged in the bon-bon dishes and set away, the day before. I always clean and stuff my turkey the day before I mean to use it, for that is a long job and would take entirely too much time out of the holiday morning. Also, the day before, I cook some of my vegetables, such as boiled onions, spinach or squash. These are exactly as good re-heated next day. Of course for the onions I do not put the milk over them till I heat them up just before serving. Warmed-over mashed squash is exactly as good as the first day it is cooked.

"Mince pies lose nothing by being made ahead of time, though I think squash or pumpkin pies are likely to get pretty soggy lower crusts if they stand over night. Of course salad dressing may be made days in advance and kept on ice, and lettuce can be washed and wrapped in cheesecloth and put on ice the day before.

"I don't indulge in the luxury of lying abed late on a holiday morning, though I let the family have an extra hour. I get up early and get my potatoes peeled and standing in clear cold water, and my pumpkin pies made before breakfast.

"I have a simple breakfast which is soon out of the way. Then I clean up the children and make their daddy take them for a walk. That regular holiday walk of theirs saves my life, for it keeps the house quiet for a couple of hours and gives me a chance to tidy up the house, set the table, get the dinner cooking, and keep calm at the same time, as I probably

couldn't if I had the whole family around asking questions and tasting things.

"So you take my advice, honey, and prepare everything possible in advance and then you'll enjoy your holiday, instead of feeling like a drudge all day. I use the same plan for making my Sundays easy—I try to get dinner partly ready on Saturday, so I won't have to stand in the kitchen all day Sunday when my nice old hubby is home. Housework isn't so hard when you know how to manage it and not let it manage you."

"You're right," said the Bride. "I'm going to go buy my place cards and plan my menu right away, to-day."

Setting The Table

Place silver about one inch from edge of table.

Place knife on right, fork on left, with from nine to twelve inches of space between, according to the amount of space you can allow for each person. Spoons are placed beside the knife, and as many as will be needed, the soup spoon being on the outside, as it will be used first.

Place bread and butter plate at tip of fork.

Place water glass at tip of knife.

Napkin should lie at left of fork.

There should be enough salt and pepper containers so that there will be at least one pair for every two persons at the table.

Butter balls or cubes, and jelly, cut in cubes or in tiny individual molds, may be placed on the bread and butter plates before the meal is served, or passed later, as preferred. Bread or rolls may also be placed on the bread and butter plates before the meal is served. The meal progresses more quietly if these articles are served to each place before the guests gather at the table as much passing makes a meal seem disorderly. If there are children present things are often spilled in reaching around or past them.

After the table is set, the chairs should be placed about six inches away from the edge of the table.

Fill water glasses the last minute before assembling the guests.

The hostess should decide in advance just where she wishes each person to sit and should stand and direct each person to the right place. Simple place cards, with the names of the guests, may be used to mark their places. The place card may be laid on the napkin on the table cloth in the space between the knife and fork, or stood up against the glass of water. Some place cards have tiny easel backs and stand alone. They may be made at home by any woman.

Do not pile dishes on top of each other when removing from the table. Order and dignity, not haste, should be the key-note of a well conducted meal.

Keeping Clothing Clean

NOT one person in a thousand is careful to do it, but wouldn't it be a fine plan to brush all dusty hats and coats as soon as you reach home and put them away clean and ready to wear the next time? It would keep a great deal of dust out of your closets and also prolong the life of your garments, for dust rots them.

Never put away a soiled pair of white gloves. Either send them promptly to the cleaner or clean them yourself at once. If they are white silk or cotton chamois, wash them out and hang them up to dry before you go to bed. Then your gloves will surely be clean and ready for you when next you wish to wear them.

Silk stockings should never be worn more than one day, and then washed at once. Many women make a practice of washing out their stockings every night as soon as they take them off, before the perspiration has had a chance to dry on the silk and rot it.

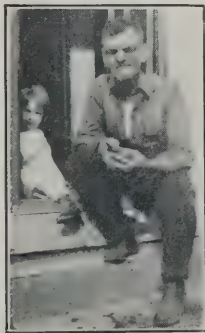
All clothing, including shoes, should be aired before putting away after wearing. Perspiration tends to rot fabrics, so all garments that do not go to the laundry should be placed in a good circulation of air for several hours after wearing, before they are put away into closets, boxes and bureaus.

Whenever possible, do all brushing of dusty garments out of doors, so that the dust particles will not be scattered in the air of the house, to get into lungs as well as over the furniture. Air clothing beside an open window. Garments that are to be worn two days in succession should be left hung out in the air during the night, to get thoroughly aired.

Uses For Stale Bread

Stale bread may be used up in a variety of ways besides in bread pudding, although combined with either apples or a chocolate and milk mixture, bread pudding is a most acceptable dessert. But for a change try frying your stale bread. Cut into very tiny cubes, or crumble as for turkey stuffing, season with pepper and salt and fry in either bacon drippings, or any cooking oil, tossing in the frying pan at first, till the fat has got on all of the bread, but towards the end of the cooking letting it get crisp and brown.

To patch a hole in a cloth coat or dress, smooth the frayed part and place a piece of material moistened with thin gum under the hole. Put a heavy weight on top and when dry the hole will be difficult to find.



Charles Hansen, of the Welders, shells peanuts for his daughter, and plots against Charlie Menzies, also of the Welding Department, who is the arch-conspirator against Hansen, and against Paddy Feeney, too.



Archie Turner

Word From Archie Turner

THERE are some in the yard who will recognize Archie Turner by the accompanying picture. He is the son of Alfred Turner (6163) of the Electrical Department, and worked in the yard about 12 years ago. At present he resides in Kent, England, where he is foreman of a paper mill.

Alfred Turner, who has worked with us for the past six years, recently returned to the yard after a trip to Kent, during which he visited with son Archie, and was present when Archie took unto himself a wife. Mr. Turner brought the picture back, and with it, he carried Archie's best regards to his friends in the yard.

Escaloped Cabbage

Two cups cooked cabbage (boiled for fifteen minutes in clear water), 1-3 cup grated or chopped cheese, ½ cup buttered bread crumbs (pour a little melted butter over crumbs), 1 cup medium white sauce.

Directions: Melt the cheese in the white sauce, place layer of cabbage in baking dish, then a layer of the sauce, then layer of cabbage, little black pepper or paprika over top, brown in the oven.

Cauliflower may be served the same way.

Clothing Items

Pure lard rubbed on road oil spots before washing will remove the spots from cotton fabric.

Stockings and socks wear longer and require less darning if worn only one day at a time, than washed.

A solution of six parts benzine and one part chloroform will remove road oil from woolen garments.

If you fit your own waist, stitch around the neck and armholes to prevent stretching while you are trying the garment on.

Rip up the leg of an overall to put on a patch. You can then put the patch on by machine and sew up the leg again in half the time it would take to put the patch on by hand without ripping the leg.

Bind with chamois skin the part of the corset that comes just under the arm. Both the corset and the garments you wear over the corset will wear longer with this protection.

Don't try to wear out your high heeled dress shoes for housework. Any woman who is on her feet doing housework needs a comfortable, sensible shoe, not a run-down wreck of last year's dress shoe. Many a woman hates housework just because her feet ache from improper shoes. A worn off heel on a shoe throws the whole body out of "plumb" and tends to cause back ache as well as aching feet.

White Sauce

WHITE sauce, like mayonnaise, is used in such a variety of dishes that every housewife ought to know how to make it. It can be made in several consistencies, thin, medium, or thick, by varying the amount of flour. Here are the correct proportions:—

Thin—1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup hot milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, pepper.

Medium—2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, seasoning.

Thick—4 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, seasoning.

Directions for making: Melt the butter, work the flour into it till a smooth paste has been made, add the milk gradually, add seasonings, stir till very smooth and the flour thoroughly cooked. This sauce is used for many escaloped dishes, such as cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes, etc.

Sweet Potato Surprise

Scrub or peel sweet potatoes, boil till tender, peel if boiled with skins on. Mash or press through vegetable squeezer, mold into small apple shapes, stick a clove, blossom end down, into top of each, to look like the stem of a baked apple. Sprinkle a little sugar and cinnamon mixed over top of each, put dab of butter on each, and bake in moderate oven till browned across top. Better grease pan to keep from burning. These look exactly like baked apples and will make a great hit as a surprise. They may be molded the day before using and set in the ice box till wanted, just as any croquette or molded food may be made in advance. But they will take longer to warm through, and care must be taken that they are warm through before they are taken to the table.

Food Values of Sweets

Remember, after you have eaten two helpings of turkey, stuffing, potatoes, squash, onions, beets, jelly, pickled peaches, sweet potatoes glaze, dinner rolls, Waldorf salad, mince pie, plum pudding, etc., that dates and nuts contain *solid nutriment*. So does candy. One may make a perfectly wholesome meal out of a half dozen nuts and dates, sufficient, say the food experts, for any normal adult. Well, then, don't pile a whole meal of nuts and dates on top of your first meal of turkey, etc.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.



Bill Major, chauffeur of the yard ambulance, says that Mrs. Major enjoys reading the Dial. He also said that we could go ahead and print anything we had. Well, this is the best we can do, Bill.

Red Cross Drive A Success

IN keeping with the Fourth Roll Call of the American Red Cross Society, which was conducted during the days of November 11 to the 25th, a drive for funds began in this yard on Armistice Day, November 11.

The Morse band, under the direction of Leader Mygrant, assembled in the Plate Shop during the noon hour of Thursday, the 11th, and began a concert of national anthems and patriotic airs. At 12.30 o'clock, accompanied by President Joseph McGuirk, Vice President Joseph Quinn, Secretary Edward Hannavin and Mr. Benner, there entered the Plate Shop, Lieut. J. Henry Smythe, Jr., of the American Red Cross.

Following a few remarks by President Joe McGuirk, Lieut. Smythe was introduced. He covered briefly the history and important work of the American Red Cross Society, and recounted the invaluable work it performed during the World War. He touched modestly upon his personal experience with the Red Cross in Europe; how it ministered to the poor, the ill, the wounded and dying. He urged Morse men to keep Florence Nightingale's torch of mercy lighted as they kept the torch of Liberty lighted during the war.

The drive for dollar memberships in the yard was started immediately after Lieut. Smythe's address. Mr. Benner purchased the first membership of the drive, buying from Charles Pearson of the Carpenter Shop. Pledge cards were distributed to those who did not have ready money, and through these the company was authorized to deduct one dollar from their envelopes.

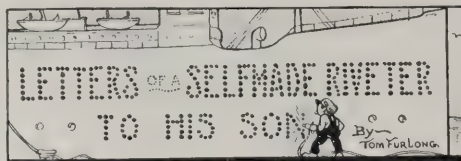
With a band concert and grand rally in the Inside Machine Shop, Tuesday, November 16, the Red Cross drive was brought to a very successful close, one which pleased every official of the company, and especially Mr. Benner, President Joe McGuirk and the officers of the Employees' Association.

Dr. George A. Laird of the National Red Cross was the principal speaker at the closing rally. He was introduced by President McGuirk, who, after he had observed the decorations of allied and American flags in the Machine Shop praised the men of the department.

In a clear and concise manner, Dr. Laird covered the activities of the Red Cross during war and peace times. He offered some very definite information concerning the work the society is now carrying on. He declared that 26,000 Americans are now recuperating from the effects of the World War, and that the Red Cross was doing its share in ministering to these men. The Red Cross Society he said had been in attendance at 70 disasters in this country in the past year.

The wide scope of Red Cross work was outlined by Dr. Laird. He spoke of the admirable work the Red Cross was doing in the matter of public health. Two thousand nurses, he said, are maintained by the Red Cross for public health promotion throughout the United States.

Dr. Laird was profuse in his compliments to the Morse organization, saying that the Red Cross was wonderfully pleased with the support of Morse men during war-time, and now has even greater pleasure through the admirable support given it in peace time. He also lauded the Morse band for its playing during the concert, adding that he had never heard the U. S. Marine band at Washington, D. C., play "America" any better.



"My dere Sun Mickey, Here i am agen with moar nuse & Crismus greetings from the Boys in the Yard. Chas. Jennings doant speke 2 Billy McKeon no moar. Billy wuz out 2 Chas' house 1 nite & they wuz talkin soshuble like about bein sik & Billy sed, "i wuz never sik a day in my life, & Chas.' wife gave Chas. A hard look coz Chas. came hoam at 1 A. M. 1 nite & sed he wuz sittin up with Billy McKeon who wuz sik in bed. Chas. sez Billy will B reel sik when he sees him again.

Chuck Ennis & A bunch of out Side machinists went to Stat N Island in the E. P. Morse & the kaptin sed, "Let go that ankor," & Chuck sed jest as nachural, "I ain't tuchin the damthing." Tom Cavanagh bot A English golf cap offa A limie, witch is A nuther name 4 A limejooser, witch is A guy wot sells lime joos 2 wise guys who think they R gettin reel Scotch 4 three Dollars a quart.

A lotta fellers in the hull Dept. is doin their Crismus soapin early.

Joe McGuirk hadda kold last weak & Jimmie MacFarlane sed 2 him, "R U taikin enny Thing 4 yore kold" & Joe sed, "Is that a questchun or A invitation?"

John Coopey & Willy Wolbar wuz drillin on the Dekalb & the time Keepers sed, "who R U guys workin with," & they sed, "Follyin the pipe Fitters" & Snapper Higgins sed, "Every buddy folls the pipe Fitters. They all ways lede." Them pipe Fitters doant think mutch uv them Selves, do they Mickey?

Me & A nuther Riveter wuz over 2 the machine Shop 1 day 2 witness A presentashun to Mr. Small coz he committed matrimony last month. Billy Robbins wuz sortin out the china dinner set when Otto Rochelle dropt a platter on the flore. It never bustid but Mr. Robbins nerely collapst. "That proves it's made uv good stuff," sed Otto. "Yes," sed Billy, "& if it hadda bustid youda hadda chanst to show wat good stuff U wuz maid uv," & Bill Ritchie sed U Otto have seen Otto.

Joe Lowe aint in the Pipe Shop no moar. Insted of bein down there curvin pipe, he's pipin curves on the Venuses of the Tabulating Dept., which pass by the employment office. Joe wanted 2 buy A pear of shoos wot Loot Mygrant wuz sellin 4 the Association & the Loot sed, "How long do you want them Joe," & Joe sed, "Whadda ya mean, how long," sed Joe, "I don't wanta hire them, I wanta BUY them."

The ole Yard is full uv Crismus spirit & every Buddy is as Happy as Harry Lyle when his car runs 4 twenty miles without blowin out A tyre.

Slim Carr sed he hoaped he'd get his sox filled Crismus & Joe Martin sed, "Have a Hart, it ud taik a holesail house 2 fill one uv your sox."

Ed. Donnelly witch is A Artist on the Dial has A new Baby at his house & he ast Tom Plunkett wot wuz good 4 Insomnia & Tom sed, "kount up to 10 thousand" & Ed sed, "But, Gee, Tom, the Kid kant kount."

Captin Kirby found A box floatin in the bay & when he opened It it wuz full uv English plum pudding.

"Hoping U R the same, I remain
"Yore luving Father."

Big Christmas For Kiddies

UNDER the direction of an energetic committee, elaborate plans are being made for the second annual Christmas tree party which is to be given in the armory of the Second Battalion Naval Militia at 52nd Street and First Avenue, on Wednesday, December 29.

Mrs. Margaret Waterman, chairman of the committee, is authority for the statement that the Naval Militia Armory is much larger than Prospect Hall, and that this fact will go far toward eliminating the crowding and pushing which attended the last affair.

In the armory, Mrs. Waterman believes, there will be ample accommodations for the women folk and children, and there will therefore be less confusion in connection with the distribution of prizes.

The members of the committee, Mrs. Waterman, Miss Kirtsen Jensen, Miss Florence Fenk, Mrs. Russell, Charles Jennings of the Hull Department, John Beverley of the Burning Department, and W. R. Smith of the Electrical Department, have held several meetings to formulate and complete plans for the party.

To defray the expenses in connection with the affair, which means a good-sized money outlay, the Employees' Association appropriated the sum of \$1500. Mr. Morse has signified his intention of helping to defray the total expense, and his part in the affair is expected to equal that which he contributed last year, when he personally donated a sum in the neighborhood of \$1500.

Arrangements have been made with a decorating company to dress the hall appropriately. The largest Christmas tree obtainable will be erected, and from this the children of Morse families will receive gifts from two Santa Clauses.

Prizes will be donated by heads of each department and will be distributed by the heads of departments in person. A Punch and Judy show will be given.

The Morse band under the direction of Lieut. Mygrant will furnish music for a concert. There will be many other events on the program which will make the whole affair one of the most enjoyable ever experienced by the boys and girls and the families of the men and women of this company.

Miss Jensen of the committee had on display in the yard hospital during the week of November 15 samples of toys, 3000 of which had been ordered for distribution among the children in Morse families.

There were tennis racquets, footballs, trains of cars, submarine chasers, dishes, doll houses and numerous other toys. The toys are wonderfully well made and very substantial. They are sure to gladden the heart of any child.

The tennis racquets, a good many of which have been ordered, are solidly made, and, in reality, are not toys, but solidly built racquets which the most strenuous grown-up can use.

The Board of Education of Greater New York has officially recommended and approved the apprentice school of this company which is conducted under the direction of Chief Draughtsman James A. Kelly and Thomas C. Rathbone, also of the Draughting Room.

Every knock is a boost, but some fellows think every boost is a knock.

SCISSOR



THEFTS

Not His Job

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see.
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the day was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of tasks he was hired to do.
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was
o'er.

For he knew too well when his work was
through,
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young
man,
You must do every day all the work you
can.

If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

Ain't Life Fine To-Day

Sure, this world is full of trouble —
I ain't said it ain't.

Lord! I've had enough and double
Reason for complaint.

Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road, but say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?

What's the use of always keepin',
Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,

Life, it ain't no celebration;
Trouble? I've had mine—

But today is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',

Not a month ago;

Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;

It may rain again tomorrow;
It may rain—but say,

Ain't it fine today!

Eagle A Unity

Read the best books first, or you may not
have a chance to read them at all.—*Henry
D. Thoreau.*

What Is Life To You?

To the lawyer life's a trial,
To the poet life's a song;
To the doctor life's a patient
That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a good thing to the grafter,
It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
To the merchant life's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;

Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
To the player life's a play;

Life may be a load of trouble
To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;

Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven's best romancer
Life's a story ever new;

Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?

—Selected.

P.S.—And with us, it is one Dial after another.

Dan McGann Declares Himself

By Edgar A. Guest

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man, who
worked at the self-same bench,

"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis, he
flourished a Stilson wrench,

"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie; don't
open your mouth to speak

Of your socialists or your anarchists, don't
mention the bolsheveek,

For I've had enough of this foreign stuff,
I'm sick as a man can be

Of the speech of hate, and I'm tellin' you
straight that this is the land for me!"

"If you want to brag, just take that flag,
an' boast of its field of blue,

An' praise the dead an' the blood they shed
for the peace o' the likes o' you;

I'll hear no more," and he waved once more,
his wrench in a forceful way,

"O' the cunning creed o' some Russian breed,
I stand for the U.S.A.!"

I'm done with your fads and your wild-eyed
lads; don't flourish your rag o' red

Where I can see or at night there'll be
Tall candles around your bed."

"So tip your hat to a flag like that; Thank
God for its stripes an' stars!

Thank God you're here where the roads are
clear, away from your kings and czars.

I can't just say what I feel today, for I'm
not a talkin' man,

But first an' last, I am standin' fast for all
that's American.

So don't you speak of the bolsheveek, it's
sick o' that stuff I am,

One God, one flag is the creed I brag! I'm
boostn' for Uncle Sam."

God reigns, and the government at Wash-
ington still lives.—*Garfield.*

Yard Cafeteria Opens

THE yard restaurant was re-opened
on November 29 as an Employees'
Cafeteria under new management
and with plans for a greatly improved ser-
vice. The establishment of the Cafeteria
was undertaken by Miss Jensen of the
Hospital and Mrs. Waterman of the Office
Dining Room, who have refitted the old
restaurant loft over the Welding Depart-
ment at their own expense for the purpose
of providing a midday meal for employees
at reasonable prices.

"Good food and no frills," seems to be
the motto of the new management and it
should find favor with the workers whom
it is seeking to serve. At the prices
charged, the place will make only a small
profit, just enough to pay off the original
investment.

To accomplish even as much as that the
Cafeteria will require the general support
of the workers. The food served there is
wholesome, clean and substantial and
better food at the price than the ordinary
restaurant, operated for profit, can possi-
bly serve. A good cook has been engaged,
who will specialize in homemade pies and
cakes. The Cafeteria has a separate room
for foremen, in addition to the regular
tables which will allow for the handling of
a large number at one sitting.

There is also an outside lunch basket de-
partment. Any office or shop which may
want to send for a "community lunch," be-
tween 12 and 1, can arrange this, giving
their order over the telephone if they
choose. The cafeteria telephone is Sunset
4925.

Miss Emmie Jenkins, who is managing
the Cafeteria for Miss Jensen and Mrs.
Waterman, has had considerable experi-
ence in similar work. She formerly was
connected with the E. W. Bliss Company's
plant, where she was in charge of the girl
employees and looked after first aid, etc.
Incidentally she supplied coffee to the em-
ployees, and made a hundred and twenty
gallons of coffee daily. She was in France
during the war, nursing and helping the
boys.

From time to time there has been a sug-
gestion that the yard restaurant could be
operated for the benefit of the Morse
workers rather than for outside profit. To
make it of real service it was necessary to
put it on the basis of which it now stands,
selling good food at practically cost prices.

Louis DeGroot of the Riveters, Mike
Singer of the Hull Department and Harry
Fox of the Carpenters, all worked on the
Mandalay, Powhatan and *Huron* and are
now on the *De Kalb*. What's the next one,
fellers?

Chas. Richards of the Band and Inside
Machine Shop is back at work after being
away with Williams' Standard Side Show,
as bandmaster, all season, seven months.

How To Lose Your Friends

Lend them money.
Tell them their faults.
Show them they're in the wrong.
Beat them in an argument.
Think of something before they do.
Do something they should have done.
Do something better than they do.
Know more than they do.
Become more popular than they are.
Ask them for a favor.
Show a special interest in their friends.
Return them good for evil.

Life.

Furlong's Follies

"Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word, at random spoken,
May sooth or wound a heart that's broken."

In every Yard Chip no harm is meant,
A joke, a jest, a boost is sent,
And fair, above board, we play all our
cards
For Morse Dry Dock, the best of ship
yards.

Oh, Robby Pratt, he got so fat
When he useta be so lean,
Because he ate some breakfast food
Recommended by McBreen.

Peter, Peter, rivet heater,
Had a car and couldn't keep her,
He knocked the engine alltahell
And now poor Peter wants to sell.

A chipper and caulker named Wright,
Asked Frank Kenny to work all one night,
Said Frank, "Look here, Matty,
This'll sure drive me batty,
Lest ya let me go home for a bite."

A riveter by name of DeGroot,
Said, "I gotta pain in me toot,"
And young Tommy Tighe,
Put one on his eye
And knocked the toot' kickin' the brute.

Artie Checkett was a Painter,
A Painter brave was he,
But things got too Brown for him
Now a shipfitter he'll be.

*That that is is. That that is not is not.
Is not that it? It is!*

Harry Lyle of the Shipfitters wins the contest. If Harry will meet us at the corner of Fulton Street and Shore Road we'll present him with the cut glass buttonset, as the Life of Jimmy MacFarlane runs into so many volumes the publishers can't print it on account of the shortage of paper.

"Whaddaya think of our sentence?" we asked Harry. "Aw, that ain't nothing to the sentence you OUGHT to get," said Harry. Whaddaya mean?

Household Hints

When boiling cabbage the odor will be removed by rubbing some Limburger cheese on the stove covers.

A good furniture polish can be obtained for 40 cents in any saloon in Bay Ridge.

To repair an alarm clock which won't go off, first remove works with a can-opener, remove all dust with a carpet-sweeper, bathe in Florida water—then—throw—the—damn—thing—out—the—window and buy a new one.

A needle and thread is not good for a stitch in the side.

To keep fresh bread from becoming stale eat it right away.

When necessary to whip your child get a small strap or hair brush, light your pipe, read your newspaper, walk 10 or 12 blocks, and upon meeting one of your buddies tell him what a great kid you've got.

When walking the floor with the baby at 2 A.M., don't sing for him—the neighbors may stand for the kid's crying, but they might not like your singing.



THEY ain't no use in crabbin' about the shop you're workin' in. A mechanic can alibi as well as the prizefighter, but the feller that makes excuses is generally good for nothin' else. A mechanic who knows his business can handle the grindstone and the turret lathe equally as well. When Eddie Cicotte, the pitcher, was strikin' em out, they said he was usin' the spitter. They claimed that the balls they was servin' to Babe Ruth was lively ones. But strike-out and home-run records continue, and the good mechanic is still turning out good work. The feller who grumbles at his work is like a noisy, rattle-box machine. Both are nearing the end—the junk heap.

Want-Ad Column

(This department is maintained for the benefit of Morse employees who have anything to sell, rent or barter. Advertisements are run without charge but they must contain the name and home address of the advertiser.)

FOR SALE—Gas fixtures of a two family house; price very reasonable. See R. E. Marion, 458 Sixty-third Street, Brooklyn.

LOST—Signet ring bearing the initials C. S. M. Liberal reward for its return to Charles Mazio, badge number 8635.

FOUND—A school pin.

Wm. A. Knapp,
Pipe Covering Department.

Our old pal, Jimmie MacFarlane, recently wrote to a geneologist in Edinburgh and ordered a coat of arms belonging to Jim's ancestors sent to him. It is a beautiful affair, in the ancient MacFarlane plaid colors, and bears a beautiful killyloo bird rampant upon a field of genuine Scotch rye. Every Scot in the yard is jealous of James.

We never see no sense in sayin' nuthin' about nobody wot don't say nothin' about us, but it sure makes us proud that we were once a Morse painter when we gaze on some of the ship painting we see done by outsiders lately.

William Robbins and William Ritchie recently appeared in the Machine Shop with new caps. On the following morning two B. R. T. hatless motormen were laying for them at the main gate.

Helping Those In Need

THE Committee on Collections authorized the deduction of five cents from the envelopes for the week ending October 30 for the following cases:

Riggers—No. 9559 confined in the Kings County Hospital for two months, unable to work.

Inside Machinist—No. 4624, ill with lumbago, unable to work, and without any source of income other than assistance rendered by his daughter who has been struggling to support both her father and mother.

Hull Department—No. 1901, felon on the right foot, and unable to work until his condition improves.

Carpenter Shop—No. 6663, "case is familiar to all in the yard as he has been out of work for the last nine months and was previously aided. He has seven children and a wife to support and due to an infection in his leg, which was broken, he will not be able to work for some time to come."

The committee in a bulletin issued November 12, declared that assistance had been authorized in the following cases:

Chipper and Caulker—Has been out of employment for four months, with a ruptured appendix, and has been operated on twice; he is married and has several children to support.

Inspector—Injured in trolley car accident, five months ago, has been operated on twice and will be unable to return to work for four months to come; he is married and has three children to support.

Sheet Metal Worker-Helper—Has been home sick during the past month and unable to work for another two weeks.

Inside Machinist—Away from work for one month because of ptomaine poisoning. He is married.

Acknowledgments

Mrs. Matthew Wright extends her thanks to the men of the Hull Department, and the men of Morse's generally, for the kind tribute paid to herself and Mr. Wright on the occasion of Mr. Wright's leaving the company.

James McMann (4031) writes: "I wish to thank the boys for the money sent me. It certainly came in very handy and I appreciate it very much. Thanking you again, I am, respectfully yours—James McMann."

We showed Paddy Crossen a newspaper clipping about the old millionaire who was having monkey glands injected into him to make him young and asked Paddy why he didn't try the treatment. "Sure," said Paddy, "wouldn't I make a helluva fine sight climbin' along the rafters in the Plate Shop crackin' nuts with me teeth? The devil with you and your monkey shines." We've seen boys of 21 who didn't have as much life as Pat, at that.

Mr. Benner, Employment and Service Manager, has been appointed a member of the Committee on Apprenticeship Training pursuant to a resolution adopted by the New York and New Jersey Dry Dock Association. Mr. Benner's fellow members of the committee are C.S. Wells of the Staten Island Shipbuilding Co., and J.B. Deacon of the Vulcan Iron Works.

"When a wise man gets real angry he goes away back and sits down."



Miss Grace Bagger and Miss Margaret J. Pregenzer have been added to Miss Jensen's staff in the yard hospital, succeeding Misses Magee and Simpson, resigned. Miss Astrid Anderson, the fair and gracious clerk of the hospital, continues to occupy the desk near the entrance, greeting all the ill and infirm with her beaming smile and pleasant manners.

Anna Brath (the girl with the dimple) formerly of the Cost Department, is now a member of Mr. Dean's Department.

We have heard that Betty Gloeckler of the Payroll Department, spends her Wednesday nights and Sunday mornings horseback riding through Prospect Park. She claims it's to reduce, but so far the figures show the horse has lost ten pounds and Betty has gained twenty.

MacFarland has another car, boys, a Chevrolet, and is going on a trial trip to the mountains.

Clifford Russell, ex-pay roll clerk of the Burners is now with the Electric Welders.

Chief Day and his alert staff of timekeepers are sporting brand new badges. These show a steel engraving of a ship in drydock. They bear the words "Timekeeper—Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co."

For the convenience of all concerned, a checking board has been erected and installed in the Main Office entrance. On this board, foremen, inspectors and heads of departments will be checked in and out of the yard. The object is to provide a means by which the whereabouts of any department head can be ascertained on short notice in case of emergency.

Some Printer

"May I print a kiss on your lips?"

I said,

And she nodded her sweet permission. So we went to press, and I rather guess We printed a full edition.

"But one edition is hardly enough,"

She said with a charming pout So again in the press the form was placed,

And we got some "extras" out.

The Typist

To a blouse that is low,
And shorthand that's slow,
Add a peach that is luscious and ripe;
Any time after three,
You may serve her with tea,
And something or other to type.

—Beardmore News

Come On Now

Laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh!

—The Westinghouse Lamp News

We learn that some fellow has forfeited all rights on hair cuts, the color of his neckties, staying out late nights and all the things that express the individuality and independence of a man. Well, anyway, he got a peach of a wife when he took Miss Fenk as his bride.

Charlie Richardson, formerly interviewer in the Employment Department, is now proprietor of a restaurant at 48th Street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn. A delegation of "Morse Men" plan having a spread at Charlie's place in the near future.

Captain Dave Roche is in receipt of a letter from Capt. C.B. Fenton of Cristobal, Panama Canal, in which Capt. Fenton acknowledges having received some copies of the Dial. "I find they contain a lot of good sense and plenty of humor," Capt. Fenton wrote Captain Dave.

Mr. Benner, Employment and Service Manager, has been elected a member of the executive committee of the Personnel Managers' Club of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

William Smith of the Investigating Department, has been admitted to practice before the New York law bar. He had formerly practiced law in the South. Atty. Smith's duties involve many points of law and his admittance before the courts of this state will be of material help to him and to the company.

Somebody asked Joe Lowe of the Employment Office to call up Columbus 1492 and ask for "Chris." Joe made the call before he got wise. Christopher Columbus-1492—get it?

George Bruder, formerly employed as secretary-stenographer for Mr. Benner of the Employment Dept., is now engaged in stenographic and wireless work in the New York office of the chief radio inspector of the United States Customs.

Henry Riccardo has succeeded George Bruder as stenographer and personal assistant to Mr. Benner of the Service Department. Mr. Riccardo had considerable experience in stenographic work while employed in a large automobile export house in New York. He resides at 388 DeKalb Avenue.

Miss Helen Whitman, formerly of the Tabulating Department, and Miss Jane Archiopoli are now located in the Record Department in the North Building.

God gave us two eyes and only one mouth, coz he expects us to see twice as much as we say.

Many a man neglects his family in order to pose as a public benefactor.

Office Celebrities



Richard Allen

A MERITED promotion and one which met with general approval became effective Monday, November 8, when Richard Allen was appointed an assistant superintendent in the company's Operating Department. The order announcing Mr. Allen's new assignment was sent out under the signature of Mr. E.P. Morse.

Mr. Allen has been in the employ of the Morse Company since January, 1905, and in point of service is one of the oldest members of the executive staff. He has during that time served the organization in a faithful and capable way, his responsibilities having covered work in several departments. He has been chief timekeeper, paymaster, billing clerk and head of the Billing Department. This latter position he was holding at the time of his newer appointment.

In and out of the plant, Mr. Allen has a host of friends. He has one child, Richard Allen, Jr., and with his family, he resides at 25 72nd Street, Brooklyn.

Dempsey Moves Up

JOHN L. DEMPSEY, formerly of the staff of Charles Hallock, Assistant Superintendent, is now connected with the Main Office as assistant to Assistant General Manager Want.

Mr. Dempsey, a lieutenant during the war, served as an aide to Rear Admiral George Eli Burd, industrial manager of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Before entering the navy, Mr. Dempsey was engaged in construction work on the Long Island Railroad as a civil engineer.

He was educated in the De La Salle Institute, Philips-Andover College and Princeton University, and brings to his new position not only ability and training but a personality which will make him many warm friends.

Brady Heads Department

JOHN J. BRADY succeeds Richard Allen as head of the Billing Department, his promotion coming after three years' service with the company.

Mr. Brady first served, after coming here July 20, 1917, as a clerk in the Cost Department.

In this department, he continued his employment until the resignation of Mr. Linoki, head of the Navy Bill Department, whom Mr. Brady succeeded. He had also served as general assistant to Auditor A. V. Miller for the past two years.

Before coming here Mr. Brady was employed by the New York Edison Company, with which concern he had been employed for five years. He is married and has one child. His residence is at 2323 Bathgate Avenue, the Bronx.

Who is the fellow that said to a certain party, "Let me take your Red Cross button; I've got to do some work for Miss Jensen?"



Frankie Crossen of the Garage sprained his thumb recently winding his alarm clock.

Harry Brady says that what keeps him home evenings is his home brood—or is it home brewed, Harry?

Have you seen Harry Lyle and his Keeps Kool? There'll be helltapay about that!

Speaking of optimists, Barney Martin says its only six months off to the Fourth of July.

Rumor has it that since Mr. Morse saw Slim Carr's pay envelope after a week on the *Niobe*, he is considering changing jobs with Slim.

Going, pipefitter's snapper on the *Siletz*, keeps the boys going days, but as soon as the four o'clock whistle blows, Going is gone.

Jack Ammon, pipefitter, lives out near Fort Hamilton, and claims he got shell-shocked hearing reveille go off one morning.

George Stockhausen, of the *Powhatan* bunch, who served with a Bakers' Unit in France, says the reason he soaps it so much is that he still needs dough.

Smith of the Pipe Shop put away four pork chops one noon time and Hughie Pace, who was watching said, "And they starve men like MacSweeney!"

Lawrence (Limey) Wallace of the Draughting Room says that other yards repair ships, but this yard even installs new monkey glands in them.

Roy McKeon, Timekeeper, is reported to be a dancing instructor during his evenings, and offers special rates to the boys of the yard. The hobble one-step is said to be his forte.

Jack Mullaly has been putting on airs since the *Cuba* left the yard, because his department was responsible for the wonderful painting job. One of the reasons he's putting on airs is because he put on Ayers at the beginning.

On November 1st a burner said to Jack Ryan, Pipe Fitter's driller, "Wassamatter with the yard whistle to-day, Jack? Didja notice it sounds funny?" "Chass," said Jack, "it's broke—they bustid it yesterday putting it back an hour!"

Somebody put Joe Williams, Joiner Shop foreman, up to the stunt of going into the Employment Office to ask Joe Lowe, interviewer, for a job. After he had received the third degree, Joe Williams said he didn't want anything as he was working for the company for the last 20 years. Who's the joke on?

Little Jack Horner stood on the corner, Eating a hunk of pie, Coz he was getting no soap, you know, And the cost of eats was high.

Tom Smith, Sr., was encouraging one of his team mates in a bowling game. "Aw, give us a strike," said Tom, "and if ya can't give us that, give us what you can spare!"

Paul Troy of the Plumbers takes frequent trips through the *De Kalb*. Paul's bunch is doing considerable work on the boat and doing it well, too.

Knockout Joe Daly of the Pipe Shop has been training faithfully for several coming fights. His trainer in the yard is Slim Carr and his sparring partner, Bob Kane.

Julius Singer of the Plate Shop, is going to ask the new fire chief to install a special alarm for Julius who is tired of looking out the window watching for fires.

Hughie McQuillen of the Machine Shop wants to know what good a Christmas plum pudding is without the old style sauce. You tell 'em, Hughie!

Jimmy Hennessy threatened to go out to John Coopey's neighborhood and clean up the gang. Jimmy went out, saw the gang and then ran like blazes,——but they couldn't catch him.

Bill Kiernan, of the Hull Department, is raffling off his motor car. We thought it was because he was not getting much soap, but find that he wants to get a Stutz. Some class to our heater boys!

Harry O'Connor, tractor operator, says his ambition is to drive one of the company's new passenger cars. His old pal, Carlie, says "Fat" couldn't drive a nail, but the way Harry skins around with that Kiddie Kar convinces us that Carlie is wrong.

Jimmie MacFarlane bought one of the suits being sold by the Employees' Association. Jim said: "I have plenty of suits now. A street car company is suing me because my chauffeur damaged a car. The chauffeur was the fellow I sold my machine to."

John Beverley of the Burners has worked hard for the Christmas tree party for the kids. On meeting Charley Jennings after Charley had soaped it up and was badly in need of tonsorial attention, he remarked, "Hey, Charley, you'd make a fine Santa Claus if that beard was white."

Joe Toomey, head of the Fire Department in the Plate Shop, pulled a quick one at a recent fire. He had the apparatus on the job before the Plate Shop gang responded to the alarm. The Plate Shop fire fighters couldn't find the apparatus, but Joe had it on the job and working. Some speed to Joe.

John Ennis dispenses good nature among the Outside Machinists.

Herskind, clerk in the Plate Shop, is still smoking Christmas cigars—last Christmas, we mean.

William Burr of the Apprentice School is trying to organize a football team. We wonder if he's trying to reduce.

James Colletti and P. Tramantana are the "sharpshooters" of the Inside Machine Shop.

Billy Wieneke had an attack of hay fever last month and blamed it onto Cavanagh's garden.

Duncan Taylor of the Prince family gets up to see the boys of the Hull Department once in a while.

Chris. Munch, Hull Department, doesn't care anything about Prohibition. He says that he makes better home brew than the Germans ever made.

Gene Ryan, Plate Shop artiste de luxe, is rehearsing a new dance which promises to be a knockout. Gene says, "Money in advance."

Jack Colson of the Carpenters says he'll present a barbed wire bath sponge to each employee who voted a Socialist ticket this year.

Googer offered to attend Cavanagh's garden for the winter, but Harry Lyle refused to loan his Rolls Royce and the deal fell through.

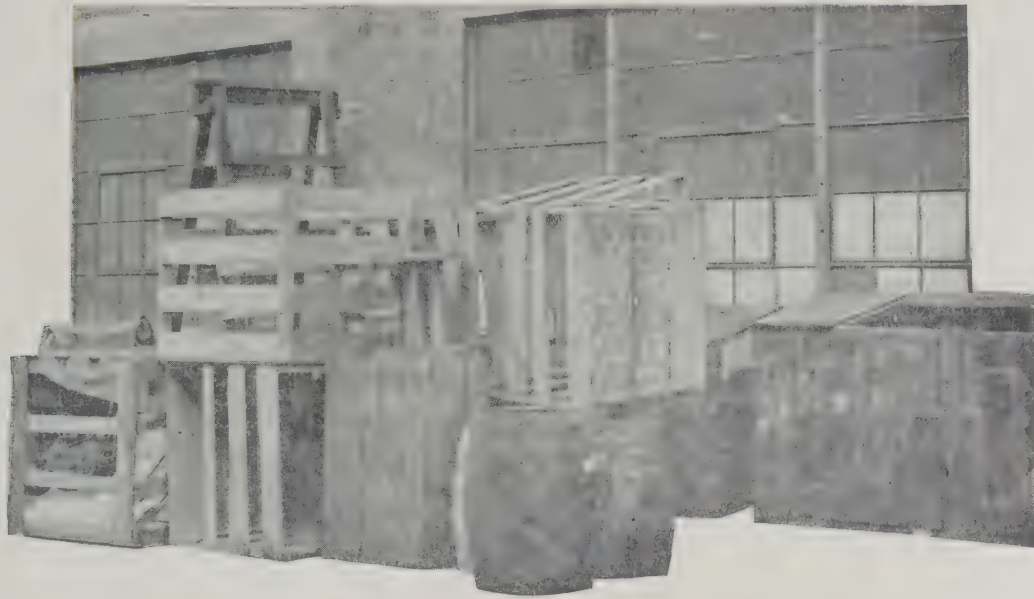
"Snow Ball" Dawson, Hull Department payroll clerk, is going to have the office telephone moved upstairs. He's falling away to nothing running up and down answering the phone.

We wonder if Foreman John McCulloch of the Sheet Metal Department was named for John McCulloch, the great tragedian who rivalled the master Edwin Booth for fame.

Why is Charlie Mazzie of the Laborers such a popular fellow in the Hull Department? He comes to work in a seven passenger car, but that has nothing to do with it. Tom Cavanagh says that it's his personality.

Marty Schomberg of the Purchasing Department, knows the drivers of most of the trucks coming to the yard as he was formerly with a large shipping concern. Marty's smile works wonders.

There's great rivalry in the Plate Shop between "Wild Bill" Schroeder and "Uncle Andy" Anderson, coffee brewers. Both have lots of customers at noon. "Windy" Miller says that Schroeder takes Andy's coffee grounds every afternoon and uses them next day.



A FIRE HAZARD

FIRE and accident prevention are big problems in big industry. Fire is a very destructive agency. It can destroy the plant, and, with the plant, your job. The most efficient fire-fighting system can be helped by co-operation.

Discarded crates, boxes and barrels are frequently a source of danger because many times they are oily or contain inflammable waste material. They should not be allowed to accumulate.

The Salvage Department is ready at all times to remove refuse if you will co-operate to the extent of notifying that department when you have waste material to be disposed of.



Progress!

American Shipping which began with the picturesque old time clipper ships should be a mighty factor in world trade.

Interesting to note is the fact that the first "all electric" passenger-merchant ship has been completed by Morse Master Workmen.

What may prove to be a new era in ship comfort, safety and propulsion is being developed through the installation of new features in mechanical equipment.

In keeping with this progress we wish to call attention to our complete facilities for turbine work, including balancing; our department for electrical repairs and installations; our staff of marine architects who plan every phase of reconstruction and our ability to handle all details of ship work quickly and in satisfactory manner.

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